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# Bridging

Land  
of  
Eire

Land  
of  
Ebla

# Al-Serenities

The Book of Aoife Glésli Brídóir Ni hAimsiri

*Richard Mc Sweeney*

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# Bridging Al-Serenities

Sacred lands of Éire & Ebla

~ Book of Aoife ~

By

Richard Mc Sweeney  
Risteárd Mac Suibhne Uí Éire

## BRIDGING AL-SERENITIES

Copyright © Richard Mc Sweeney 2017 (hardback)  
1st edition – paperback published in 2010

ISBN: 978-1-365-58147-2

Publisher: Lulu.com on behalf of Richard Mc Sweeney

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A rich seed unto the literary heritage  
of Éire;  
A sui generis flower unto World  
Literature,  
And a sublime fragrance unto  
Imagination.





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Éire: an isle of the North Atlantic Ocean; an isle of the World

Éire: an isle of the Celtic Isles; an isle of Europe

Isle of Éire

Hill country of Déisi Mumhan

Field of the Annunciation north of the village of Tallow

Sléibhte na gCoillteadh

Sléibhte na gCoillteadh

Corrán Tuathail

An Abhainn Mhór Estuary

Eochaill, An Abhainn Mhór Estuary

An Abhainn Mhór estuary, Atlantic Ocean

Castle Sanctuary, An Bhríd, An Abhainn Mhór

Hill of Elksnmist, and Castle Sanctuary

Valley of the Crescent Moon south of the village of Tallow

Castle Sanctuary is located directly north of the Field of the Annunciation

and on the northern bank of An Bhríd River

Sléibhte na gCoillteadh, Sléibhte Mhaold Domhnaigh,

Sléibhte an Cumarach, Sléibhte Móin an Mhullaigh

Village of Árdíseal

Verdured haven between glaciers

River Nile

Islet in An Abhainn Mhór, Rinn-crú, An Abhainn Mhór Estuary

Árdíseal (contemporary name: Tallow)

Hill country of Déisi Mumhan

Aoife's insight in Classical Chinese; her interpretation in English

Grianárdchoille (contemporary Grindelwald located in the Bernese Alps in Switzerland)

Grianárdchoille, Saint Nazaire, Isle of Éire

Sléibhte Mhaold Domhnaigh, Mónatrébun

Hill of Tara

Carraig Caiseal

Emain Macha, Dún dá Leth Glas

Ancestral woodland home of Déisi Mumhan: arching from An Abhainn na Sionnaine Estuary, to the Siúire Feoire Bearú

Estuary, and reaching to Na Blascaodaí, Carn Uí Néid, Fan na Tuabrid and Eochaill.

Corca Dhuibhne, An Blascaod Mór

An Blascaod Mór, Dún Chaoin

An Blascaod Mór, Sceilg Mhicil, Baoi, Beantraí

Beantraí, Céim an Fhéith, Guagán Barra, Baile Bhúirne

Baile Bhúirne, Gleannóir, Árdíseal

Cuimhnegealach (contemporary Ademuz located between  
the provinces of Castile-La Mancha, and Aragon)  
Cuimhnegealach, Llanes, Isle of Éire

Eas Geiphtine, An Abhainn na Sionnaine Estuary  
 Loch Eathach, An Abhainn na Sionnaine Estuary  
 Gleannóir, Laharní, An Abhainn na Fuinnseoige  
     Laharní, Carraig Caiseal  
 An Abhainn na Fuinnseoige, Laharní, Ardángallán,  
     Bradáin Hermitage, Bóherdairioige  
     Laharní, Hill country of Déisi Mumhan  
 Aoife's Insight; reading the Chinese from left to right  
     {Al-Qur'an Al-Kareem}, Surah An-Nur 24:35;  
     reading the Arabic from right to left  
     Bóherdairioige, An Abhainn na Fuinnseoige  
     Far Oriental lands  
 Samcholli Kumsu Kangsan of Far Oriental lands  
 Seoul of the Land of Samcholli Kumsu Kangsan  
 Land of Ave Éire, Strait of Gibraltar, White Lagoon, Jeddah of  
     Arabia  
     Praetorian Stockade, Lonely Tower  
 Sharjah, Bandar Al-Lengeh, Zagros Mountains, Plateau of  
     Anatolia  
 Port of Antalya, Crete, Malta, Strait of Gibraltar, Land of Ave  
     Éire  
     Mónatrébun  
 Sacred Tent of Gold, the Pyramids of the Clouds  
 The Queendom of Ebla: A Garden of the Worlds  
     Golden Sea, Abundant Mountains, Jade Sea  
     Mount Dignified  
     Abundant Mountains  
     Mount Dignified, Jade Sea  
     Royal City of Ebla  
 Waters encompassing the Isle of Ebla  
 Turquoise Sea, Great Treasury Desert  
     Meeting of the Waters Strait  
     Mount Dignified  
     Abundant Mountains  
     Isle of Lily showing Cape Aromautis  
     Salt Basin  
 Cloud Carpet of Queen Shinehood's Peninsula  
     Mount Dignified, Great Treasury  
     The Ancient of Grace and Rhapsody rivers  
     Abundant Mountains  
 Melody Mountains, Ancient of Grace River, Ruby Sea,  
     Turquoise Sea, Royal Palace at Ebla  
     Heartlight Lake  
     Lightrock Among Seven Hills  
     Heartlight Lake  
     Jade Sea

Bountiful Springs And Fragrancies, Lightrock Among Seven  
Hills  
Golden Sea, Jade Sea, Marshlands, Ruby Sea, Turquoise Sea,  
Saphire Sea,  
Ancient of Grace River, Rhapsody River



Turquoise Sea off the coast of a lush boswellian forest  
 Ruby Sea, Will Be Of Great Significance, Lightrock Among  
     Seven Hills  
     Ebla Above Constellation  
     Abundant Mountains, Isle of Lily  
 Ebla Above Constellation rising in the southeastern heavens  
     The migration from the Isle of Éire via Holmoakia,  
         Enamoured Beauty,  
     Isle of Blossoms, Isle of Hills, and the Isle of Lily  
     Isle of Blossoms, Isle of Hills, Isle of Lily  
         Honey Bay of the Isle of Blossoms  
         Agreeoumeli Bay of the Isle of Hills  
         Turtleopi Bay of the Isle of Lily  
 Isle of Lily pointing the way to the Mellifluous River Estuary  
     Jade Sea, Mellifluous River, Ebla, Ancient of Grace River  
     River Lilytura, and the port of Enamoured Beauty of  
         Holmoakia  
     Traditional Sensitivity, Salt Basin, Heartlight Lake  
         Great Treasury Desert  
     Abundant Mountains, Meeting of the Waters Strait  
     Some nine to twelve springs . . . together appeared . . . in  
         different lands  
         Mount Moakriah, Salt Basin  
 Abundant Mountains, Rhapsody River, Ancient of Grace River  
     City of Jasminamascus, Heartlight Lake  
 Mhureyrah Mound village on the western bank of the Ancient  
         of Grace  
     Cities of Jasminamascus, Palmbiamor  
         Great Treasury, Wisdom Lake  
         Royal City of Ebla



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## PART I

**First drafted in the spring of 2001 in the city  
of Sharjah,  
in the United Arab Emirates with having the  
isle  
of Éire (Ireland) as its setting.**



# Introduction

## Kingdom of Saudi Arabia

My ongoing personal experience with Middle Eastern culture; specifically the Islamic Middle Eastern culture as opposed to the Christian, and Jewish Middle Eastern cultures is now entering its fifteenth year.

From childhood, and for some twenty-five years my ongoing experience had been a Christian-Judeo one, and this was followed for the next fifteen by a Confucian-Taoist-Buddhist experience. Yet these three experiences may be compared to the wondrous phenomenon of the salt and sweet waters of the Atlantic Ocean, in that they have remained distinct qualities of goodness in the ocean of my life while at the same time being at one with my life. I view my present experience with Islam; with the Islamic Middle East culture against the background of my Confucian-Taoist-Buddhist, and Christian-Judeo experiences, and this my present experience is enabling me to shed a great deal of light on these two previous experiences.

Truly, I have been most fortunate in that I was born on the isle of Éire (Ireland) which by tradition is considered to be a very Christian country; lived in the Republic of Korea which by tradition is considered to be a very Confucian, and Buddhist country, and of late in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia which by tradition again is considered to be a very Islamic country. If I had wanted to have 'an' experience of Christianity, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Islam I could not have picked more ideal places.

Living in one lone city in the vast land of Saudi Arabia was sufficient for me to come to a certain appreciation of Islam and Islamic culture. I lived in the beautiful port city of Jeddah, but I could just as well have been living in Abha, Taif, Riyadh, Dammam, Tabuk or on the fringes of the Rub' al-Khali.

From Jeddah, I was able to see the pilgrims come for the Hajj, and experience the Ramadan. I could on the weekends drive out as far as the link road for Makkah al-Mukarrama or the link road for Al-Madīnah al-Munawwarah. And even at night drive way out into the desert on my own, and there to spend hours just gazing at the spectacularly clear starry heavens.

There was the closing down of all shops for the duration of the daily prayers, the women being clothed from head to toe in black, and the unwelcome scene outside some masjids (mosques) on some Friday mornings. Thankfully, I always managed to avoid such scenes.

All of the above and more besides focus on the physical reality of my Jeddah experience of Islam and the Islamic culture, but by far the most powerful experience had been with the believers in Islam. Now the truth being the truth, I had the misfortune to meet one or two devoted hypocrites when it comes to the intention, the word, and the action of Islam. Yes, this was also true of my Christian, and Confucian experiences. Hypocrites and false representatives of any creed are to be found wherever on the planet.

It was the true believers in Islam who day-nightly try to keep their intentions, words, and actions in harmonious accord with the central teachings of Islam who greatly impressed me. From these true believers (at least to my heart, eyes, and ears), I gained an appreciation of Islam that is far removed from what we are presented with in the media; on the television or the Internet. From them, I learnt of the simple beauty that is the Islamic belief, namely trust in the Creator of Everything.

This is their profound and enduring belief and it is not to be questioned no more than is the profound and enduring belief of those in Christianity or Judaism, and those who would like to lead their lives according to the ways of Confucianism, Buddhism, Hinduism, and Taoism to be questioned. Everyone is entitled to believe in what their heart tells them to believe in, and to live accordingly in harmony and respect with their neighbour as well as help maintain and bring about no damage to this beautiful garden planet.

In Jeddah, I had the privilege of listening to a private lecture given by the renowned Indian Quranic

specialist Dr. Zakir Naik. And even in that short lecture, I learnt that there is a huge abyss between what is written in the Holy Qur'an, and what people know of what is actually written in the work, and how it needs to be interpreted. And that this lack of knowledge is not alone confined to the believers in Islam worldwide, but also to the non-believers in Islam worldwide.

As in Islam, there are like Dr. Naik, and the late Sheikh Ahmed Deedat some brilliant Confucian, Buddhist, and Taoist scholars in Korea, Taiwan, Japan and China, and in Ireland and many other countries Christian, and Jewish scholars who have given spellbinding lectures, and written profound papers and books on their beliefs and understanding of



their field of specialization. But, alas while everyone enjoys sitting in their charismatic presence or reading their erudite works very few are actually really listening to what is being said or written, and thus are not able to do what they ought to do.

While living in Jeddah, I had the privilege of teaching at a prestigious private school whose students came from the highest echelons of the business community, including princes from the Royal Court of Al-Saud.

Now, on a day, and when with entering my classroom, I found to my great surprise that most of my students were crying; yes, genuinely crying with tears running down their faces! I was shocked, and thought that they must have heard some very bad news about someone or something. With asking the reason for why they were crying, they told me to my amazement that they were crying for me; yes, crying for me! They didn't want me to burn in the fires of hell after this present life was over; they wanted that we be together in a Garden of Paradise.

I didn't know what to say, and with sitting and listening to their sincere words; their innocent and pure understanding of their faith, we somehow in the blessedness of the moment, and by unspoken mutual consent decided to forget all about the regular lesson of the day.



## United Arab Emirates

Moving from a small island in the North Atlantic Ocean, namely the beautiful isle of Éire with its 1500-year old Celtic-Christian culture to the Far East was a physical, psychological, emotional, and spiritual challenge. And having spent some thirteen years there, it was again a huge challenge to move from the Far East with its 2500-year old Taoist, Confucian, Buddhist culture to the 1400-year old Islamic culture of the Middle East. But as already related above, my first experience of Islam and the Islamic Middle East culture was a very memorable one.

In June of 1998, I returned to Éire from Arabia having completed my contract. It was my intention to either stay in Éire or to explore other parts of the world. However, no sooner was I back home than I received a telephone call from a recruitment agency encouraging me to take a very good job back in the Middle East. They assured me that the working conditions, accommodation, and salary were excellent. Although this may have been true, I was very reluctant to do anything about it as it was very far removed from the style of teaching environment I had been accustomed to. Yet, life being life, and I having my family to support, I had little choice but to accept the offer.

And so it was, that come September of that same year, I was again back in the Middle East; back in Arabia, only this time I was in the United Arab Emirates. Having already spent three years living in an Islamic culture, I had a good idea of what I was going to encounter. But the reality was to prove otherwise.

Arriving in Abu Dhabi airport in the early hours of the morning, I along with some fifty other teachers were loaded on to a military bus, and our luggage literally dumped like so many rubbish bags into an uncovered trailer of a military truck. By the time we reached our destination they were covered with a coat of sand. We

had been driven way out into the desert, and housed in a military barracks two to a room; ordered two to a room with a total stranger. I knew from the moment I boarded the military bus at the airport that I had made a huge mistake, but there was nothing I could do about it then. One teacher had what can only be described as a mental breakdown within the first day of arriving in the camp, and had to be sent home immediately. He never returned, and nobody ever learnt what had become of him.

After having been kept in the barracks for three months with flocks of pigeons accommodating themselves 24/7 outside the bedroom air

conditioner, we were allowed to find accommodation off base. Ninety-nine percent of the group, and of their own choosing found accommodation in Abu Dhabi as it was less than an hour or so drive every morning to the camp. I alone of my own choosing found accommodation in Sharjah on the other side of Dubai which meant a very long drive to work every dawn. But distance sometimes is a great thing.

Now, there were so many things I experienced over the next three years of living in the Emirates that if I were to write them down they would surely fill a book. Howsoever that may be, I only want to focus here in this section on my experience of Islam and Islamic culture while living in the Emirates.

While Jeddah had many beautiful modern buildings they were nothing compared in quantity and opulence to those found in Abu Dhabi, and in particular Dubai. Having always had a great interest and love for architecture and design, I found many of the buildings to be extremely beautiful, and even otherworldly compared to what I had been accustomed to back on the island. In particular, I found the masjids (mosques) in the Emirates to be works of art. But what began to strike me after awhile was that while in Saudi Arabia there weren't many massive masjids for me to see on this scale and of such architectural beauty, I wasn't easily able to sense and experience Islamic belief and worship.

In other words, I felt more spirituality in seeing a truck driver in a desert road somewhere between Jeddah and Taif climb down from his rickety old vehicle, and place his sajjada (prayer mat) on the ground and pray, than I did from these masjids of great splendour. I was in an Islamic culture, yet I wasn't feeling Islam. It was a strange feeling, but true to form. Yet, while I was living in Saudi Arabia there wasn't a day when I didn't feel Islam. It was not because Saudi Arabia practices a stricter version of Islam or that it hasn't opulent buildings, and beautiful masjids, but that somehow

there was an Islamic spirituality in the air that could be experienced. Of course, it was quite impossible for me to know, and as such comment on the spirituality of individual believers. The best therefore I could do was to comment upon its social manifestation as it presented itself to my eyes and ears. Who knows for certain what goes on in the heart of a believer?

It was no fun; no joy at all teaching in the military camp in the desert, especially for someone like me having very strong spiritual and poetic sensibilities. Military are military wherever in the world, and military ways are military ways wherever. 'Khalas.' In the Arabic sense

meaning that is enough about that or that is much as I will say on that.

Trying to make sense of Islam within the camp was for me a daily if not an hourly challenge. Even I find writing about it quite difficult as many memories that I thought had been safely locked away in the back of my mind are now crawling out to haunt me. It's definitely true that before a man or woman is a believer in Islam, Christianity or in any religion for that matter, they are first and foremost and always will be human, and behave accordingly depending on the environment in which they find themselves. Instinct is a powerful thing, and fear is another. If ever I had disliked anything in my life up to then, it surely had to be working in that isolated, barbwire, electric fenced military camp way out in the desert.

My only consolation was the early dawn driving from Sharjah along by the beautiful Dubai Creek, and on out down the wondrous Sheikh Zayed Road with the great colourful billowing sail over to my right, namely the lovely Burj Al-Arab Hotel. It was my time to be alone with my thoughts. I was in my spaceship whizzing along at very high speeds, but I had a sense of even momentary well being. And for that I was most grateful. However, with coming up on the exit for the camp that lovely sense of well being would leave me as quickly as a pigeon on a roof with suddenly hearing some unfamiliar sound.

I don't know whether I was blind to it or not back in Jeddah, but I could not help noticing the countless physical labours from abroad that work in the Emirates. I began to feel a consistent pain in my heart when driving home in my comfortable air conditioned car in the afternoons with noticing so many of these workers out working in 40-45 degree Celsius temperatures with little or no protection on their heads save some flimsy hats or scarves. In Saudi Arabia, I kept seeing Saudis while in the Emirates I hardly saw any Emiratis only numerous peoples from other nations. Thus, I could not

get close to Emiratis to learn of their understanding and interpretation of Islam, and where they envisaged their version of it would be taking them and their country in the coming years.

My experience of Islam and Islamic culture in the Emirates was a very lonely one, and often quite confusing. However, seeing all the beautiful buildings and splendid landscapes was delightful. And a great credit is due to the Emirati leadership for bringing all these wonders and more besides into being not alone for their own people but for the world community.

In the camp there were what I would like to call ‘three Islamic lamps’ which kept the darkness of the place from completely enveloping



my spiritual-poetic sensibilities. The first of these lamps was a civilian man from Pakistan who used to work for the military. He on several occasions would slip away from his regular duties to share with me his Islamic beliefs, and how they kept him going even in such difficult circumstances. He had his wife and a large family to take care of. Yet, what always touched me about him was that there was never a time when he hadn't a gentle smile, and a good word for everyone. He always seemed to be with an inner strength and calmness that was so attractive.

The next lamp was a Sudanese man; a soldier who had been for several years working on the camp. He was a man of all trades who would fix anything mechanical that went wrong. Yet, he also had an ability to touch my heart with his beliefs, and how he saw his life in the context of his faith. Again, like the man from Pakistan he had a gentle, and warm welcoming smile, and a good word for everyone. He always seemed to be with an inner strength and calmness that was so attractive.

The third lamp was a small number of Yemenis military cadets who were temporarily affiliated to the UAE military. There was always something very pleasant about them, and somehow they seemed to sense that although they were soldiers they were also representatives of their faith, and of their country. They had a certain pride about them; a pride that can perhaps be best described as being charmingly humble, and very polite. They always seemed to be with an inner strength and calmness that was so attractive. Often, I was so saddened that I didn't find the same qualities in their Emirati peers, and commanding officers. Yet while that hurts me even to this day, I hold no ill will for them, and hope that they are living very good lives in accordance with their Islamic beliefs.

Off camp, there was but one Islamic lamp that made all the difference. He was an Emirati man who worked in the Etisalat Tower in Sharjah. And although I

only had the good fortune of meeting him on one occasion, and that was in his office just days before I was due to finally leave the Emirates, I was very much impressed by his sincerity of heart, and the way in which he happily spoke about Islam in relation to himself, his wife, their children, and to his country. He too like the others mentioned seemed to be with an inner strength and calmness that was very attractive. He told me that he felt I had definitely come into the Emirates at an unsuitable level given my spiritual and poetic disposition of heart. If ever I were to return, he advised, that I make sure it be at a different level, and by doing so that I would quickly come to see that while Emirates have so much material wealth about them, they are as sincere in their Islamic beliefs and practices as are the Saudis, the

Kuwaitis, and any of the other peoples who live on the Arabian Peninsula.

When with walking out of his building, I thought to myself why hadn't I been more fortunate to meet such a sincere person; such a sincere believer in Islam when I had first come to the Emirates? I felt I would have learnt so many good things from him about his personal understanding of life in the light of his faith. But at the same time, I had been brought into his light and into the light of those other blessed Islamic lamps. And for this I felt most grateful.

The blessings of life are to be found in the swirls, twists, turns, and flows of life itself. And this was definitely true of my time in the Emirates. In the spring of 2001, I drafted the first six chapters of this present work: *Bridging Al-Serenities*. I composed them at night and on the weekends in our apartment in the lovely city of Sharjah. And except for some modifications here and there the chapters that we have today are for the greater part what was written back then in Sharjah. I am as such most thankful that I had the clarity of mind to be able to write such beautiful work at a time and in a place that otherwise was very hard for me to deal with. And now as things have wondrously turned out, I am able to present to the greater world an authentic cultural bridge building work that was partially written in the Middle East, and partially in Éire.



## **The heralding and the dawning of a new day**

How distant or how near is yesterday to me? It depends on how I use my mind. For the sake of convenience I let go of the happenings of yesterday, last month, and last year. I let go of the happenings of five, ten, fifteen, thirty, fifty, a hundred or even a thousand years ago or more. While I may take such an approach the past is still always with me whether I acknowledge it or not.

Since its inception some two thousand years ago, Christianity has been from time to time and place to place at loggerheads, and for one reason or another with each and every non-Christian belief system that happens to appear in its way as well as practicing infighting with itself. Two of its greatest rivals perhaps being Judaism and Islam.

Similarly, since its inception some fourteen hundred years ago, Islam has been from time to time and place to place at loggerheads, and for one reason or another with each and every non-Islamic belief system that happens to appear in its way as well as practicing infighting with itself. Two of its greatest rivals perhaps being Judaism and Christianity.

And it goes without saying, that since its inception close to three millennia ago, Judaism has been from time to time and place to place at loggerheads, and for one reason or another with each and every non-Judean belief system that happens to appear in its way as well as practicing infighting with itself. Christianity and Islam in particular being double thorns in its side.

While we may speak of these three systems of belief as being several hundred years or even millennia old they are in fact much older if we view them from within their respective systems. We would then have to say that they all trace their origin back to Adam and Eve. But this is not the main concern here. Rather what is important here is that any one of these three religions

has consistently tended to see the other two as opponents. It may be expressed as 'We who see ourselves before the face of 'El Elyon, God, Allah' as being the best of peoples have got the message completely right while the other two have only got it partially right.' This is the fundamental stance Christianity, Islam, and Judaism takes, in that each one with pride looks upon itself as the crème de le crème of peoples when it comes to obeying and worshiping 'El Elyon, God, Allah', while the realty oft speaks for itself. And that causes me to ask, what happens when salt has all but lost its saltiness, cream its creaminess, and olives their oliveness? In serving honourable guests what

would the good host do in the kitchen with making such a shocking discovery?

Coming from a Christian background, I want to focus in this section on the Christian - Islam or if you like the Islam-Christian relationship. And I want to approach it by way of some background considerations, namely what has come to be known from the Christian perspective as The Crusades.

In the year 1129 the Roman Catholic Church officially endorsed the Knights Templar or the Order of the Temple (French: Ordre du Temple or Templiers) for the protection of its pilgrims to Jerusalem. The first headquarters of the Knights Templar was on Jerusalem's Temple Mount. The Crusaders called it the 'Temple of Solomon' as it was thought have been built on top of the ruins of the original Temple, and it was from this location that the Knights took their name of Templar.

One of, if not the greatest military leader on the Islamic side was Salāh ad-Dīn Yūsuf ibn Ayyūb (1137-1193) while on the Christian was Richard Cœur de Lion (1157-1199). What made these two generals great was their faith; their ability to develop powerful and effective strategies, and most importantly their capacity for ruthlessness when they felt the situation required it. Richard Cœur de Lion did not get such a title for his bravery, rather that here was a man that was so cruel that his heart could only be compared to that of a lion. And to what extent the same would be true for Salāh ad-Dīn I can't say for sure. But one thing is for certain that soldiers don't respect a general who behaves like a lamb. Salāh ad-Dīn's troops had awesome respect for him.

For almost two hundred years the armies of Islam and Christianity as represented by the Knights Templar fought it out between them for domination of Jerusalem and the surrounding areas; the Templars having been eventually driven out of the region. The repercussions

of that two hundred year brutal confrontation are still with us. And even if they don't always manifest themselves in the physical world they are certainly alive and well in the psychic of both sides, in the oral and written literatures. And as already stated at the outset, it depends on how I use my mind. But what happened back then feels at least to me as if it only happened just last week. Yesterday's happenings are today's happenings, for I see the past as very near even though what happened took place some eight hundred years ago.

With a discerning eye one can quickly recognize a pattern of conflict between these two groups which for writing purposes can be



referred to as the Forces who believe in Islam, and the Forces that believe in Christianity. The thread of conflict is there right down to our very own day, even to our very own hour.

So, I ask myself, where do I come into this story of conflict? I was born into a Christian; a Catholic family, and grew up with all its beliefs, traditions, and of course with the heroic stories of the conflict between these two mighty forces. And being born within the Christian tradition, I naturally tended to look at the conflict through Christian tinted glasses. In other words, I saw the conflict through the eyes of the Knights Templar. And I being me, it was more of a romantic view of the brave knight going out to do battle, and of all the adventures that would have been experienced along the way. I would have been the youthful Don Quixote.

I imagine another boy like me somewhere in the Levant, Anatolia or in Arabia who being born into the Islamic tradition would naturally have been cultured to view the world through Islamic tinted glasses, and would be just as romantic as me when he thought of the heroes of old, especially he would have great admiration for Salāh ad-Dīn.

In the summer of 1995, I was invited to come teach literature in an Islamic culture. I was a Christian, yet I kept it very much to myself.

I was now in some way going to be a part of this long history of conflict between these two opposing camps, even if my part was only to be that of a witness or even in some small way be a bridge builder of harmony by word and example within the given of my own circumstances.

It was with an extremely heavy heart that I set out in September 1995 for the land of Arabia; the birthplace of Islam as a terrible atrocity had taken place in Europe just a few short weeks prior to my departure, namely the '13-22 July 1995 Srebrenica Massacre' in which an estimated 8,372 people; believers in Islam (young boys,

adult men, and old men) were exterminated by another group of people; allegedly by a group who professed and practiced Christianity. I was benumbed by the horror of it, and its affects were to haunt me throughout my time in the Middle East. And even as I write here now, the horror of that awful event and others like it well up within me with a fury.

The Srebrenica Massacre was always there in the back of my mind; tugging away painfully at my heart. Towards the end of my time in Jeddah, I had asked a believer in Islam, why Allah had let such an awful thing happen to the believers. His answer to me was “Richard, Allah He

needed it.” I was speechless at his response. Was this a word of absolute submission to Allah’s will on his part or was it a case of, that is Allah’s problem, and as such has nothing to do with me? Yet, knowing the good man who spoke those words, I would be very much inclined to say it was his genuine belief that in some way; a way only known to Allah that this seeming atrocity to us was somehow necessary. But, for me this answer was very hard to take. My mind wouldn’t allow me to accept such an explanation.

In the spring of 2001, while I was teaching in the United Arab Emirates there was a lot of trouble going on west of the River Jordan; more so than on previous occasions. There were forces at play which were bringing desperate destruction, tragedy, and death to all involved. Every evening when I would return home to Sharjah from work, it would be on the Arab TV channels; graphic coverage of the daily scenes of confrontation.

By the end of June 2001, I was back home here on the isle of Éire. I had spent six years living in the Islamic culture. And as outlined above, I had had many different experiences; some wonderful, and some not so wonderful. I had made up my mind that I needed time to recover from the experiences before I would venture out into the world again. Then something happened which was to overshadow any such decision. It caused me to become reclusive; keeping my experiences of having lived in an Islamic culture very much to myself for nobody wanted to know. It was a lonely time for me surely, so it was.

The event which came to overshadow my decision was the ‘11 September 2001 New York-Washington Massacres’ in which some 2,993 people (men and women, young and old) were exterminated by another group of people; allegedly by a group who professed and practiced Islam. Just as in Palestine/Israel; just as in Srebrenica, and in all the conflicts between these two opposing camps, the lives of the innocent were cut

short; the massacres of the innocent going all the way back to the days of Salāh ad-Dīn and Richard Cœur de Lion, and back perhaps even further than these. Nothing at all had changed in the meantime except for the technique and the sophistication of the weaponry being used.

To confine what happened in September 2001 or in July 1995 to single isolated dates such as '9/11' or '13/7' is a misnomer on a grand scale for it does not get across the background that gave rise to the horrible events of those dates. Using single isolated dates is too simplistic a way to be viewing history, for history has a context; it is always of the

bigger picture. Everything is connected; everything has a correspondence. What happened on the east coast of North America, to the west of the River Jordan or in South Central Europe on those infamous days are all somehow connected. And that connection is not just a contemporary connection, but is also connected with a chain of similar events that go back all the way to the atrocities committed on both sides at the time of what has come to be known and by various names as The Crusades.

Whether I like it or not; whether I care to admit it or not, the fact is that the root problem of these events of my own day extend back at least to the days of Salāh ad-Dīn and Richard Cœur de Lion, and even extend back beyond to the days of their predecessors. I will have to also then admit to myself that they can be traced right back to the prophets of Christianity and Islam.

Following along with this kind of reasoning I will have to now admit, whether I like to or not that the root problem of Islam is Prophet Mohammed while the root problem of Christianity is Prophet Jesus. Have I said something disrespectful here to these holy prophets, and to the many holy prophets who preceded them; to the religion of my parents, to the religion of Islam or to 'God, Allah'? Yes, respectfully, most definitely I have been disrespectful, but not by deliberate intention, rather out of an absolute frustration with what has been going on in the name of these religions. I need some answers as to why; yes, as to why millions of innocent people had to die for or because of their belief in these religions. I need to know why so many of the prophets of these religions were murdered. And even if some of the prophets weren't murdered, but instead died of some natural causes such as old age the very fact that their message is being daily murdered is simply another means of murdering that prophet. In other words, the killing of the message of a prophet amounts to the killing of that prophet. I need to know why.

And then I ask myself, why stop at these two holy prophets, namely Prophet Mohammed, and Prophet Jesus? There is a common spiritual ancestry by way of all the prophets stretching back to Prophet Abraham, and ultimately to Prophet Adam. Now in some strange way the troubles of our own day as expressed in the various atrocities perpetuated by either side are the fault of the prophets; the fault of Prophet Adam.

In my heart, I know of the tremendous goodness, holiness, and humility of each of these prophets, all the way from Prophet Adam, Prophet Abraham, Prophet Moses, Prophet Jesus to Prophet Mohammed; prophets who were chosen by and for 'El Elyon, God, Allah's' own

purposes. Yet, the fact of the matter is, that not just thousands, but millions of innocent people have lost their lives because of their belief in the prophets of the Abrahamic religions; their belief in the numerous prophets of 'El Elyon, God, Allah'. And not alone that, but this destruction of the innocent continues right up to this very hour.

If as I claim, that all of the prophets chosen by 'El Elyon, God, Allah' were of an exceptional goodness, holiness, and humility then how come so many of the believers in Islam, Christianity, and Judaism have ended up fighting and killing each other century in century out without there being any immediate end in sight? Where will it end; when will all this killing of the innocent stop? Is there no light up ahead? Where is the one who can turn our faces from the destruction of each other to the celebration of each other; to the celebration of each other living in peace, harmony and joy?

If the prophets of old were walking the planet today would they be calling us to kill the innocent? What would they think of our interpretations and practices of their teachings: the words of 'El Elyon, God, Allah' that had been revealed unto them? If they had known that their teachings would have been twisted and turned out of all recognition and proportion or had been given over to the subtleties of manipulation and subjugation would they have in their hearts ever even bothered to have taught them in the first place? Yet, prophets have no choice but to speak.

The fundamental question that I have in all this is, does 'El Elyon, God, Allah' require the slaughter of the innocent in order for His purposes to be fulfilled? If 'El Elyon, God, Allah' doesn't have such a requirement, then what are the believers in 'El Elyon, God, Allah' doing in consistently killing the innocent? This is my shout out to the world!

While each and everyone of the sacred books, in particular the Holy Torah, the Holy Bible, and the Holy

Qur'an all teach don't kill the innocent, the reality shamefully has been and continues to be quite to the contrary. Something has been lost in the translation for 'El Elyon, God, Allah' of Mercy would not in my humble opinion ever require the killing of the innocent. If anyone believes that 'El Elyon, God, Allah' requires the taking of innocent life, and in the taking of innocent life in the name of 'El Elyon, God, Allah', it would be paramount to believing that the greatest archangel being forever in the presence of 'El Elyon, God, Allah' somehow and for no apparent reason whatsoever went bad. It is not possible for such an anomaly to occur in the presence of 'El Elyon, God,



Allah' Goodness.

And someone might cry out, "Richard, but what about the killing of the guilty?" The so called guilty were once someone's innocent little son or daughter or grandchild playing about in the fields, in the marketplace or along the sand dunes like any other innocent little child. Innocence is the one blessing which we are all born with; we all have in common.

It is spiritual blindness and deafness for us to be praying 'Holy, Holy, Holy Lord (Jesus Christ)' and not be living at least a similitude of holiness. What is the point to praying, 'Hail Mary full of grace.' if we ourselves are not being graceful and gracious? Likewise, it is useless to say; hollow it is to say, 'Peace be upon the prophets' if we ourselves are not being peaceful. It just doesn't ring true. How can they the prophets be with peace with knowing the terrible things that are being perpetuated in their name, in the name of the religion; in the name of 'El Elyon, God, Allah'? And what good is it saying, "El Elyon, God, Allah' is Great!" if believers in their intentions, words, and actions behave, oh, so embarrassingly small?

By stubbornly not dispelling our ignorance; that is, by not being of a humanity par excellence, not thinking prophetically, not thinking divinely we will never ever be able to keep our innocence innocent; keep ourselves innocent that we may be able to constantly receive the good word of our own hearts; the good words of our family members, the good words of our neighbours, friends, and fellow citizens, and the tremendous goodness, well being, and harmony of the myriad tribes of the world. The heralding and the dawning of a new day is today.



## Something left unfinished; something yet to do

Having been born and raised on a small island in the mighty North Atlantic Ocean, I have always felt comfortable with solitariness; solitariness and concealment on this lovely island planet, of this beautiful Solar System, of this majestic spiral galaxy known by us as the Milky Way. As such, it wasn't very difficult for me to settle into a hermitic lifestyle when I returned here to the isle of Éire in the mid-summer of 2001. I had lived abroad for some nineteen years, but little did I know back then that at least for the next nine years I would be hidden away; hidden away as a virtual recluse living in a small pretty rural village. I would not be able to get employment on the island for nobody wanted to employ someone who had degrees in language, literature, and philosophy from the Far East; nobody was interested in employing someone who had had a wealth of experiences from the Middle East. And so, I learnt within that hermitic lifestyle how to continue being a beloved husband to my wife, and a beloved father to our children.

These past nine years have been a time when I have reflected much on life within the context of the village and the beautiful surrounding countryside. And it is within this ambiance that have I been reflecting on my life, my studies, and experiences of having lived in other lands; in other cultures. These reflections have I put into writing that I may leave some precious written legacy for our children and descendants; a humble literary treasure for the generations yet to come.

To date, this precious legacy; this literary treasure contains the following works: *Unto Lineage Royal*, *Innkeeper's Fire*, *Hearing in the Write*, *Generations Reaching*, *A Jesus of Nazareth*, and *Myriam of Lebanon*.

I watched with great heaviness of heart as the infamous and erroneous so-called "War on Terrorism" was declared; the manipulation of the international

community; the mobilization of armies; the invasions of Afghanistan, and Iraq; the massacres of tens of thousands of innocent people (civilians); the Abu Ghraib abomination against human dignity, and the establishment of the Guantanamo Bay detention camp: an act blatantly in violation of International Law.

In the spring of 2009, I found myself again slowly turning my face towards the Middle East. I felt that there was something I had left unfinished or that there was something for me yet there to do. I had for sometime an idea for a book that would be part set in the Middle East, and part here on the isle of Éire. It would be a work part set in pre-

Abrahamic times, and part contemporary, and would be a work of wisdom, philosophy, and prevision written in a lovely prose-poetic style. At the same time I was well aware that the Islamic (and even both the Christian and Jewish) position on the periods before the revelation of the Holy Qur'an, the Holy Bible, and the Holy Torah were periods of ignorance. However, I didn't share such a perspective, no more than do I share the view that there was such a period as the 'Dark Ages' in Europe. My own ancestors most assuredly wouldn't have been impressed with anyone in any age referring to them as being ignorant or in the dark.

To date, I see myself as someone who has been blessed with different experiences of belief systems, and yet not feeling any need, urge or inclination to surrender myself completely to any one system; not to surrender myself, namely to Islam, Christianity or Judaism. I like standing in the liberty of where I am at. This solitary way of mine is not for everyone, but personally I feel very comfortable with it.

Above everything, I am most grateful that I can still feel and know that the Almighty's profound faith . . .

(*Nota bene*: 'the Almighty' being referred to here is not to be taken to mean the same as 'El Elyon, God, Allah')  
. . . most grateful I am that I can still feel and know that the Almighty's profound faith, and tremendous love in me remains intact, and ever so enriching. This is the relationship above all relationships that I am truly concerned about, and how I may qualitatively and significantly live that faith and love in the solitariness and concealment of myself, the openness of my family and friends, and in the vastness and beauty of the world(s). And this relationship, although initiated by the Almighty in my heart is I believe entirely my responsibility to live up to; this personal sense of responsibility being the joy of my life. Everywhere within and without me do I experience this nonpareil

belief in me. Yet I confidently know that I don't know anything, save that wholeheartedly I constantly feel the profound faith and tremendous love that the Almighty has for me, and I in my own childlike trusting way has for the Almighty.

## About this book

This is a fragrant work; a cornucopia of stories and narratives richly and exquisitely seasoned with spiritual and philosophical elegance and eloquence. It begins here on the beautiful isle of Éire where the world of the invisible presents itself in person to the world of the visible.

Queen Ave Éire Fragrance of the hidden people of Éire appears to Aoife Gléslí Brídóir Ní hAimsiri, the bright beautiful wife of Risteárd Muirglan Suibhne Mac Grailt, the hermit innkeeper of the hill country of Déisi Mumhan who we met in *Innkeeper's Fire*. While Risteárd was the central character in *Innkeeper's Fire* it is Aoife who is the central character in *Bridging Al-Serenities*. In this way we may say we have the {Book of Risteárd} and the {Book of Aoife}. Both books may be seen to represent two beautifully coloured wings; two delightfully patterned halves of a single book which admirably present us with the brilliance and charm of these two well-met sages of our day.

Queen Ave Éire Fragrance of the hidden people of Éire appears to Aoife, and makes two requests of her.

The first is that she compose in English a number of stories of the hidden people which will be told to her by the queen; stories being told for the benefit of the peoples of Aoife's world, namely of the 'Outside World' in contrast to her own which she calls the 'Inside World'.

And the second request she makes is that Aoife translate into English a collection of ancient Middle Eastern writings dating from the second millennium BCE. From here on the work shifts from Éire to the Middle East, to a mythical queendom called Ebla: the Queendom of Ebla. Also called the Isle of Ebla, the Garden of Ebla, and the Land of Ebla.

The collection of writings in question date from a time when the Middle East was without the Abrahamic

religions. This is a world in which there is no Torah, no Bible and no Qur'an to follow. The work is a journey of discovery that introduces us to a world where there are no such books of guidance, yet the peoples of that time are seen to have been more moral and living in greater harmony with each other and their neighbours than we are today despite we having these three sacred books; these three sacred religious manuals for guidance. The implication being that they may very well have been much brighter than us, and more spiritually serene due to having the natural world as their primary source of knowledge; their primary source of inspiration for living in harmony with the divineness in each other and in their surroundings.



It deals among other things with for instance wisdom, philosophy, mythology, dream, religion, history, heritage, lineage, love, aesthetics, prevision, and language, and all couched within transformation, movement, and journeying. It is an attempt at cultural bridge building; connecting peoples and ideas, yet it does not think in terms of bridge building between West and East, East and West but rather in terms of rediscovering that we have a shared heritage.

It is a work intended to help us better deal with the present and the future not alone by merely looking to the past, but rather from 'behind the past' as it were; getting behind the primary sources of our present problems, namely that of religious animosity that exists and seems to be getting worse between the Abrahamic religions. This is an attempt at breaking down some of those differences by placing us in a time in which there were no such religions.

It is a bridge building between ancient cultures and ourselves; a fruit of the rich literary heritage of Éire with that of the copious and diverse heritages of the Middle East with the help of the profound writings of a Far Eastern 3rd century BCE Chinese sage, namely those of Chuang-Tzu. It tries to show that we have a shared love of harmony, beauty, and wisdom, and that we can let this shared love be a starting point for greater sharing.

The work may be said to celebrate harmony; a delightful tapestry of words woven in fragrant threads of prose-poetic. There is throughout a literary bridge building taking place too between 'prose' and 'poetic' thus giving us the prose-poetic form of expression: a unified form of expression that is at one and the same time a prose that is poetic and a poetic that is prose. The work invites the reader to read the given signs of beauty, reflect on them, and come to know them, and take it from there.

One of the things that makes the work such a charming read is that it is not written in the English language per se, but in an English language of a lovely prose poetic disposition. It may be said to move at a lovely pace. The language has a delightful poetic charm about it. There is no ambiguity or a waste of words. The reader will experience an instant rapport with the characters which remains constant and ever deepening as the work proceeds.

What the work invites us to seek is a sense of our lost humanity which if discovered can bring about a faithful trust, an admirable peace, and equitable prosperity between cultures. In a very real sense the work is a platform on which trust, peace and prosperity can be established. The

work may be described as being timely and apposite for it goes right to the heart of the matter, namely that what we believe in effects how we live our lives, and how we let others live theirs.

I believe that such a timely and apposite work could serve as a comforting companion for the globally maladministered times we are experiencing; a bringer of inner peace, joy, and greater respect for different ways of looking at the mystery we call life. And as such I present it as a fresh fragrant pathway of the few and far between pathways that will help lead us safely over the ways to goodness; over the ways to respect, to joy, and to an admirable harmony not alone among cultures, but also among communities, and above all over the ways to a wholesomeness within the family.

It is envisaged that all seekers of wisdom, beauty, and love anywhere in the world; all seekers of spiritual contentment be they of the general public or of a specialised field will find this work greatly to their liking. In particular, those who are attracted to the wondrous literary heritage of Éire; attracted to the astounding literature of the Torah, the Bible, and the Qur'an, and the charming writings of Gibran, Rumi, and Hafiz as well as to the profoundly beautiful writings of the Chinese sage Chuang-Tzu will immediately recognize and know this work to be a significant gem find-of the age, and a treasure for future generations. If we don't write; don't somehow record, how then will they ever be able to know how some of us were feeling in this time? We owe it to them to write.

It is a creative narrative which journeys towards the fulfilment of a cultural yearning I have to build sound literary bridges of honour between my own native culture, namely that of Éire and other cultures, but in this work in particular between those of the Eastern Mediterranean; the cultures of the Levant, Anatolia, and the Arabian Peninsula taken as a single entity.

The work is divided almost equally into two parts; two parts which are interwoven. The first part which is set on the isle of Éire may be said to be of our own day while the second dates from a Middle East of some four millennia ago in pre-Qur'an, pre-Bible, pre-Torah times. It as such creatively attempts to approach life from the perspective of a time when there was no such books as the Torah, the Bible or the Qur'an to follow. In saying that, does it in no way either by intention or otherwise show any disrespect for others beliefs or cultures be they of former times, our own day or of the future. It may be described as a work of wisdom,

philosophy, and prevision; a work of spiritual authenticity, yet without being religious.

It is written in a prose-poetic style where the cadences of sound take precedence over conventional grammar, and syntax. Sentences, and phrases will at times be found to be in the similitude of a melody; a lilt which would be recognizable by those familiar with such languages as Gaeilge and Arabic. So while the work is being presented in a beautiful English prose-poetic its hidden music; its delightful rhythm and lyric may be said to be that of oral Gaeilge in particular, and oral Arabic in general. The feeling when reading such sentences and phrases is definitely one of pleasantness; a pleasantness that carries us home to the marvel that is humanity.

The layout of the text is according to my own style and likening, and is complimented by several illustrative maps and texts.

Tallow Valley of the Golden n' the Bride  
A new rose day; 21st May 10th year 21st century  
Richard of Éire

A warm welcome to this the astounding work of  
Aoife Glésli Brídóir Ní hAimsiri the bright beautiful  
wife of  
Rísteárd Muirglan Suibhne Mac Grailt the  
innkeeper of  
the hill country of Déisi Mumhan of  
the sacred isle of Éire!





*Figure 1*

~ §~ Éire: an isle of the North Atlantic Ocean; an isle of the World  
~§ ~



*Figure 2*

~ §~ Éire: an isle of the Celtic Isles; an isle of Europe ~§ ~







*Figure 3*  
~ §~ Isle of Éire ~§ ~  
51° 25' 18.487" N ~ 55° 26' 1.367" N  
10° 39' 33.318" W ~ 5° 25' 57.122" W

# Chapter One

## **How grandfather, His Majesty King Ave Éire Sacred Manuscripts helped rid the Outside World of the Terrible Tiger**

Iarnóin Dé h-Aoine san Pabhailliún Aoibhinn  
A Friday mid-afternoon in the Blissful Pavilion

**A**scending from the hazel grove and its nearby well one very soon reaches by way of the small smooth stoned ravine the tranquil Ochtach grove overlooking the meandering Glandhuan River. On this the southern visage of the grove of nine pines is located the astonishingly beautiful Aislinge Rú octagonal wooden pavilion; an exquisite yellow roofed pavilion symbolizing the harmonious matrimony of all directions in one place, which was built and hand-carved by Rísteárd Muirglan Suibhne Mac Grailt as a wedding anniversary gift for his precious wife Aoife Glésli Brídóir Ní hAimsiri. It took him twenty-seven months to complete.

Aoife often comes here to read, reflect and write. It is one of her favourite places in the hill country of Déisi Mumhan. How she delights too to stroll up here in lovely moonlit nights with Rísteárd.

It is about the midday hour, and Aoife in sensuous edenwear is happily strolling away back to the pavilion after enjoying swimming in a shimmering warm pool of the Glandhuan. In a reclining posture on the oyster-coloured cushions there on the green rug in the center of the pavilion

she is playfully dressing her long golden brown hair with beads of furze petals and humming a delightful tune. She is gracefully rising to her feet, and in so doing is slowly drawing up about her a long pink cherry blossomed skirt with lovely green embroidery about its waistline and hem.

A very faint easterly breeze has begun to play high up in the pines. Looking up, she is noticing how the branches there are with gentle sway. Leisurely she is putting on a blouse of soft sky blue. Again a faint easterly breeze has begun to play high up in the pines.

Looking up, she is noticing how the branches there are with gentle sway. With slow apace she is intertwining the front of her blouse while humming away the same delightful tune. Subtly she is feeling on the left side of her face this beautiful soft warm scented breeze from the east. As she is turning her head to look in the direction from whence is coming the breeze, she is to her great surprise and delight noticing that Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance of the People of Ave Éire is strolling towards the grove.



*Figure 4*

~ §~ Hill country of Déisi Mumhan ~§ ~

Her Majesty is wearing a long ochtach green dress that has a gloriously embroidered hem which is touching the ground all around save down at the front where it reveals as she moves her lovely yellow rose shoes. The linings of its long sleeves are of a lovely rich red and detailed with an abundance of golden pink fleur-de-lis designs.

About her waist is a loosely tied salmon spotted girdle of whitest fine linen. And upon her head of golden brown hair, all glistening softly in the sunshine is a delicate crown of rarest gems. In her left hand she is holding a light brown hazel wood staff that has growing nearing its top lovely bright lime-green leaves. The staff is about two meters or thereabouts in height, thus making it

that little bit taller than herself. In her right hand she is carrying a book that has a golden white cover. Her Majesty's smiling countenance is so beautifully beautiful as she is looking up towards Aoife who is waving down to her from the pavilion.

Aoife is running down to greet Her Majesty. And even ever before reaching, she is scenting Her Majesty's distinctively charming fragrance. It is mystifying to describe what that delectable scent is quite like. It may be said to be very delicate and fine like that of sweet furze in full spring bloom and fresh roses of midsummer with that of the faint presence of some kind of herbal scent found somewhere between rosemary and thyme. Anyhow, mystifyingly delectable is that distinctive scent.

**Aoife:**

"Your Majesty!

Your Majesty!

What a delightful surprise!

It's so wonderful to see you again."

**Her Majesty:**

"So wonderfully delightful to see you too, Aoife!

How is your noble handsome Rísteárd keeping?"

**Aoife:**

"Inn keeping, Your Majesty.

He is keeping very well, thank you."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.

And how about yere lovelies, Láfiámór and Róisíneala?"

**Aoife:**

"They're in the very best of health, Your Majesty.

Lovely they are, thank you."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.

And the pretty perennials, Bealtaine and

Samhain?"

**Aoife:**

"Faithful they are, Your Majesty.  
Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."



**Aoife:**

"How are the People of Ave Éire keeping, Your Majesty?"

**Her Majesty:**

"They're keeping very well, Aoife thank you."

**Aoife:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Aoife:**

"Your Majesty come let us go up and sit in Aislinge Rú that I may serve you a refreshing drink of water from the spring therein the grove, and have the opportunity to listen to your words."

**Her Majesty:**

"That will be most refreshing, Aoife.  
Thank you."

Sitting together chatting they are on the oyster-coloured cushions there on the green rug in the center of the pavilion.

**Aoife:**

"Here you are, Your Majesty.  
Receive and enjoy."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thank you, Aoife."

**Aoife:**

"You're most welcome, Your Majesty."

**Her Majesty:**

"Ah, it carries well within it the purity and freshness of the ancient glaciers.  
Absolutely miraculous it is, Aoife."

**Aoife:**

"Throughout the seasons, Your Majesty the spring is always welcoming and always refreshing."

**Her Majesty:**

"Aoife, would you kindly oblige me by coming here

fortnightly on this day and about its midday hour?"

**Aoife:**

"Yes, of course, Your Majesty."

***Her Majesty:***

"Thank you, Aoife.

Always you are so kind and ready to help.

I need you to write something for me in a language of the Outside World."

***Aoife:***

"Thank you, Your Majesty.

May it be so that my humble writing skills will reach your expectations."

***Her Majesty:***

"I have here, Aoife a book of my people which is written in the language of my people."

***Aoife:***

"Your Majesty; Your Majesty, but I know not the language of your people.

How then can it come to be?"

***Her Majesty:***

"Aoife be not anxious for this, for by the loving kindness of Lady Ave Éire will you be able to recite the sacred words of this book exactly as you receive them from me, and be with the ability to precisely interpret them, and in turn to write them down in words of your own choosing, and in a prose-poetic language of such surpassing depth and richness of style that it will be a marvel, and a grateful, joyful word of mouth for many from among the peoples of the Outside World."

***Aoife:***

"Behold the handmaid of Your Majesty; be it done unto me according to your word.

With the loving kindness of Lady Ave Éire will I be able to recite every word, and in the name of Your Majesty be able to write precise interpretations of them in a language of depth and richness of style.

In the name of Your Majesty most Bountiful will I be able to recite, interpret, and write down all that

which I know not yet.”

***Her Majesty:***

“Then let us here in this blissful pavilion, gracious courteous Aoife of the sacred hill country of Déisi Mumhan begin in joyful earnest

our important work.  
Lady Ave Éire be with us."

**Aoife:**

"With us is Lady Ave Éire."

**Her Majesty:**

"With us is Lady Ave Éire.

Aoife, when writing let place names on the isle and beyond be of three kinds.

Those which are unique and familiar to my people are to be written in a translated form; in a language understandable and most pleasing to peoples everywhere.

Place names which are unique and familiar to you and Rísteárd are to be written in their original Gaeilge form as well as those place names which peoples already associate with the isle."

**Aoife:**

"I'll adhere to this instruction, Your Majesty."

Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance is opening the golden white covered book, and is beginning to recite from what is written there within. Aoife is reciting exactly what she is hearing. And with taking up her fountain pen, Aoife is now writing the recitation down verbatim as follows in a sweet and gentle language of the hill country of Déisi Mumhan.

### **Scene - Field of the Annunciation**

*Personae:* Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance  
and her youngest daughter, Her Royal Highness  
Crown Princess Graceful

**Fragrance:**

"Come with me, my Beautiful.  
Let's enjoy strolling down by Haven grove."

**Graceful:**

"Thank you, Ummy.

Your hand is lovely and cosy.”

***FrAGRANCE:***

“And yours soft and gentle, my Pretty.”

***GRACEFUL:***

“Will you tell me a story as we go along Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

"Surely, my Princess."

***Graceful:***

"I love your storytelling, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"You're most welcome, my Beautiful.

Today, I think is a good day for telling you the story of how your grandfather, Grandfather His Majesty King Ave Éire Sacred Manuscripts helped rid the Outside World of the Terrible Tiger."

***Graceful:***

"Oh, Ummy I'd love to hear that story!"



*Figure 5*

~ §~ Field of the Annunciation north of the village of Tallow ~§ ~  
52° 5' 59.438" N 8° 0' 8.600" W  
Altitude: 2 meters

***Fragrance:***

“When Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts was only seven years old, word came to his ears that a tiger had come ashore at Cuan Bhanú on the south eastern side of the Land of Ave Éire.

Everyone was talking about this anomalous happening.

You see, my Beautiful, the Land of Ave Éire has never had any



need to culture tigers."

**Graceful:**

"Where did he come from?"

**Fragrance:**

"At the time no one really knew other than that he had come out of the East Atlantic."

**Graceful:**

"Maybe he came from Albion or Europa!"

**Fragrance:**

"Quite possibly.

Nobody knows for sure."

**Graceful:**

"Who saw him first?"

**Fragrance:**

"Some Outside World fishermen had seen him from their boat as he was coming out of the water on to the land."

**Graceful:**

"Did he see them?"

**Fragrance:**

"He didn't as he was walking like this towards the shore with his back to them."

**Graceful:**

"They must have been really frightened!"

**Fragrance:**

"Oh, they were as he was very big."

**Graceful:**

"How big was he about?"

**Fragrance:**

"Oh, he was very very big, he was."

**Graceful:**

"Was he is as big as Mareumy?"

**Fragrance:**

"Oh, he was much much bigger than Mareumy."

**Graceful:**

"Was he as big as that tree?"

***Fragrance:***

“According to Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts he was somewhere

between the size of that tree there, and the one over by Mareumy."

**Graceful:**

"Wah!

He was very big, wasn't he, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"Um, he was.

At first, the Outside World people were of the opinion that the tiger was a bringer of good luck."

**Graceful:**

"Why?"

**Fragrance:**

"Because everywhere he slept people found gold in his nest the next morning."

**Graceful:**

"Did he sleep everywhere; everywhere all over the island?"

**Fragrance:**

"No, he didn't.

He only stayed for the most part along the east coast and down to the south."

**Graceful:**

"Why didn't he go inland, and to the north, and to the west coast?"

**Fragrance:**

"I think it was just that right from the beginning he was made to feel so very comfortable there where he was that he became too lazy to bother going any further."

**Graceful:**

"Funny tiger.

What happened next?"

**Fragrance:**

"Well, the years went by and the country for the most part became very prosperous.

There was a lot more money around than there

ever had been before.

This caused the people to no longer feel the need to give attention to the sacred beliefs of their holy saints.

People forgot their hardships of olden times; their battles, their famines, and their struggles to live.

This caused them to abandon their traditional style of hospitality.

Old houses were made to look new; new ones were built with all modern style; some roads were widened and straightened; new roads were made to circumnavigate towns and cities; tree saplings were planted along all roads, and blackthorns and whitethorns were allowed to grow again freely on the ditches and headlands.

The latter was very much welcomed by our people for we love trees.

How lovely is the blackthorn and whitethorn throughout windsuncloud."

**Graceful:**

"What about Haven grove?"

**Fragrance:**

"Oh, Haven grove was planted by your great-grandmother, Great-grandmother Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Serenity when she became the 178th Custodian of Castle Sanctuary. She loved flowers, shrubs and trees."

**Graceful:**

"They're so pretty, aren't they, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"Um, they are.

Great-grandmother Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Serenity must have been thinking to herself that she would one day have a very pretty great-granddaughter who would love to be playing with her brothers and sisters beneath them."

**Graceful:**

"I'm very thankful to her Ummy because they're so very cosy."

**Fragrance:**

"Yes, me too, Beautiful."

**Graceful:**

“What happened next?”

***Fragrance:***

“A strange thing happened.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh!

What?”

***Fragrance:***

"A certain group of people got very greedy, and they wanted the tiger to only sleep in their area all of the time."

***Graceful:***

"That wasn't very nice, was it now, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"It certainly wasn't, Love.

It wasn't very nice at all.

That's one of the ways of some people of the Outside World."

***Graceful:***

"Ummy!

Why are there tears in your eyes?"

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, my Pretty.

It's just the lovely sunshine dancing in them, that's all.

So what do you think the greedy people thought of doing?"

***Graceful:***

"I don't know.

Maybe putting out for him a big bowl of milk every evening?"

***Fragrance:***

"He would have liked that, wouldn't he?"

***Graceful:***

"He would.

Goldendoey does."

***Fragrance:***

"First, they thought of tying a long rope around his neck, and then tying him to either an old mirror tower by the coast or to a large crypt pillar in their marketplace so that he would only be able to walk and sleep nearby, but that he wouldn't be able to go any further."

***Graceful:***

“Did they do that?”

***Fragrance:***

“They thought of doing it all right, but when they remembered just how strong he was, they became afraid.

So they abandoned the idea as the contents of the old tower and the crypts were very precious to them.



Also they realised that if he were to break away from them once, he would most likely never come back to them again."

**Graceful:**

"Did they have another idea?"

**Fragrance:**

"They did.

They decided to extend and built up high the ruins of an ancient wall which ran around their place."

**Graceful:**

"Oh!"

**Fragrance:**

"When the tiger came within the wall one night, walking like this, and quite unknown to himself, and fell asleep there, they quickly blocked up the last remaining section of the wall so that he would not be able to leave anymore."

**Graceful:**

"What if he had woken up while they were finishing it?"

**Fragrance:**

"They worked very quietly.

At first the tiger didn't realise that he was captured within a wall as the wall ran for many kilometers around their place.

But when he finally realised one day that he was in fact caged in, he became very angry.

Although he liked all the special attention been given to him, he preferred his own freedom even more so."

**Graceful:**

"What did he do?"

**Fragrance:**

"Day-nightly, and without taking any sleep, he roared along the base of that high wall.

His terrible roars could be heard even in the

midlands.”

**Graceful:**

“He must have been very very tired.”

**Fragrance:**

“Oh, he was, he was.

And the more tired that he became the greater too did his anger grow until he went almost completely crazy.”

***Graceful:***

"What did the greedy people do then?"

***Franchise:***

"They decided to hunt him out from their place through an opening they had made in the wall for him.

And when he ran away out some days later, they quickly came and closed up the wall again behind him."

***Graceful:***

"Where did he go?"

***Franchise:***

"He ran and ran west and north and south, all over the place; destroying everything thing along his path.

Only the old stone-built houses and castles were able to stand strong against him."

***Graceful:***

"Did he sleep?"

***Franchise:***

"Only sometimes, and then only for a little while in the deep mountains where no people live."

***Graceful:***

"Did he eat anyone up?"

***Franchise:***

"He did.

He ate many people up."

***Graceful:***

"Oh!

How did he catch them?"

***Franchise:***

"He would hide himself beside the roadsides like this, and pounce upon them as they passed by."

***Graceful:***

"Oh!"

***Franchise:***

“He would also snatch up cattle.”

***Graceful:***

“He must have been very hungry.

Wasn’t anyone kind to him at all, Ummmy?”

***Fragrance:***

"They were all too much afraid of him.

By now he had completely changed from the first time when he had come to the island.

The whole countryside was living in fear and dread of him.

There were many fearful stories being told about him by hearths and kegs."

***Graceful:***

"What about the greedy people?"

***Fragrance:***

"They too were afraid of him as they couldn't feel safe coming out beyond their great high wall.

Sometimes, people would catch glimpses of him moving along the edges of woods in misty cold winter afternoons or spot him through the clouds making his way slowly across the top of snowy-mantled Sléibhte na gCoillteadh or drinking early from a secluded mountain stream in warm bright summer mornings.

People were afraid to travel alone at night, except for your grandfather, Grandfather His Majesty King Ave Éire Sacred Manuscripts."

***Graceful:***

"He must have been very brave, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, he was.

He was the bravest, most honourable and handsome man in all of the Land of Ave Éire."

***Graceful:***

"What did he look like?"

***Fragrance:***

"He had a comely and beautiful form.

His long wavy hair was emerald and white like the wild Atlantic when it's in a roll.

His skin was rich like the fields in August.

His countenance was like the Sun, Moon and Stars.”

***Graceful:***

“How tall was he?”



*Figure 6*  
 ~ §~ Sléibhte na gCoillteadh ~§ ~  
 52° 21' 57.874" N 8° 10' 43.381" W  
 Altitude: 919 meters

***Fragrance:***

“About two meters or thereabouts; the same height as your noble, Ahmy.

His eyes and smile were so beautiful and pure that people used never weary from gazing at them.

His voice sounded like dancing streams; its colour like rainbow showers.”

***Graceful:***

“Was he very strong?”

***Fragrance:***

“Rather than very strong, he was very quick with his strength.

Sometimes, Lovely, great strength and size can be a hindrance.”

***Graceful:***

“How?”

***Fragrance:***

“Mareumy would have difficulty playing with an

ant, wouldn't she?"

***Graceful:***

"She would."



***Fragrance:***

"So better to be wise, bright, and charming."

***Graceful:***

"Like Ahmy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Yes, Lovely, just like your Ahmy."

***Graceful:***

"Maybe if Mareumy lay down like this, Ummy and waited patiently the ants would come on to her nose and play with her."

***Fragrance:***

"Wonderful!

You think just like your Ahmy."

***Graceful:***

"Ahmy too has many wonderful stories."

***Fragrance:***

"Yes, he has indeed, Lovely.

Wherever Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts went he always carried with him a satchel that he would wear like this over his right shoulder so that it would be next to his heart.

In it were four things very precious to him."

***Graceful:***

"I know what they were!"

***Fragrance:***

"Let's see."

***Graceful:***

"A book, some food, a scarf, and ah, maybe another book?"

***Fragrance:***

"You're great fun.

Two of those are ordinary things that every man carries."

***Graceful:***

"A book and some food?"

***Fragrance:***

“One of them is still ordinary.”

***Graceful:***

“A book?”

***Fragrance:***

“Some food.”

**Graceful:**

"But doesn't every man carry a book with him wherever he goes?"

**Fragrance:**

"It's not so, my Brightness in the Outside World."

**Graceful:**

"Oh."

**Fragrance:**

"Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts always carried with him a leather bounded work entitled, *The Book of Sayings* which he himself had compiled from the classical writings of our people.

In his lifetime he changed its cover five times. That's how much he used to enjoy reading it."

**Graceful:**

"I love reading."

**Fragrance:**

"Reading is wonderful, Lovely."

**Graceful:**

"What were the other two special things which he used to carry about with him?"

**Fragrance:**

"A writing pen, writing paper, and a piece of unlit turf from the hearthside in the Library.

All of these now save the pieces of turf are preserved in the Library.

Every time he would return home to Castle Sanctuary he would happily place the piece of turf on the fire with giving thanks to Lady Ave Éire for bringing him home safely."

**Graceful:**

"How is it that I've never seen them?"

**Fragrance:**

"Oh, you will, my Lovely when you become twelve. You will be shown them, and also Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts' original hand-written

manuscripts which are filled with his profound reflections on what he had read and seen in his lifetime.

He was a beautiful writer for he had the pure prose-poetic style of the sky of day and the heavens of night.

One of his words alone have oft kept me thinking for days, and even then I wouldn't have exhausted its meanings and subtle

nuances.”

**Graceful:**

“ Oh, I will look forward to reading them when I become twelve.”

**Fragrance:**

“It won’t be long now.”

**Graceful:**

“I love the aroma of burning turf.”

**Fragrance:**

“And so do I.”

**Graceful:**

“Continue with the great story, Ummy.”

**Fragrance:**

“As I was saying, sometimes people would catch glimpses of the tiger moving along the edges of woods in misty cold winter afternoons or spot him through the clouds making his way slowly across the top of snowy mantled Sléibhte na gCoillteadh or drinking early from a secluded mountain stream in warm bright summer mornings.

The years that followed were very lean and nobody prospered anymore.

Many people left the island to seek a living, and make their fortunes elsewhere.

Lifestyles had been thrown back centuries, yet without they having the belief in the sacred beliefs of the holy saints.

Wisely, however, rule of the island was kept within the island.

The people had thirty-three different little kingdoms, spread out across the land, yet they were living almost in isolation from each other as they were too afraid to travel very far away from their homes.

The wider world had lost all interest; nobody came anymore to the island.

Something had to be done.”

***Graceful:***

“Like shoo the tiger away, maybe?”

***Fragrance:***

“Yes, like shoo the tiger away.



*Figure 7*  
~ §~ Sléibhte na gCoillteadh ~§ ~

The problem, however, was to find someone or some group who would be brave enough to do it. And then, there was the problem of finding him. Different groups and individuals had tried, but either they lost their lives or minds in the process or just simply gave up on it as being a hopeless endeavour.”

***Graceful:***

“So what did they do?”

***Frangance:***

“They came to their senses; they decided to work together as one.

So they sent an emissary to this beautiful field; the Field of the Annunciation to take some advice from Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts’ father, the King; your great-grandfather, Great-grandfather His Majesty King Ave Éire Deep Wisdom.”

***Graceful:***

“What did he say to them?” ***Frangance:***

“He said, “We will send our only son, Crown Prince Sacred Manuscripts to take care of the tiger for you.”

The emissary was shocked as he knew how dearly Great-grandfather His Majesty King Ave Éire Deep Wisdom and Great-



grandmother Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Serenity loved their son, His Royal Highness Crown Prince Sacred Manuscripts."

***Graceful:***

"How old was Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts at that time?"

***Fragrance:***

"He was in his twenty-seventh year."

***Graceful:***

"Five years younger than Ahmy."

***Fragrance:***

"That's right.

It was so very painful for Grandmother Ummy and us children to be leaving Grandfather Ahmy go away on such a perilous journey.

I cried myself to sleep every night.

Oh!

My Pretty why are there tears in your eyes?

Here now, let me give you a hug."

***Graceful:***

"That's better, Ummy.

I'm all right again.

It was just that I suddenly felt your pain in my heart.

Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts must have been doing the same as us, wasn't he, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"He most surely was, my Lovely.

The emissary had presented Great-grandfather, His Majesty King Ave Éire Deep Wisdom with a splendid sword that was most sacred to the people of the Outside World.

With great respect and every good intention, he requested of him to give it to the Crown Prince, that it may be recorded, that it was his people who had shoon the terrible tiger rather than let it be

said that it was one of the People of Ave Éire who did it.

For his people knew well how our people never have any need for swords.”

***Graceful:***

“Did Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts accept the sword?”

***Fragrance:***

“Yes, he did because his father the King had requested him to do

so.

Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts choose to go after the tiger on his own.

Even his closest friends he wouldn't take with him for so much did he love them and their families.

For a whole year he searched the length and breadth of the island without ever getting even a glimpse of the tiger."

**Graceful:**

"Maybe the tiger knew that Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts was coming after him.

That happened to me the first time I tried to play with young foxes over on the hill of Elksnmist.

They ran away before I ever even could get close to them."

**Fragrance:**

"I think you're right as the tiger had become very clever, and was by now well aware of all the ways of the humans."

**Graceful:**

"Did Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts feel like giving up?"

**Fragrance:**

"Once Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts put his mind to doing something, he would never let go of it until he had it successfully completed.

That was his way.

He was famous for it.

Then one evening, early in autumn, a great idea came to him as he was reading and reflecting on a saying from his *The Book of Sayings*."

**Graceful:**

"What was it?"

**Fragrance:**

"He decided that rather than he continue on going after the tiger, he would make the tiger come after

him.”

***Graceful:***

“Wasn’t he scared that the tiger might catch him and eat him up like he had done with all the others?”

***Fragrance:***

“He was, but being brave was what Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts did best.”

***Graceful:***

"How did he attract the tiger to him?"

***Fragrance:***

"Well he said to himself that he had first to give up thinking like a human, and to instead try to think more like a tiger.

For a whole winter he lived to the west, on the snowy, cold, misty slopes of Corrán Tuathail; the highest mountain on the island.

There he mediated deeply day and night in a cave until he was able to forget thinking like a human, and be able to sense the tiger; until he knew that the tiger could sense him too.

He then came down from the mountain very alert like a deer or a bird.

Every sound in the trees and in the grass was saying something to him.

He could sense what was going on in the hearts of the trout that made their way through the mountain streams.

The wind, mist and the showers were his closest companions."

***Graceful:***

"Did the tiger come searching for him?"

***Fragrance:***

"He did, but while Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts gave the true feeling that he wished to do no harm to him in any way, the tiger, however, deep down in his heart planned to pounce on Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts as soon as he would find him."

***Graceful:***

"Couldn't Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts sense this from the tiger's heart?"

***Fragrance:***

"He couldn't as the tiger had it too deeply hidden away."

***Graceful:***

“I suppose, Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts would have had to become a tiger completely to be able to truly understand a tiger’s heart.”

***Fragrance:***

“Your great-grandfather, Great-grandfather His Majesty King Ave Éire Deep Wisdom would have been proud of the wisdom of his great-granddaughter.

Weeks and months went by all the way into another winter, and still Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts had not yet seen the tiger."



*Figure 8*  
~ §~ Corrán Tuathail ~§ ~  
51° 59' 57.563" N 9° 44' 35.084" W  
Altitude: 1038 meters

***Graceful:***

"Had he ever seen his paw prints?"

***Fragrance:***

"He had several times, but they always lead to nowhere for they would suddenly disappear."

***Graceful:***

"Were they big?" ***Fragrance:***

"According to Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts they were as big as four men putting their eight hands together on the ground in this fashion."

***Graceful:***

"Wah!"

***Fragrance:***

"On the morning of the shortest day of the year,

Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts was on the hill of  
Rinn-crú overlooking the



magnificent estuary of An Abhainn Mhór.  
As he was standing there reflectively gazing out over the South Atlantic, he began to sense that the tiger was very close; somewhere not very far behind him.”

***Graceful:***

“What did he do?”

***Fragrance:***

“He didn’t do anything; he didn’t even move his eyelashes, but just stood there like this, as still as a lightening tree.

He stood that way for three hours until the sun had shifted more into the southwest.

By doing so the tiger wouldn’t be able to see him so clearly.”



*Figure 9*

~ §~ An Abhainn Mhór Estuary ~§ ~

***Graceful:***

“Wah!

I couldn’t stop moving like that for even a little

while.

I like movement.

Only when I am lying down in bed at night do I stop moving, because it's easier for me to sleep that way."

***Fragrance:***

"Oh yes, is that right?"

***Graceful:***

"Yes, it is, Ummmy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, truly beautiful is our lovely Graceful.

Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts had begun to sense the tiger's rising intentions for him so he knew then that he was either going to have to defend himself, make a run for it or let himself be taken by the tiger.

What do think Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts did?"

***Graceful:***

"Of course, he defended himself, Ummmy!

That's what Ahmy would do."

***Fragrance:***

"Assuredly he would.

He slowly turned with his right hand clasping the handle of the sword which was in its scabbard, and his left pressed in against his satchel like this."

***Graceful:***

"Was he standing like this?"

***Fragrance:***

"Yes, just like that.

And when he had completely turned about, he found no sign of the tiger although he could sense that he was hiding in the ruins of the old Knights Templar preceptory that stands there on the hill. Rather than wait for the tiger to come out to meet him, he instead began to walk slowly towards the ruins."

***Graceful:***

"Wah!

How brave."

***Fragrance:***

“As he drew nearer, suddenly the tiger leaped up roaring into the air through the open roof of the ruin; blotting out for a moment the sky before landing on all four right behind Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts!”

***Graceful:***

"Wah!"

***Fragrance:***

"Pigeons and crows flew off with fright in all directions, and the little animals rapidly disappeared into their burrows.

Then there was an absolute silence which seemed to last an eternity.

Now was the time for Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts to quickly draw the sacred sword.

As he was doing so, it glowed as if it had a life all of its own.

He was surprised, but had little time to think about it or even to withdraw the sword fully as the Tiger already struck out with a lash of his right paw at him causing a desperate battle between the two to ensue.

The tiger was fast, but Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts was even faster.

The roars and shouts of the tiger and Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts peeled down the slope like thunder.

Many people from the local town of Eochail left their warm hearths, and came out to watch the spectacle, but from a safe distance.

And many also weren't able to for fear had got a firm hold on their hearts.

The tiger gave one tremendous swipe of a paw which tossed brave Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts into a bunch of briars and thorns."

***Graceful:***

"Oh!

Was he badly scratched, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"There were two great claw scratches down his back running from his neck to the backs of his

knees.”

***Graceful:***

“Were there any nettles amongst the briars and thorns?”

***Fragrance:***

“There were nettles there too, but they weren’t very stingy yet because of it being winter time.”

***Graceful:***

“Remember, when I got stung on this knee, Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, I do indeed, Love."

***Graceful:***

"That was awful, wasn't it?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um, it was.

Here let me give it another kiss for you just in case the memory of it might be bringing up any stray pains.

There now, it's all right again, isn't it?"

***Graceful:***

"Your kisses and hugs Ummy always make me feel so comfortable and cosy."

***Fragrance:***

"And yours make me feel the same way, Beautiful."



*Figure 10*

~ §~ Eochaill, An Abhainn Mhór Estuary ~§ ~  
51° 57' 24.710" N 7° 51' 5.069" W  
Altitude: 4 meters

***Graceful:***

“Oh, Ummy continue, continue!  
What happened next?



This is a really great story!"

***Fragrance:***

"Well, the tiger tried to clear away the briars with a swipe of his other paw, but he got it stuck momentarily in the entrance to a souterrain; an underground passage.

Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts freed himself from the briars and thorns, but as he was doing so, the tiger turned about so quickly that his great tail tossed Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts high up into the air; dropping him right down outside the walls of the ruin."

***Graceful:***

"Oh!

Poor Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts.

He must have been very very sore."

***Fragrance:***

"Yes, he was very very sore.

Then the tiger came towards the ruin with rage steaming out of him.

Barely did Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts manage to get to his feet by leaning up against the wall.

Then, do you know what happened next?"

***Graceful:***

"I don't know."

***Fragrance:***

"Well suddenly, the sacred sword left the scabbard all of its own accord; rose into the high air, and then went and fatally pierced the heart of the tiger! The sword then again rose into the high air, and flew quickly back up over An Abhainn Mhór as if it had to attend to some other matter up the river. That was the last Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts saw of it."

***Graceful:***

“Wah!

Was Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts all right?”

***Fragrance:***

“He was, but he was very very sore and bleeding from almost every part of his body except from the left side and his face.”

**Graceful:**

"What did he do then?"

**Frangrance:**

"Although he was in great pain, he took up a handful of clean mud and washed his hands with it, and then gave thanks to Lady Ave Éire for protecting him.

He managed to open his satchel, and slowly draw out his *The Book of Sayings* and there within he read some words from it.

Then he stumblingly made his way, like this, to the brow of the hill; falling several times on the way. And there on the brow he stood upright; faced the setting sun, and let out a great cry!"

**Graceful:**

"Like this, AaaaaaaaaaK!"

**Frangrance:**

"Yes, just like that.

Then he called down to the townspeople who were still huddled in fear below the hill to come and help him to get rid of the lifeless tiger.

They sent messengers back to Eochail with the great news that the Age of the Terrible Tiger was at long last over.

They and their neighbours; a total of seventy-two men of sound limbs brought back with them ropes which they tied securely around the lifeless tiger. Then, they dragged him down the slope of the hill to the banks of An Abhainn Mhór.

Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts watched from the brow as they heaved the shape into the current, and continued watching as it carried it way out to sea in the dimming twilight."

**Graceful:**

"He must have been very glad that it was all over, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

“He was and so were all the townspeople, and the rest of the people on the island as the good news spread.”

***Graceful:***

“Did they help Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts home?”

***Fragrance:***

“Oh, sure they did, Lovely.

They were very kind to him.

They took turns carrying him on their shoulders down to the town where they tended most lovingly to all his wounds.

In early spring, when he was feeling much stronger, they escorted him triumphantly in a beautiful yellow boat with white sails up An Abhainn Mhór, and An Bhríd back here home to Castle Sanctuary.

They safely escorted him home to his parents, wife, children, sisters and friends; back to his people.”



*Figure 11*

~ §~ An Abhainn Mhór estuary, Atlantic Ocean ~§~

***Graceful:***

“Oh, they must have been so happy to see him again!”

***Fragrance:***

"They were very very happy.  
He lifted me up high, like this, and wheeled me  
round and round, saying with his charming smile,  
"Ah, my Beauty in the blue sky!  
Ah, my Beauty, Beauty in the Blue sky!"  
So he did."

***Graceful:***

"Oh, that was a wonderful feeling, Ummy!  
Thank you; thank you so much."



*Figure 12*

~ § ~ Castle Sanctuary, An Bhríd, An Abhainn Mhór ~ § ~

***Fragrance:***

"That night he happily placed the piece of turf on  
the fire in the Library with giving thanks to Lady  
Ave Éire for bringing him home safe and sound."

***Graceful:***

"He didn't forget."

***Fragrance:***

"Yes, remembering to remember one's blessings,  
Lovely is itself a most wonderful blessing."

Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts was good at always remembering his blessings.

From the next day until the spring equinox a great feast was held in Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts' honour.

And each and every year after that; on the shortest day of the year, Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts would go on his own to the hill of Rinn-crú to recall how Lady Ave Éire had blessed him to survive the terrible tiger, and how the people of the Outside World on the island could once more leave their homes without any such fear.

The days of the trembling sod had ceased.

It's a tradition that we have continued ever since.

We go there to remember the end of an old twilight, and the beginning of a new eve.

This coming winter we will be bringing you there with us."

**Graceful:**

"When we'll visit the hill of Rinn-crú, I'll stand on its brow holding Ahmy's right hand, and I'll raise mine, like this, and together we will shout like Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts did, 'AaaaaaaaK!'"

**Fragrance:**

"What about, Ummy?"

**Graceful:**

"Oh, Ummy, you'll be of course holding Ahmy's left hand as you always like to do.

Lovelies Sensibility, Hospitality, Edification, and Attentive will be holding on to your other hand."

**Fragrance:**

"Oh, I see.

Is that the way it will be?"

**Graceful:**

"Yes, because I'm the youngest lovely, Ummy."



***Fragrance:***

“Um.

Lovely Graceful is the youngest lovely.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh, Ummy will Ahmy show us too the entrance to the souterrain where the terrible tiger got his paw stuck?”

***Fragrance:***

"Sure he will, but we will have to be careful of the briars, the thorns and the nettles there."

***Graceful:***

"We will.

Oh, Ummy?

Where did the people's sacred sword go?"

***Fragrance:***

"Some of the townspeople found it five months later not far from the hill of Rinn-crú on an islet set in An Abhainn Mhór.

It was stuck in the ground nearby the wall of a monastic ruin that stands there on the islet."

***Graceful:***

"Oh, Ummy, that was a wonderful story!

Thank you.

Thank you.

Thank you so much."

***Fragrance:***

"Um.

You're most welcome, my Beautiful.

Shall we make our way back for it's almost time for lunch?"

***Graceful:***

"Great, but I'm feeling full already.

Oh, and on the way, let's say hello to Mareumy and her newborn foal."

***Fragrance:***

"She'll like that."

***Graceful:***

"Mareumy!

Mareumy!

Mareumy!"

***Her Majesty:***

"And that, Aoife will be sufficient unto the moment."

***Aoife:***

“Thank you, Your Majesty for the honour of being able to hear your words, and to be able to write them down in a sweet and gentle language of the hill country of Déisi Mumhan.”

***Her Majesty:***

“Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire for your willingness and the beauty and richness of your style, Aoife.”

***Aoife:***

“Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire for Your Majesty.”

They are gracefully rising to their feet.

***Her Majesty:***

“Aoife, I’ll be returning again in a fortnight. Until then.”

Evanescing is Her Majesty with smiles and waves for Aoife who is waving and smiling in return.

***Aoife:***

“Until then, Your Majesty, adieu.”

With Her Majesty’s evanescence, Aoife is slowly placing the pages she has written in a white covered folder. Holding the folder to her bosom is she contentedly descending to the inn by way of the small smooth stoned ravine, and the hazel grove with its nearby well. In she and Rísteárd’s cosy bedroom is she placing the folder in a cherry inlaid rosewood arca.

By eventide, she will be bringing forth the precious folder from the arca for Rísteárd to enjoy to read. They will no doubt be chatting happily on its content and themes long into the welcoming night. And who knows, if there is the Moon to be seen they may very well take a stroll up to the tranquil Ochtach grove, and changing there into sensuous edenwear recline on the oyster-coloured cushions in the beautiful Aislinge Rú pavilion, that they may be with admiring the celestial lantern’s reflection in the Glandhuan, in their cups of spring water, and in each other’s smiling eyes.

Oh, would that I am gracious courteous Aoife  
this night.  
Oh, would that I am noble handsome Rísteárd.  
Oh, would that I am small smooth stoned ravine.  
Oh, would that I am beautiful Aislinge Rú.  
Oh, would that I am tranquil Ochtach grove.  
Oh, would that I am deep freshness of the ancient  
glaciers.

Oh, would that I am meandering Glandhuan.  
Oh, would that I am sacred hill country of Déisi  
Mumhan.  
Oh, would that I am celestial lantern.

Aoife is enjoying supper with her noble  
handsome Rísteárd, and their lovelies Láfiámór and  
Róisíneala.

### ***Annotations:***

The word '*ochtach*' refers to the 'Scots pine' and comes from the eighth-century Gaeilge work {*Bretha Comaithchesa*} where it is mentioned as being one of the seven noble trees of the landscape of the isle of Éire. The others six being the daur 'oak', coll 'hazel', cuileann 'holly', ibar 'yew', uinnius 'ash', and the aball 'wild apple-tree'.

*Iarnóin Dé h-Aoine san Pabhailliún Aoibhinn* - from Gaeilge meaning, 'mid-afternoon Friday in (the) pavilion  
blissful/beautiful': A Friday mid-afternoon in the Blissful Pavilion

*Pabhailliún/pailliún* - from Middle English 'pailyoun', 'pavilon', and French 'pavillon' - from Latin 'papilionem', a butterfly - tents being called after the butterfly because they spread out like its wings - from Latin, 'tabernaculum' meaning 'tent'

*Aislinge Rú* - from Gaeilge '*aislinge*' meaning, 'a dream, a poetic description of an apparition' and '*rú*' meaning, 'formerly, straw put into a bed to make it soft - the name of an herb of the genus *Galium*, lady's bedstraw'

*Ummý* - 'um' and 'my'; 'my' pronounced 'my' as in 'my mother'

*Ahmy* - 'ah' and 'my'; 'my' pronounced 'my' as in 'my father'  
*Cuan Bhanú* (Bannow) - from Gaeilge meaning, 'bay Banne' and 'à la Bonne', 'à la Banne', 'de Banewe' and 'Banuam' is located in eastern Déisi Mumhan.

*Corrán Tuathail* (Carrauntuohill) - from Gaeilge meaning, 'the inverted Plough of the constellation Ursa Major' is the highest mountain on the island at 1,040 meters / 3,414 feet and is located in southwestern Déisi Mumhan.

*Eochail* (Youghal) - from Gaeilge meaning, 'yew grove/wood' a harbour town in south Déisi Mumhan within view of Mónatrébun.

*Sléibhte na gCoillteadh* (Galtees/Galteemore) - from Gaeilge meaning, 'mountain with a heavy covering of trees on its slopes' - the second highest mountain on the island at 919 meters / 3,018 feet and is located in western Déisi Mumhan.

*Rinn-crú* (Rhincrow) - from Gaeilge meaning, 'a headland/point/promontory where blood (had once) been shed' perhaps in a significant skirmish or battle that had taken place there at one time. Originally the headland would have had a much nicer name as it is scenically very beautiful.

*An Abhainn Mhór* (erroneously known as 'The River Blackwater') - from Gaeilge meaning, 'the river great/big: The

Great River' - the second longest river on the island which flows from western Déisi Mumhan eastwards and then southwards before entering the sea within view of the hill of Rinn-crú, and east of the town of Eochaill.

*An Bhríd* (The Bride) - from Gaeilge with reference to Saint Brigid of Ireland. An Bhríd runs south of and parallel to An Abhainn Mhór, also flows from west to east before joining up with the southern flow of An Abhainn Mhór. On its way to An Abhainn Mhór it passes in front of Castle Sanctuary. Castle Sanctuary is on its northern bank while on the opposite bank is the Field of the Annunciation. Haven grove is located in the Field of the Annunciation. The hill of Elksnmist is a little off to the southwest and well within view of Castle Sanctuary.





*Figure 13*

~ §~ Hill of Elksnmist ~§ ~

52° 5' 8.135" N 8° 1' 30.252" W

Altitude: 84 meters

~ §~ Castle Sanctuary ~§ ~

52° 6' 12.964" N 7° 59' 45.298" W

Altitude: 50 meters

*arca* - from Latin meaning, 'chest'



## Chapter Two

### Crescent Moon o'er the Hill of Elksnmist

Iarnóin Dé h-Aoine san Pabhailliún Aoibhinn  
A Friday mid-afternoon in the Blissful Pavilion

**A**oife has returned to the pavilion after enjoying swimming in the shimmering warm pool of the Glandhuan. She is exquisitely wearing a long sky blue dress as she is with reclining on the oyster-coloured cushions there on the green rug in the center of the pavilion; reading away happily in Italian she is from a favourite Italian book, namely *The Decameron* by Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-1375).

“Filomena, alquanto per vergogna arrossata veggendosi coronata del regno e ricordandosi delle parole poco avanti dette da Pampinea, acciò che milensa non paresse ripreso l'ardire, primieramente gli ufici dati da Pampinea riconfermò e dispose quello che per la seguente mattina e per la futura cena far si dovesse, quivi dimorando dove erano; e appresso così cominciò a parlare: “Carissime compagne, quantunque Pampinea, per sua cortesia piú che per mia virtù, m'abbia di voi tutte fatta reina, non sono io per ciò disposta nella forma del nostro vivere dover solamente il mio giudizio seguire, ma col mio il vostro insieme; e acciò che quello che a me di far pare conosciate, e per conseguente aggiugnere e menomar possiate a vostro piacere, con poche parole ve lo intendo di dimostrare. Se io ho ben riguardato oggi alle maniere da Pampinea tenute, egli me le pare avere parimente laudevole e dilettevoli conosciute; e per ciò infino a tanto che elle o per troppa continuanza o per altra cagione non ci divenisser noiose, quelle non giudico da mutare. Dato adunque ordine a quello che abbiamo già a fare cominciato, quindi levatici, alquanto n'andrem sollazzando e, come il sole sarà per andar sotto, ceneremo per lo fresco, e

dopo alcune canzonette e altri sollazzi sarà ben fatto l'andarsi a dormire. Domattina, per lo fresco levatici, similmente in alcuna parte n'andremo sollazzando come a ciascuno sarà più a grado di fare, e, come oggi avem fatto, così all'ora debita torneremo a mangiare, balleremo; e da dormir levatici, come oggi state siamo, qui al novellare torneremo, nel quale mi par grandissima parte di piacere e d'utilità similmente consistere.”

(Queen Filomena modestly blushed a little to find herself thus invested with the sovereignty; but, being put on her mettle by Pampinea's recent admonitions, she was minded not to seem awkward, and soon recovered

her composure. She then began by confirming all the appointments made by Pampinea, and making all needful arrangements for the following morning and evening, which they were to pass where they then were. Whereupon she thus spoke: "Dearest gossips, though, thanks rather to Pampinea's courtesy than to merit of mine, I am made queen of you all; yet I am not on that account minded to have respect merely to my own judgment in the governance of our life, but to unite your wisdom with mine; and that you may understand what I think of doing, and by consequence may be able to amplify or curtail it at your pleasure, I will in few words make known to you my purpose. The course observed by Pampinea to-day, if I have judged aright, seems to be alike commendable and delectable; wherefore, until by lapse of time, or for some other cause, it grow tedious, I purpose not to alter it. So when we have arranged for what we have already taken in hand, we will go hence and enjoy a short walk; at sundown we will sup in the cool; and we will then sing a few songs and otherwise divert ourselves, until it is time to go to sleep. To-morrow we will rise in the cool of the morning, and after enjoying another walk, each at his or her sweet will, we will return, as to-day, and in due time break our fast, dance, sleep, and having risen, will here resume our story-telling, wherein, methinks, pleasure and profit unite in superabundant measure.)

Subtly she is feeling on the left side of her face this beautiful soft warm scented breeze from the east. As she is turning her head to look in the direction from whence is coming the breeze, she is to her great delight noticing that Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance is strolling towards the grove. Her Majesty's smiling countenance is so beautifully beautiful as she is looking up towards Aoife who is waving down to her from the pavilion.

Aoife is running down to greet Her Majesty. And even ever before reaching, she is scenting Her Majesty's distinctively charming fragrance.

**Aoife:**

“Your Majesty!

Your Majesty!

Oh, it’s so lovely to see you again!”

**Her Majesty:**

“So wonderfully delightful to see you too, Aoife!

And how is your noble handsome Rísteárd

keeping?”

**Aoife:**

“Inn keeping, Your Majesty.

He is keeping very well, thank you."

***Her Majesty:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.

And yere lovelies, Láfiámór and Róisíneala?"

***Aoife:***

"They're in the very best of health, Your Majesty.

Lovely they are, thank you."

***Her Majesty:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.

Pretty perennials, Bealtaine and Samhain?"

***Aoife:***

"Faithful they are, Your Majesty.

Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

***Her Majesty:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

***Aoife:***

"How are the People of Ave Éire keeping, Your Majesty?"

***Her Majesty:***

"They are keeping very well, Aoife thank you."

***Aoife:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

***Her Majesty:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

***Aoife:***

"Your Majesty come let us go up and sit in Aislinge Rú that I may serve you a refreshing drink of water from the spring therein the grove."

***Her Majesty:***

"That will be most refreshing, Aoife.

Thank you."

Sitting together chatting they are on the oyster-coloured cushions there on the green rug in the center of the pavilion.

***Aoife:***

"Here you are, Your Majesty."

Receive and enjoy.”

***Her Majesty:***

“Thank you, Aoife.”



**Aoife:**

"You're most welcome, Your Majesty."

**Her Majesty:**

"Ah, it carries well within it the purity and freshness of the ancient glaciers.

Absolutely miraculous it is, Aoife."

**Aoife:**

"Throughout the seasons, Your Majesty the spring is always welcoming and always refreshing."

**Her Majesty:**

"I have here, Aoife the book of our previous meeting.

Confidently be of a good courage for you are doing marvellous work.

And this afternoon too, by the loving kindness of Lady Ave Éire will you be able to recite the sacred words of this book exactly as you receive them from me, and be with the ability to precisely interpret them, and in turn to write them down in words of your own choosing, and in a prose-poetic language of such surpassing depth and richness of style that it will be a marvel and a grateful joyful word of mouth for many from among the peoples of the Outside World."

**Aoife:**

"Behold the handmaid of Your Majesty; be it done unto me according to your word.

With the loving kindness of Lady Ave Éire will I be able to recite every word, and in the name of Your Majesty be able to write precise interpretations of them in a language of depth and richness of style. In the name of Your Majesty most Bountiful will I be able to recite, interpret, and write down all that which I know not yet."

**Her Majesty:**

"Then let us here in this blissful pavilion, gracious

courteous Aoife of the sacred hill country of Déisi Mumhan continue in joyful earnest our important work.

Lady Ave Éire be with us.”

**Aoife:**

“With us is Lady Ave Éire.”

***Her Majesty:***

"With us is Lady Ave Éire."

Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance is opening the golden white covered book, and is beginning to recite from what is written there within. Aoife is reciting exactly what she is hearing. And with taking up her fountain pen she is now writing the recitation down verbatim as follows in a sweet and gentle language of the hill country of Déisi Mumhan.

**Scene - Valley of the Crescent Moon**

*Personae* - Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance  
and her youngest daughter, Her Royal Highness  
Crown Princess Graceful



*Figure 14*

~ § ~ Valley of the Crescent Moon south of the village of Tallow ~ § ~  
52° 5' 8.182" N 8° 0' 48.186" W  
Altitude: 24 meters

***Fragrance:***

"Come with me, my Beautiful. Let's enjoy strolling over to the hill of Elksnmist."

***Graceful:***

“Thank you, Ummy. Your hand is lovely and cosy.”

***Fragrance:***

“And yours soft and gentle, my Pretty.”



*Figure 15*

~ §~ Castle Sanctuary is located directly north of the Field of the Annunciation  
and on the northern bank of An Bhríd River ~§ ~

***Graceful:***

“Will you tell me a story as we go along Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

“Surely, my Princess.”

***Graceful:***

“I love your storytelling, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“You are most welcome, my Beautiful.

Today, I think is a good day for telling you a story about this valley; the Valley of the Crescent Moon.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh, Ummy I’d love to hear that story!”

***Fragrance:***

“With the drifting haze slowly clearing, behold, Lovely, majestic Castle Sanctuary is coming into full view!

It’s an awesome sight, isn’t it?

So beautiful and so serene, my Princess.”

***Graceful:***

“Yes, it is Ummy.

Yes, it is."

***Fragrance:***

"Delicate golden rays of sunlight are making their way from its eastern wing all along the front wall passing the entrance and splashing on to the west wing and beyond to brighten up the whole hillside all the way beyond Elmy stream; Elmy stream which flows down into the gently flowing An Bhríd to become one flow meandering away to the east after the wafting haze.

Above the hillside, and way off to the far north rises the beautiful mountains."

***Graceful:***

"Beautiful, aren't they, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um.

Off to the far north there you see rises Sléibhte na gCoillteadh, and a little nearer and to the northeast there is Sléibhte Mhaold Domhnaigh, and further towards the east over there is Sléibhte an Cumarach, and a little out of sight would be Sléibhte Móin an Mhullaigh."

***Graceful:***

"Look, Ummy a pair of softly glowing swans are appearing from out of the haze, and coming to rest on An Bhríd as if they had never left it.

They must have been sleeping in the haze all night, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Maybe.

Maybe they were too, Lovely."

***Graceful:***

"Sometimes, Ummy, I envision myself sleeping in the clouds and floating along above Castle Sanctuary."

***Fragrance:***

“When I was a little girl, Lovely I used to envision that if I could breathe in the haze I would turn into a haze girl and be able to play all the day long with the wind.”

***Graceful:***

“Can you see the wind, Ummmy?”



***Fragrance:***

"Sometimes I think I can."

***Graceful:***

"What does it look like?"

***Fragrance:***

"It looks like haze without any colour."

***Graceful:***

"Then I think I must have seen it too, Ummy."



*Figure 16*

~ §~ Sléibhte na gCoillteadh, Sléibhte Mhaold Domhnaigh,  
Sléibhte an Cumarach, Sléibhte Móin an Mhullaigh ~§ ~

***Fragrance:***

"Um.

Maybe you have.

What is that place there, Beautiful, south of the Field of the Annunciation, and between it and the beautiful hills of Strollnfox and Elksnmist?"

***Graceful:***

"Oh, that, Ummy is the lovely Outside World village of Árdíseal."

***Fragrance:***

“And beyond Árdíseal covering the pretty area between the western slope of the hill of Strollnfox and that of the eastern slope of the hill of Elksnmist nestles what cosy village of the People of Ave Éire?”



*Figure 17*

~ §~ Village of Árdíseal ~§ ~  
52° 5' 36.553" N 8° 0' 24.919" W  
Altitude: 13 meters

***Graceful:***

“The most wonderful village, Ummy of Crescent Moon.”

***Fragrance:***

“Crescent Moon also gives its name to this whole valley from the hill of Castle Sanctuary to the east and west, and to the south of the hills of Strollnfox and Elksnmist.

You see it’s shaped like a crescent moon, isn’t it, my Lovely?”

***Graceful:***

"It is, Ummy.

Oh, how I love in eventide to be viewing from my  
bedroom window the new Crescent Moon over  
above Elksnmist."

***Fragrance:***

"It is a lovely sight, my Pretty, so it is.

Meandering along to the north between the hills of Strollnfox and Elksnmist is what lovely little river?"

***Graceful:***

"An Abha Bhuí, Ummy.

It runs through Crescent Moon and on beneath the double arched stone bridges on the western edge of Árdíseal before it carries on to join up with An Bhríd to the west of the Field of the Annunciation."

***Fragrance:***

"Well done, my Princess.

Yes, and the villagers of Crescent Moon often use An Abha Bhuí to sail down to Castle Sanctuary, don't they?"

***Graceful:***

"They do, and when they are approaching the stone bridges they always take plenty of care to lower the sail in their boats before passing through the arches.

I love being on the boats with them.

Sometimes as we are about to go through an arch, I sit back in the boat like this, and watch the sky and then the underneath side of the bridge and then the sky again.

It's a really nice feeling.

Did you know, Ummy that there is a bird's nest in the roof of one of the arches?"

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, I didn't know that.

And are there baby birds in the nest?"

***Graceful:***

"Not yet.

Only the eggs are there yet."

***Fragrance:***

"How many of them are there?"

***Graceful:***

“Three; three lovely bluish white eggs.”

***Fragrance:***

“Oh, I see.”

**Graceful:**

"Ummy which is the higher, Strollnfox or Elksnmist?"

**Fragrance:**

"Elksnmist is that little bit higher than Strollnfox."

**Graceful:**

"Why is it called the hill of Strollnfox?"

**Fragrance:**

"There is a story that when some of our ancestors were looking in that area for a place to establish a village for our people, they saw strolling across the slope of the hill a fox just at that very moment. Then do know what happened?"

**Graceful:**

"I don't know, Ummy.

Maybe a bird flew down from the sky to play with the fox."

**Fragrance:**

"As our ancestors were with watching the fox strolling leisurely along the slope, they were thinking to themselves that this might be a good place to establish the village when suddenly, the fox stopped strolling, sniffed the grass and then raised his right hind leg and lightly sprinkled the ground before carrying on with his strolling."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, Ummy that's a funny funny fox!"

**Fragrance:**

"So, our ancestors could make their decision there and then with the help of the fox to establish the village of Crescent Moon between the two hills. And in appreciation of the kindness of that strolling fox they gave to that hill there the name Strollnfox."

**Graceful:**

"Very nice, Ummy.

Maybe the descendants of that fox still live on the slope of the hill."

***Fragrance:***

"Maybe they do too.

What do you think, my Lovely a person of the Outside World would see if they were to stand there on the hill of Elksnmist and look northwards?"

***Graceful:***

"They would only be able to see the meandering An Abha Bhuí, their peaceful village of Árdíseal, the Monastery of the Holy Sisters, and the big field. Sometimes though they would even see the big field and those beyond to the east of it to be a magnificent lake, wouldn't they, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um, they would, Brightness after the coming of the heavy rains.

When the Field of the Annunciation; be it then the Lake of the Annunciation is viewed from Castle Sanctuary it is truly stupendous, isn't it, Lovely?"

***Graceful:***

"It is, Ummy.

Especially so between the showers for upon its surface are to be seen an abundance of glistenings, shimmerings, and meandering windpaths.

Oh, and how amazing it is to see the salmon and the trout leaping in these with the greatest of ease."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, with the greatest of ease does the prose-poetic come to my Lovely."

***Graceful:***

"It's the delectable language of Ummy and Ahmy."

***Fragrance:***

"I see.

What else do you think, my Lovely a person of the Outside World would see if they were to stand there on the hill of Elksnmist and look northwards?"

***Graceful:***

"Oh, they would only be able to see An Bhríd, the bridge side Tavern, the high wall of the Quays, the Long Field, the Great Beech Tree east of the grove



of Great Pines.

And continuing east, the Great Oak Tree of the charming Lady of the Immaculate Conception Grotto, and further on Naomh Bríd's Sacred Well. And back to the west along the hillside they would see the

mushroom-like sheep contentedly grazing below the spruce forest.

And maybe some horses grazing there too.

And following on down they would see the unnamed stream which dances down by the Basket Weaver's house and on down into An Bhríd.

And to the field west of the stream; oh, may!

Oh, may, I momentarily saw a massive cave in that field.

And to the west of that field the lovely Lisfinny residence, and next to it the small ruin lookout tower castle of Árdíseal.

And off in the distance to the north and northeast they would be able see Sléibhte na gCoillteadh, Sléibhte Mhaold Domhnaigh, Sléibhte an Cumrarch, and even perhaps Sléibhte Móin an Mhullaigh."

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, my Lovely, how wonderful!

I see you too have the ability to be able see into the past and the future; even into the present, past, and future all at the same time.

Marvellous!"

***Graceful:***

"How do mean, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"When you were describing, Lovely what a person of the Outside World would see if they were to stand there on the hill of Elksnmist and look northwards, you were seeing in addition to what we can see in the present to be there, things also of the past and the future."

***Graceful:***

"Oh?

Like what, Ummy, for all appeared to be of the present to my eyes?"

***Fragrance:***

“Beautiful, the high wall of the Quays, the Great Beech Tree, and the massive cave in the field are all what used to be there, but are no more.

The charming Outside World grotto to the Lady of the Immaculate Conception next to the Great Oak Tree there is of the future.

And the Sacred Well to Naomh Bríd is both of the past and future,

but not of the present as sadly it has been left unattended by the people of Árdíseal."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, they should take care of the scared places, shouldn't they, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"They will; they will my Lovely, not alone here in this sacred valley, but throughout the Land of Ave Éire, for the loving presence of noble-hearted Naomh Bríd will not leave the sacred places be as if they had never been.

Why do you think a person of the Outside World wouldn't be able to see what we can see, Pretty?"

**Graceful:**

"We are of the Inside World, Ummy, and they of the Outside World."

**Fragrance:**

"Um, that's right, my Precious. You're very bright."

**Graceful:**

"Ahmy and Ummy is the source of the brightness, Ummy.

It's a lovely brightness, a brightness that doesn't dazzle."

**Fragrance:**

"Um, I see.

Is that the way it is?"

**Graceful:**

"Yes, it is Ummy for lovelies Sensibility, Hospitality, Edification, Attentive, and me."

**Fragrance:**

"Um.

Yet, my Lovely, there are those few among the peoples of the Outside World who if they were to stand there on the hill of Elksnmist would also be able to clearly see, in addition to all of these things,

the castle of Castle Sanctuary and the village of Crescent Moon.”

***Graceful:***

“How would that be, Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

"Those few are the virtuous ones, my Beautiful. Virtue in their sacred sanctuaries has provided them with the gift of this kind of sight; the sight to be able to see Castle Sanctuary and Crescent Moon."

***Graceful:***

"Would they also be able to see you and me, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Of course, Lovely. And not alone be able to see us but also communicate with us in spoken and written word."

*Reflective silence.*

***Graceful:***

"Ummy, for how many years has Castle Sanctuary been standing there on the hillside?"

***Fragrance:***

"Majestic Castle Sanctuary, now all agolden, my Lovely, in this glorious sunshine of May has been standing there on that calm hillside with over twenty thousand years."

***Graceful:***

"Wah!  
That's a long time, isn't it, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"It is indeed, Lovely a very long time it is."

***Graceful:***

"Have our people been always living in it?"

***Fragrance:***

"Yes, our people have been living in Castle Sanctuary right from its completion over twenty thousand years ago. Never has even the slightest chip fallen away from the exquisite designs in its walls nor a dimming appeared in their vivid colours."

***Graceful:***

“Ummy, what do the ancient writings stored in the Great Library say about our ancestors?”

***Fragrance:***

“They speak of a people whose ancestors had once referred to

themselves as the ‘Children of the Snow’ and, who in later times were to become lovingly referred as the ‘Holy Families.’”

***Graceful:***

“Wah!

What lovely names: ‘Children of the Snow’ and ‘Holy Families’.

Ummy you are a sacred mother of the snow, and I a sacred daughter.”

***Fragrance:***

“So pretty are your words, my Lovely.

The Sacred Children of the Snow were said to have lived in the vicinity of hot springs along a verdured haven running roughly from east to west between two massive glaciers; one to their north and one to their south, in the region that has come to be known nowadays as the sacred hill country of Déisi Mumhan.”

Aoife is smiling to herself as she is writing those words.

***Fragrance:***

“Our story, my Beautiful will begin at this time; several millennia before the coming to the Land of Ave Éire of the Nóshemuadh, Ténacuna, Máuiltí, Bóceagáirc, Partholón, Neméd, Fírbolga, the Leprédanann, and the Celtí.”

***Graceful:***

“What delightfully sounding names, Ummy.

Like music are they.

Nó~shem~uadh, Uadh~u~uadha~nó,

Té~na~cuna,

Du~na~duna, Má~uil~tí, De~tí~de~tí~de,

Bó~cea~gáirc, Gáirc~gáirc, Par~tho~lón,

Lóna~lóna~lóna,

Ne~méd, Méd~méd~de~méd~de, Fír~bolga,

Bolga~bolga~bolgí, Le~pré~dan~ann,



Dan~ann~dan~dan~dandí,  
Celtí, Celtí~celtá~celtí~dí~dá.  
Sing with me, Ummy.  
Nó~shem~uadh, Uadh~u~uadha~nó,  
Té~na~cuna,  
Du~na~duna, Má~uil~tí, De~tí~de~tí~de,  
Bó~cea~gáirc, Gáirc~gáirc, Par~tho~lón,  
Lóna~lóna~lóna,

Ne~méd, Méd~méd~de~méd~de, Fír~bolga,  
 Bolga~bolga~bolgí, Le~pré~dan~ann,  
 Dan~ann~dan~dan~dandí,  
 Celtí, Celtí~celtá~celtí~dí~dá.



Figure 18

~ §~ Verdured haven between glaciers ~§ ~

Oh, that was great fun, wasn't, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"You're a beautiful singer, my Princess."

**Graceful:**

"Thank you, Ummy.

And you are even a more beautiful singer."

**Fragrance:**

"Thank you, my Lovely.

The earliest classical work written by the People of Ave Éire is titled, {Treatise on True Delight}.

In it is recorded the following:  
'It was in a month of May,

When Crescent Moon, Nuptial Star and Golden Sun,  
All rose together between the limpid blue glaciers,  
That a lady of exceptional beauty and presence did appear,  
To the Children of the Snow.  
She wore a long dress of purist white linen;  
A mantel of vivid green upon her shoulders,  
And a veil of golden mist lay lightly upon her head,  
Of golden brown hair . . . ”

**Graceful:**

“Oh, Ummy those words and images are so lovely.  
In my sacred sanctuary, I can clearly see the scene.  
Ummy, your hair too is golden brown.”

**Fragrance:**

“Look, when we put them together like this, we  
have the same coloured hair, haven’t we, Lovely?”

**Graceful:**

“Yes, we have.  
Like one we are Ummy.  
I love brushing your hair.  
It’s like playing with the winds of summer.”

**Fragrance:**

“Oh, and I yours, Sweetness for it’s like playing  
with the fragrances of spring.”

**Graceful:**

“Ummy, who was the lady of exceptional beauty  
and presence?”

**Fragrance:**

“When the people asked her who she was she  
answered them in a beautiful smile with,  
“I am an Immaculate Conception; I am Éire.””

*Long reflective silence.*

**Fragrance:**

“The lady of exceptional beauty and presence  
invited them to follow her to another beautiful

valley further to the south; a valley with a bubbling warm spring and a rich meandering river. There she announced to them that she needed a majestic sanctuary to be built on a hillside on the northern bank of that meandering

river.

Without knowing how this was going to be made possible they happily offered to do it for her as their hearts were imbued with a complete trust in her words."

**Graceful:**

"What is trust, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"Trust is Graceful."

**Graceful:**

"Then trust must be Ummy, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"Um, it must be, my Brightness.

For the next eighteen years the beautiful lady moved among the people; lovingly guiding them on how she wanted the sanctuary to be built, and what materials she needed to be used for it.

She taught them how to write in a way styled on the harmonious translations of the myriad things, and how to make a particular kind of music with introducing them to the single stringed instrument whose sweet harmonies are in an instant of the playful birds, busy honeybees and rustling leaves. She told them many stories of the Land; of the heavens above and beneath it and of the ocean waving about it; all the while culturing them in its hidden etiquette and ethics. All of these wonderful things have been meticulously and exquisitely recorded verbatim et literatim in their ancient writings which are all lovingly stored in the Great Library."

**Graceful:**

"Where did all the marvellous materials for the construction of the majestic sanctuary come from, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

“Only our ancient builders, Lovely knew from where they came; how they were ever brought to the site, and even how they were put in place for some of the slabs have lengths well in excess of seventy-seven meters, and surely weigh at least two to three hundred tons.”

***Graceful:***

“Wah!

The beautiful lady must have taught them how to lift heavy things

as if they were very light.”

***Fragrance:***

“She must have, mustn’t she, Brightness?”

***Graceful:***

“I think so, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Those huge slabs are laid with such hidden precision and subtle refinement, Beautiful that they would most certainly bewilder even the ingenious architects, and adroit builders of such marvellous looking, relatively modern structures, as those found along the banks of the River Nile in far off Kemet.”



*Figure 19*  
~ §~ River Nile ~§ ~

***Graceful:***

“Wah!”

***Fragrance:***

“The people delighted in referring to the lady of exceptional beauty and presence as ‘Lady Ave Éire’ and thus she was most pleased to bestow upon



them the name of ‘People of Ave Éire’ the name that would welcome them to the new widening landscape.”

**Graceful:**

"What happened to the name they used to be calling themselves, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"When you were here in my womb, my Lovely, I used to call you by the special name of Sereneeya."

**Graceful:**

"Sereneeya?"

**Fragrance:**

"Um."

**Graceful:**

"It's lovely sounding, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"Then when you came forth from the womb you were given the new name of Graceful to signify your new life.

The name, 'Sereneeya' is always with you, my Lovely.

Merely it is finely hidden within the name Gserraenceefuyal.

In similitude, when the Sacred Children of the Snow came forth from the glaciers they were given a new name to signify their new life.

The name, 'Children of the Snow' is always with our people, my Lovely.

Merely it is finely hidden within the name Pchieoldprelen ooff theAvesnowÉire."

**Graceful:**

"I am very happy to know this, Ummy for I would like to be thinking that as well as being a child of the People Ave Éire, I am also at the same time a child of the Sacred Children of the Snow."

**Fragrance:**

"Oh, you are; you are, my Lovely.

We will always be the children of the Children of the Snow; of the Holy Families, and the children of

the People of Ave Éire.”

***Graceful:***

“What lovely names, Ummy.

People of Ave Éire, Holy Families, and Children of the Snow.

Ummy, you are a mother of the sacred snow of Ave Éire, and I, a daughter.”

***Fragrance:***

“So pretty are you words, my Precious.

Lady Ave Éire was greatly pleased with the beautiful structure the people had built for her, and ‘Castle Sanctuary’ was the name she gave to it.”

***Graceful:***

“It’s a lovely name.”

***Fragrance:***

“It is truly.

And with the blessing of Lady Ave Éire did the people give the name ‘Land of Ave Éire’ to the ever-expanding green land between the northern and southern glaciers.

In time, this sacred name would come to refer to the whole island and its numerous islets.”

***Graceful:***

“The Land of Ave Éire.

Our home, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, our home, my Lovely.

And so the People of Ave Éire grew in numbers; happily dwelling all over this heavenly island.

Their family and individual names came from its characteristic attributes.

Crescent Moon was their first village in the Land of Ave Éire.”

***Graceful:***

“Crescent Moon, Ummy situated there between Strollnfox and Elksnmist?”

***Fragrance:***

“Yes, Lovely, the same first village that was established in the Land of Ave Éire so many many millennia ago.

Crescent Moon, like Castle Sanctuary has been nestling there in that lovely spot with over twenty

thousand years, and during all this time too, my  
Pretty, it has been lived in continuously.”

*Long reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

“When the work on Castle Sanctuary was  
completed, Lady Ave Éire

invited Harmony, a member of the Wavecarpet Family, and her husband Tempo of the Morningdew Family to be the first Custodians of Castle Sanctuary; conferring upon them the titles of Queen Ave Éire Harmony and King Ave Éire Tempo.

She promised that she would always be with them and their successors; that she would always be with the People of Ave Éire."

**Graceful:**

"Why have I never met Lady Ave Éire, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"You've met her many times already in your life, my Beautiful, only you weren't made aware of it. In a time and place of her own choosing, Lady Ave Éire will reveal herself to you, my Lovely as she did to me as Lady Ave Éire.

And from that moment forth you will always be meeting her as Lady Ave Éire."

**Graceful:**

"I will look forward to that time, Ummy.

I will."

**Fragrance:**

"It's nearing, my Pretty."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, Ummy will she be very old?"

**Fragrance:**

"Lady Ave Éire is not of aging, my Lovely.

You'll see her just as did the Sacred Children of the Snow saw her for that very first time.

She'll be wearing a long dress of purist white linen; a mantel of vivid green upon her shoulders, and a veil of golden mist lying lightly upon her head of golden brown hair.

And in a beautiful smile will she be calling your name with,

“A chuisle mo croí, Graceful.

A chuisle mo croí, Graceful.

A chuisle mo croí, Graceful.”

So she will be.”

Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance is smiling with approval at Aoife’s wonderfully precise choice of words in the phrase “a chuisle mo croí” (O beloved of my heart).

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"Pure in intention, hesitant in word, and truthful in action are the People of Ave Éire, my Lovely.

We trust absolutely in Lady Ave Éire's ever-present loving guidance for us; always and everywhere remembering her.

She for us is home.

Her name do we use as a greeting, a blessing, and a thanksgiving.

Her hospitality and joy is our way of life.

We believe the bosom is the sacred sanctuary of one's body, and that the six senses are the harmonious touchings out of the sacred sanctuary. They feel out reality; touching it as a baby touches a dew droplet.

This is our constant delight to be touching out; feeling out the marvel that is reality and chatting about it with each other."

***Graceful:***

"A dew droplet on the primrose is very nice to the touch, Ummy, isn't it?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um, it is.

Oh, it is, our precious dew droplet.

Gentle and virtuous as a mare is with her newborn foal, Lovely are the People of Ave Éire."

***Graceful:***

"Gentle and virtuous as Mareumy, Ummy is with her newborn foal are the People of Ave Éire."

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, you are lovely lovely, my Precious."

***Graceful:***

"And lovely lovely are you, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Hidden deep within the sacred sanctuary, my



Lovely we believe is the Holy of Holies where dwells the constant presence of Mystery; the presence which has linked us from birth to the myriad things about us on the land, in the water, in the air and in the heavens; to our ancestors, and will be our link with our descendants.

It is what makes us one; makes us whole.  
Lady Ave Éire is our Reminder, Brightness of all  
these hidden things; she is Mysterymystery in our  
midst."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"The following profound poem, my Lovely found in  
our ancient manuscript: {Treatise on True Poetry}  
offers a unique glimpse into our beautiful beliefs."

***Graceful:***

"What is the poem called, Ummmy?"

***Fragrance:***

"It's called, {Mysterymystery}.

Mysterymystery

Mysterymystery  
Mysteriating ~~~  
grain sand droplet water particle air emptylet  
space me  
my graining dropleting particling emptying  
meing  
sanding watering airing spacing mying  
sanding grain  
watering droplet airing particle spacing  
emptylet mying me  
Lady Ave Éire reminding teaching protecting  
Mysterymystery  
Mysteriating ~~~"

***Graceful:***

"Wah!

It's so beautiful, Ummmy.

And so lovely is your intoning of it."

***Fragrance:***

"Thank you.

Yes, so very very beautiful, Lovely, in that the poet

had a truly deep appreciation of the harmony that is the myriad things, including therein ourselves. Our people, Lovely put great emphasis on ‘ever-present remembrance’ for Lady Ave Éire has taught us of its essential importance for all truthfulness and ease of living; a remembrance which is present-happening.

We remember what has been taught to us by Lady Ave Éire; what has been transmitted to us by our storytellers, and what has come to us from their studies of the Classics; always and everywhere remembering to put our findings into truthful intentions, words, and actions.

Remembrance, we believe, my Lovely carries with it from early childhood a great personal sense of joyful responsibility to oneself, one's ancestors, parents, spouses, family, grandchildren, friends, neighbours near and far; the Land of Ave Éire, and to Lady Ave Éire.

We live at one with the Land of Ave Éire, my Lovely; accepting from it only for our immediate needs; never storing, and always sharing.

We enjoy our immaculate lifestyle to the fullest within the omnipresent love of Lady Ave Éire; a lifestyle, my Lovely which gives as much time to storytelling, studying, reflecting, writing, composing music and poetry, singing songs and sprightly dancing as to gathering sustenance for the body and weaving for it raiment."

***Graceful:***

"I love all of these things, Ummy.

Storytelling, studying, reflecting, writing, composing music and poetry, singing songs and sprightly dancing and gathering sustenance for the body and weaving for it raiment."

***Fragrance:***

"Yes, and most admirably so, my Lovely.

You are giving continued life to these the sacred joys of our people.

This our blessed lifestyle from the days of yore, my Lovely is by the grace of Lady Ave Éire.

And by the grace of Lady Ave Éire are we truly being blessed."

***Graceful:***

“Is Lady Ave Éire our mother, Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

“Mysterymystery, my Lovely is from whence we all  
come and return.”

***Graceful:***

“Including, Lady Ave Éire, Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, as Sun returns to rise for a new day.”

*Long reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

“In time, my Pretty there came to the Land of Ave Éire by various routes and means, and for a whole lot of different reasons, peoples who brought with them fragments of their original cultures, beliefs and traditions.

Such peoples; peoples of the ‘Outside World’ were the Nóshemuadh, Ténacuna, Máuiltí, Bóceagáirc, Partholón, Neméd, Fírbolga, Leprédanann, Celtí, and in addition to those, the Norseaxen, the Normancambrian and the Tudornoose.”

***Graceful:***

“The latter three, Ummy don’t sound very musical at all compared to the former nine.”

***Fragrance:***

“I know.

That is true, sadly.

You’re right, my Brightness.

All of these peoples save for a few virtuous individuals amongst them were quite unable to see Castle Sanctuary, the People of Ave Éire, the village of Crescent Moon or the numerous other villages of the People of Ave Éire spread throughout the Land.”

***Graceful:***

“Perhaps, Ummy this was yet another of the great blessings bestowed upon the People of Ave Éire by Lady Ave Éire.”

***Fragrance:***

“It was, my Brightness for Lady Ave Éire had taught them by taking the Moon as a pattern of how to hide something very precious, and even something as big and obvious as Castle Sanctuary

right out in the open for everyone in the Outside  
World not to be able to see it.”

***Graceful:***

“Wah!

Lady Ave Éire is great, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Lady Ave Éire is greater than great; greater than great is Lady Ave Éire great, Lovely.”

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

“This ability of being able to ‘hide the big in the obvious’ is a skill, Lovely that the People of Ave Éire have highly developed, and often enjoy putting into practice.”

***Graceful:***

“How is it, that I am not able to put it into practice, Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

“Oh, you will, my Lovely.

You will; you will, my Lovely as sure as the Sun is above us there in the sky, and the grass here ‘neath our feet.

Your inheritance it is, my Lovely.”

***Graceful:***

“Thank you, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um.

On many occasions, my Brightness had invading hoards, bands and armies passed right by in front of Castle Sanctuary, but without ever noticing it or being even aware of its presence, although as you can see, it extends along the hillside for some seven hundred meters with not a single huge tree to block any part of its southern visage.

The late Leprédanann, Diarmuid Mac Mourragh who hastily shuffled by not very far from here with dragging behind him his trembling daughter to her ominous marketplace nuptial, was not able to see Castle Sanctuary in the distance nor could anyone else in that dreadful party, except for that poor innocent girl through her cascading tears.”



***Graceful:***

"Oh, Ummy.

That poor girl.

What was her name?"

***Fragrance:***

"Her name, Beautiful was, Aoife.

This is a princessly and queenly name among many of the Outside World peoples."

Aoife is smiling to herself as she is writing these words.

***Fragrance:***

"In particular, it is loved by the Celtí for it comes from the Gaeilge word 'aoibh' which is their word for 'beauty'."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"And the late Normancambrian, Raymond le Gros de Carew with his herd of cowboy troops trudged along by here westwards quite unaware of the existence of Castle Sanctuary."

***Graceful:***

"Lady Ave Éire's blessing, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um.

It was.

Being greatly irritated with not being able to completely take the whole island for himself, this Raymond le Gros de Carew on his deathbed was said to have put a curse on the island to the effect of ". . . the land to which I am enraged with; my 'ire' land . . ."

So he was said to have said."

***Graceful:***

"Is his tomb in his homeland, Ummy or here in the Land of Ave Éire?"

***Fragrance:***

"Sadly, oh sadly it is here in the Land of Ave Éire, my Brightness.

It's on an islet set on a bend in An Abhainn Mhór not very far from the hill of Rinn-crú."

***Graceful:***

“Ummy!  
Could that have been the same destination of the  
flying sword?  
Remember?  
***Fragrance:***  
“Hm?  
Um.  
Precisely.

You're very attentive to detail, Brightness."

**Graceful:**

"Thank you.

Did anyone else like those two pass by here,  
Ummy?



*Figure 20*

~ §~ Islet in An Abhainn Mhór ~§ ~  
51° 59' 52.933" N 7° 53' 3.890" W  
Altitude: 2 meters  
~ §~ Rinn-crú ~§ ~  
51° 58' 47.320" N 7° 52' 8.501" W  
Altitude: 69 meters  
~ §~ An Abhainn Mhór Estuary ~§ ~

**Fragrance:**

"Oh, the late, ah, what's his name?

Ah, oh, yes, ah, the late Tudornoose, Oliver  
Cromwell with his sanguinary troops were once  
camped in that field off to the west there on this  
side of An Bhríd while laying siege on the small  
lookout tower castle of Árdíseal, there on the  
opposite bank. Yet, Brightness, neither he nor any  
of his rabble were ever aware of the majestic

structure standing on the hillside immediately there to its east.”

**Graceful:**

"Lady Ave Éire's blessing, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"Um.

It was.

Being greatly annoyed with the extreme beauty of the island, Oliver Cromwell was said to have deliberately, and on numerous occasions described it as a "crusty old hag".

Can you believe it, my Lovely?"

**Graceful:**

"Little wonder, Ummy that the likes of these were not able to see Castle Sanctuary or meet the People Ave Éire.

Isn't that right, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"Um.

It is indeed, my Brightness."

*Reflective silence.*

**Fragrance:**

"There were, however, my Lovely many hermits, saints and scholars from among these Outside World peoples who down through the centuries had seen Castle Sanctuary, and enjoyed the friendship of the People of Ave Éire.

And besides these, many ordinary everyday good people have also seen Castle Sanctuary, and enjoyed the friendship of the People of Ave Éire.

And so it is to this very day, Lovely and will continue to be so when virtue most true is allowed to dwell actively in sacred sanctuaries."

*Reflective silence.*

**Fragrance:**

"All the wonderful stories told by the peoples of the Outside World to each other of having seen Castle

Sanctuary, and enjoyed the friendship of our people have given rise to a very rich oral and written folklore tradition among them, and their widely spread Diaspora concerning what they refer to as the 'Hidden People of the Land of Ave Éire'."

***Graceful:***

"They refer to us as the 'Hidden People' do they, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Yes, Lovely they do.

It sounds unnatural to our ears, doesn't it?"

***Graceful:***

"It does, Ummy for we are not hidden at all."

***Fragrance:***

"Nor neither, my Pretty are we merely folklore."

***Graceful:***

"It's more in kind then, Ummy that they are perhaps the subject of our folklore."

***Fragrance:***

"Ah, you're very funny, my Brightness. You reason just like your Ahmy."

***Graceful:***

"Ahmy reasons like the haze, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"How do you mean, Lovely?"

***Graceful:***

"Floats high above and widely sees everything all beneath."

***Fragrance:***

"You're Ahmy's daughter, surely."

***Graceful:***

"I am, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Their stories, Lovely tell of certain individuals having had actually seen this majestic castle on a hillside on the northern bank of An Bhríd, and of seeing to its south a serene hamlet nestled between two low hills, and of meeting a people of a very beautiful disposition happily living therein the castle and the hamlet, and all over the island. In all their stories, however, my Lovely there has



never been a mention of anyone from the Outside World ever having actually entered Castle Sanctuary itself.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh, that’s very interesting, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Their expectant mothers tell such lovely stories of these visions and meetings to the babies in their wombs.”

***Graceful:***

“The babies must be very very happy so they must, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, they must.

Grandfathers tell to their grandchildren of how the Hidden People appear to certain individuals or families and help those who with all sincerity seek their help.

They tell of how they restore good health; comfort widows and widowers; feed the hungry in times of famine; make crops healthily grow again against all intrigues; make sick animals well; give hope to those who yearn for true inner peace in their sanctuaries; soften the hardhearted; heal the wounds of friendship between parents and ancestors, spouses, parents and children, friends, neighbours, the Land Ave Éire and the wider worlds, and who always bring the winter wayfarer to a safe haven.

People build grottoes in appreciation for such help received from the Hidden People, and to have them there amongst them as visible signs in their daily lives to encourage them to always be in remembrance of the kindness of the Hidden People, and of Lady Ave Éire of whom they speak of with deep respect, affection and joy.

Approaching the Valley of the Crescent Moon from any direction on the island one can meet several of these beautifully maintained grottoes along the way.

There in front of them, my Lovely, the people of the

Outside World take time to pause and reflect  
serenely upon Lady Ave Éire, the Hidden People,  
the Land of Ave Éire, and most of all upon  
themselves.

We have seen them many times at their village  
grotto located over there on the northern edge of  
StrollInfox, haven't we, Lovely?"

***Graceful:***

"We have.

Their faces always look very happy, don't they,  
Ummmy?"

***Fragrance:***

"They do, my Pretty, but I have also seen from time to time many sad faces before that very grotto."

***Graceful:***

"Maybe, Ummy they were forgetting to remember."

***Fragrance:***

"I think so, my Pretty.

There are many like those in the Outside World."

***Graceful:***

"Why are there tears in your eyes, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, it must be some leftover mist from earlier, my Lovely."

***Graceful:***

"If you close your eyes like this, Ummy and then open them wide again like this, all the mist will be able to float away to join up with the other mists in the air."

***Fragrance:***

"I must try that.

Let's see what happens."

***Graceful:***

"Let me see now.

Oh, Ummy it's all gone away.

See, it's up there in the air floating away to find the others."

*Silence with looking into the air.*

***Fragrance:***

"These beautiful traditions and customs, Lovely of the Outside World peoples; the custom for instance of seeking the help of the People of Ave Éire, and in turn appreciating and remembering such help given to them was to prove to be of great value and significance at the time of the coming of that terrible tiger."

***Graceful:***

“Oh, I remember that wonderful story, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“That time of the terrible tiger was the most shameful and paradoxical time, my Brightness since the arrival on the island of these Outside World peoples.

For when and for various reasons, already mentioned in that story, the culture including the landscape was being allowed to, and even encouraged in many cases to present itself to the world beyond the shores as 'ire-land' be it compounded to 'Ireland ' instead of its beautiful original native name, that of the 'Land of Ave Éire' or simply 'Ave Éire'.

The greater world had been encouraged to view it, accept it, and to deal with it in a concept package known as 'Leprechaun Ireland' and all which that had come to imply.

Know it to be pitifully true that this beautiful Land of Ave Éire, Lovely was for some generations being promoted at home and overseas in poetry, song, and writings as a 'cremated angel', a 'forlorn young girl', a 'lamenting old hag', and a 'banshee' just to mention a few of such deplorable appellations."

*Reflective moments of silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"Lovely, something even much more deplorable than these were to be found in the flagrantly irreverent attitude, actions, and writings of a one James Augustine Aloysius Joyce; a native son of the isle.

And, and, and as well as being a writer he was a; he was a teacher."

***Graceful:***

"Ummy.

Ummy some haze seems to have returned to your beautiful eyes.

And it feels as if there is some in mine too, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"I know, Lovely.

I know.

It'll go in a little while from us when it's ready."

***Graceful:***

"Oh, Ummy."

And they are embracing each other.

***Fragrance:***

"We're fine now again, Lovely.

There now; there now.

That's better, isn't it?"

***Graceful:***

"It is, Ummy.

Lady Ave Éire must have been very very sad during those times, Ummy, and especially with him, mustn't she have been?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um, Lovely, she must have been.

She was very very sad during those times, and very disappointed of him so she was, for he was such a talented writer, and could so easily have brought out the sacredness, brightness, and sophistication of woman; of women.

He could so easily have brought out the sacredness, brightness, and sophistication of the women of the Outside World here on the isle."

***Graceful:***

"Someone is coming, Ummy; someone of an enriching heart who is already here, and who in a lovely style all of his own formatting will reverently present to the world; to the Sun, Moon, Stars, and Galaxies the sacredness, brightness, and sophistication of woman; of all women.

And he by his noble attitude, actions, and writings will bring out the sacredness, brightness, and sophistication of the women both of the Outside World, and the Inside Worlds here on the isle.

And even as much as his capability will afford him, will he with integrity of heart try to bring about a renaissance in attitude towards the highest honour known to humankind, that of the sacredness, brightness, and sophistication of all women in the worlds be they of the ages past, the age of the present or of the ages yet to come."

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, marvellous!

Oh, how Lady Ave Éire delights in heralding good



tidings in our ears!

Yes; yes, I too, Lovely have been made to know of  
his presence to be already in our midst.

Blessed be the one who comes in the name of Lady  
Ave Éire."

***Graceful:***

"Blessed, Ummy be the one who comes in the name  
of Lady Ave Éire."

*Moments of silence.*

**Graceful:**

"Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"Um?"

**Graceful:**

"Ummy, did the greatly talented writer, James know of we of the Inside World?"

**Fragrance:**

"Lady Ave Éire, Lovely protected us, and our world from his eyes."

**Graceful:**

"Lady Ave Éire knows best, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"Um, truly Lady Ave Éire knows best.

You know, there is one thing, Lovely that we have to be very thankful for, and that is, that the name 'Éire' has somehow managed through the medium of the beautiful Gaeilge language to have survived down through all the centuries of troubles and indifference, including that shameful time of the terrible tiger."

**Graceful:**

"Lady Ave Éire, Ummy has somehow made this possible."

**Fragrance:**

"I think so, Lovely, for otherwise it would have been lost for ever."

*Long reflective silence.*

**Graceful:**

"Ummy! Ummy, tell me something, please about the village of Árdíseal."

**Fragrance:**

"Ah, that's a great idea, Lovely.

Árdíseal is the ancient name for this beautiful

village, and also for the valley, namely Gleann na hÁrdíseal.

Its contemporary name is Baile Tulach an Iarainn or Tallow Town, and the Tallow Valley.

This name was first given to the hamlet of houses that used to stand along to the east there of the Elmy stream; along the lower part of the Long Field, and parallel with An Bhríd.

Now in time the descendants of the hamlet covered in the cave, and moved south to dwell in the ancient monastic settlement village of Árdíseal. The people had good; happy memories of their southern facing hamlet by the waters of An Bhríd; the mining in the cave, and the vibrant life of transporting goods up and down the river from the Quays.

And so it came to be, as so often happens here on the isle, that the ancient name; yes, the ancient name Árdíseal was superseded by the name Baile Tulach an Iarainn.

**Graceful:**

"Oh, history has many stories to tell, hasn't it, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"It has indeed, so it has, Lovely. Don't you feel a little hungry?"

**Graceful:**

"Just a little bit more, Ummy, please. This is all very very interesting. And then we can be with making our way home for lunch."

**Fragrance:**

"Ah, most admirable. Now let me see. What else will I tell you about beautiful Árdíseal?"

**Graceful:**

"Anything, Ummy will be great."

**Fragrance:**

"Um.  
Soon after entering the village of Árdíseal from the east, one finds oneself before the sacred church of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. Can you see its bell tower, Lovely over there, just to the right of those tall palm trees?"

***Graceful:***

"Yes, I can.

And what about that other very old bell tower over there, Ummy close by the small stone bridge over An Abha Bhuí?"

***Fragrance:***

“Oh, there’s a long long long story about that old church, Lovely which I will be telling to you another day.  
All right?”



*Figure 21*

~ §~ Árdiseal (contemporary name: Tallow) ~§ ~

***Graceful:***

“All right, Ummmy.  
I’ll remind you.”

***Fragrance:***

“Thank you, Pretty.

The interior of the sacred church of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, my Princess is a beautiful instance of how much the people of the village of Árdiseal keep in full remembrance, in their very midst, the ever-present love of Lady Ave Éire.”

***Graceful:***

“Is Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, Ummmy

their title for Lady Ave Éire?”

***Fragrance:***

“Yes, it is, Beautiful.

The People of Ave Éire, however, would never use the belonging word ‘our’ when referring to Lady Ave Éire.”

*Reflective silence.*

**Graceful:**

“Will you take me to visit their church sometime, Ummy?”

**Frangrance:**

“Of course, I will, Lovely on some quiet Friday afternoon.”

Aoife is smiling to herself as she knows how Rísteárd likes to come down from the hill county on certain Friday afternoons to visit this sacred church, and to chat with the holy parish priest.

**Graceful:**

“Thank you, Ummy.”

**Frangrance:**

“You’re very welcome, my Lovely.

After coming out of the sacred church, and continuing in on the same eastern entrance to the village, one soon finds oneself standing before the house of the holy Celtí Catholic parish priest of Árdíseal, An tAthair Taidhgh Mícheál Ó Dálaigh. You know the house, don’t you, Lovely? The one with the plaque over the door which reads:

“Tá mise i gcónaí leat.”

**Graceful:**

“Oh, oh yes, Ummy.

I know the one.

And I know the meaning of those words too, Ummy.”

**Frangrance:**

“What do they mean, Lovely?”

**Graceful:**



"They mean, I am with you (always)."

***Fragrance:***

"Excellent, my Brightness!

That's correct.

I am with you always, Lovely, isn't it?"

***Graceful:***

"It is, Ummy.

I like their language very much for like our own it's cosy, rich, musical and very poetic."

***Fragrance:***

"It is indeed and more besides, my Lovely.  
In that same three-hundred year old house has An tAthair Ó Dálaigh been happily living these passed forty-seven years with his saintly wife, Caoimhe Máire Ní Bheannachta.

Caoimhe is beautiful in every way, Lovely.  
I love the feel of her hands holding mine for although she is very old in years her touch is like that of leaves in springtime.

And so too are their children and grandchildren beautiful in every way.

Often they come to stay with their parents; letting themselves and their children to be with enjoying the company and wisdom of generations.

It's truly a very homely household, Lovely.

Some afternoon, let's visit there together.

That would be special, wouldn't it?"

***Graceful:***

"Oh, how about on the same afternoon, Ummy that we will be visiting the sacred church of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception?"

***Fragrance:***

"And so it will be so, my Lovely."

***Graceful:***

"Thank you, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"You're very welcome, my Lovely.  
When this humble priest celebrates mass, and gives his homily, there isn't I've been told, a dry eye in the whole church, including the portico for such is the joy filling solemnity of the Holy Father; for such is the beauty found in his gestures, words, pauses, and intonations."

***Graceful:***

“Ummy, what is mass?”

***Fragrance:***

“Oh, some say it’s an ancient Kemetian religious rite which was

brought by holy people hundreds of years ago from the great Valley of the River Nile across a sea of reeds to a fertile crescent on the shores of the eastern Mediterranean.

Others say it originated in Sumer of the Ancients while others again claim it comes from way back in the past of pasts.

Howsoever, in time was it carried from the eastern Mediterranean westwards and northwards into Europa, and all over the world."

**Graceful:**

"Who first brought it to the Land of Ave Éire, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"It was members of the Celtí."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, was it?"

**Fragrance:**

"Um, it was, Lovely.

An tAthair Ó Dálaigh is the spiritual heart and joy of the village of Árdíseal; eagerly and joyfully are the villagers living their lives in accordance with his admirable family-centred example.

Daily he walks among the people of the village; listening to their stories as if there is no time whatsoever save the present.

For, so much so is he of their hearts, and they of his."

**Graceful:**

"We're very much like that too, Ummy aren't we?"

**Fragrance:**

"Um, yes, we are, Lovely.

We would even forget all about eating when a good story is being told, wouldn't we?"

**Graceful:**

"We would, especially when it is you, Ummy who is

telling the story.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um?

Is that the way it is?”

***Graceful:***

“It is, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Everyone who meets the Holy Father, be they of the Outside

World or even of the People of Ave Éire are enriched by the experience.

I love to be chatting with him throughout the year on the small stone bridge that has the bird's nest in the roof of one of its arches.

It's one of his favourite places in the Valley.

And, in the early morn of the 17th December each year, we together enjoy watching the sun rise from another favourite place of his, this time on Castle Sanctuary Hill, at a spot where ever since he first came to Ardíseal so many many years ago, he has been getting holly, ivy, and fern to decorate his home for Christmas.

He says, the richness in colour and texture of the holly, ivy, and fern found there about, and in the shade along the lane by the river is exceptional. And one time, I asked him why he doesn't gather the red berried holly also found there, and do you know how he replied, Lovely?"

***Graceful:***

"Maybe, Ummy, he said that he wanted to leave it for other people from Árdíseal who like having the red berried holly in their homes."

***Fragrance:***

"Very nice, Brightness.

He told me that he didn't want the little birds to be without food on frosty morns, and snowy days."

***Graceful:***

"Wah, such a beautiful heart, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, such a beautiful heart.

Oh, so many wonder filling stories has he shared.

He has also written delight filling books,  
Brightness.

In particular, I like the one entitled,  
{Reflections on the Golden Treasure}."

***Graceful:***

“Someday, I will be reading it too, Ummy, won’t I?”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, you will, surely, Lovely.

And you will like to be reading it, and enjoying  
reflecting upon it as much as I do.

Oh, your lovely lovely, Lovely!

Now, shall we be with making our way back to Castle Sanctuary, for it's almost time for lunch?"

**Graceful:**

"Great, but I'm feeling full already, Ummy. Let's say, hello to Mareumy and her foal on the way."

**Fragrance:**

"Um.  
She'll like that."

**Graceful:**

"Mareumy!  
Mareumy!  
Mareumy!"

**Her Majesty:**

"And that, Aoife will be sufficient unto the moment."

**Aoife:**

"Thank you, Your Majesty for the honour of being able to hear your words, and to be able to write them down in a sweet and gentle language of the hill country of Déisi Mumhan."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire for your willingness and the beauty and richness of your style, Aoife."

**Aoife:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire for Your Majesty."

They are gracefully rising to their feet.

**Her Majesty:**

"Aoife, I'll be returning again in a fortnight. Until then."

Evanescing is Her Majesty with smiles and waves for Aoife who is waving and smiling in return.

**Aoife:**

"Until then, Your Majesty, adieu."



With Her Majesty's evanescence, Aoife is slowly placing the pages she has written in a white covered folder. Holding the folder to her bosom is she contentedly descending to the inn by way of the small smooth stoned ravine, and the hazel grove with its nearby

well. In she and Rísteárd's cosy bedroom is she placing the folder in a cherry inlaid rosewood arca.

By eventide, she will be bringing forth the precious folder from the arca for Rísteárd to enjoy to read. They will no doubt be chatting happily on its content and themes long into the welcoming night. And who knows, if there is the Moon to be seen, they may very well take a stroll up to the tranquil Ochtach grove, and changing there into sensuous edenwear, recline on the oyster-coloured cushions in the beautiful Aislinge Rú pavilion to admire the celestial lantern's reflection in the Glandhuan, in their cups of spring water, and in each other's smiling eyes.

Aoife is enjoying supper with her noble handsome Rísteárd, and their lovelies Láfiámór and Róisíneala.

**Annotations:**

{Decameron}, Giornata prima, Conclusionone.

*Kemet* - an antique name for Egypt. It is also the origin of the word, alchemy (al + khemeia, Alkhemeia) and from which is derived the modern word chemistry.

Ancient Egyptians called their land “Kemet” which meant “black” after the black fertile silt-layered soil that was left behind each year during the annual inundation when the Nile flooded the fields. The most prevalent colour of the desert, however, is a decidedly reddish-yellow ochre; desert “deshret” meaning “red” is an endless carpet of sand that covers an estimated ninety-five percent of Egypt, interrupted only by the narrow band of verdure formed by the waters of the Nile. Today, Egypt’s official name is Junhuriyah Misr al-Arabiyah; the Arab Republic of Egypt.

*A chuisle mo croí* - from Gaeilge, meaning ‘O beloved of my heart.’

*Naomh* - from Gaeilge, meaning ‘holy’

## Chapter Three

### Custodianship of Castle Sanctuary throughout the ages

Iarnóin Dé h-Aoine san Pabhailliún Aoibhinn  
A Friday mid-afternoon in the Blissful Pavilion

**A**oife has returned to the pavilion after enjoying swimming in the shimmering warm pool of the Glandhuan. She is exquisitely wearing a soft apricot blouse and a long rich green skirt as she is with reclining on the oyster-coloured cushions there on the green rug in the center of the pavilion; reading away happily in Latin she is from a favourite Latin book, namely *De Rerum Natura* by Titus Lucretius Carus (ca. 99 BCE - ca. 55 BCE).

“Aeneadam genetrix, hominum divomque voluptas,  
alma Venus, caeli subter labentia signa  
quae mare navigerum, quae terras frugiferentis  
concelebras, per te quoniam genus omne animantum  
concupitur visitque exortum lumina solis:  
te, dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila caeli  
adventumque tuum, tibi suavis daedala tellus  
summittit flores, tibi rident aequora ponti  
placatumque nitet diffuso lumine caelum.  
nam simul ac species patefactast verna diei  
et reserata viget genitabilis aura favoni,  
ariae primum volucris te, diva, tuumque  
significant initum percussae corda tua vi.  
inde ferae pecudes persultant pabula laeta  
et rapidos tranant amnis: ita capta lepore  
te sequitur cupide quo quamque inducere pergis.  
denique per maria ac montis fluviosque rapacis  
frondiferasque domos avium camposque virentis  
omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem  
efficis ut cupide generatim saecula propagent.  
quae quoniam rerum naturam sola gubernas  
nec sine te quicquam dias in luminis oras

exoritur neque fit laetum neque amabile quicquam,  
te sociam studeo scribendis versibus esse,  
quos ego de rerum natura pangere conor  
Memmiadae nostro, quem tu, dea, tempore in omni  
omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.”

(Mother of Rome, delight of Gods and men,  
 Dear Venus that beneath the gliding stars  
 Makest to teem the many-voyaged main  
 And fruitful lands - for all of living things  
 Through thee alone are evermore conceived,  
 Through thee are risen to visit the great sun -  
 Before thee, Goddess, and thy coming on,  
 Flee stormy wind and massy cloud away,  
 For thee the daedal Earth bears scented flowers,  
 For thee waters of the unvexed deep  
 Smile, and the hollows of the serene sky  
 Glow with diffused radiance for thee!  
 For soon as comes the springtime face of day,  
 And procreant gales blow from the West unbarred,  
 First fowls of air, smit to the heart by thee,  
 Foretoken thy approach, O thou Divine,  
 And leap the wild herds round the happy fields  
 Or swim the bounding torrents. Thus amain,  
 Seized with the spell, all creatures follow thee  
 Whithersoever thou walkest forth to lead,  
 And thence through seas and mountains  
 and swift streams,  
 Through leafy homes of birds and greening plains,  
 Kindling the lure of love in every breast,  
 Thou bringest the eternal generations forth,  
 Kind after kind. And since 'tis thou alone  
 Guidest the Cosmos, and without thee naught  
 Is risen to reach the shining shores of light,  
 Nor aught of joyful or of lovely born,  
 Thee do I crave co-partner in that verse  
 Which I presume on Nature to compose  
 For Memmius mine, whom thou hast willed to be  
 Peerless in every grace at every hour -  
 Wherefore indeed, Divine one, give my words  
 Immortal charm.)

Subtly she is feeling on the left side of her face  
 this beautiful soft warm scented breeze from the  
 east. As she is turning her head to look in the  
 direction from whence is coming the breeze, she is  
 to her great delight noticing that Her Majesty  
 Queen Ave Éire Fragrance is strolling towards the  
 grove. Her Majesty's smiling countenance is so

beautifully beautiful as she is looking up towards  
Aoife who is waving down to her from the pavilion.

Aoife is running down to greet Her Majesty.  
And even ever before reaching, she is scenting Her Majesty's distinctively charming fragrance.

**Aoife:**

"Your Majesty!

Your Majesty!

Oh, it's so lovely to see you again!"

**Her Majesty:**

"So wonderfully delightful to see you too, Aoife!

And how is your noble handsome Rísteárd keeping?"

**Aoife:**

"Inn keeping, Your Majesty.

He is keeping very well, thank you."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.

And yere lovelies, Láfiámór and Róisíneala?"

**Aoife:**

"They're in the very best of health, Your Majesty.

Lovely they are, thank you."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.

Pretty perennials, Bealtaine and Samhain?"

**Aoife:**

"Faithful they are, Your Majesty.

Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Aoife:**

"How are the People of Ave Éire keeping, Your Majesty?"

**Her Majesty:**

"They are keeping very well, Aoife thank you."

**Aoife:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Her Majesty:**



“Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.”

**Aoife:**

“Your Majesty come let us go up and sit in Aislinge  
Rú that I may

serve you a refreshing drink of water from the spring therein the grove."

**Her Majesty:**

"That will be most refreshing, Aoife.  
Thank you."

Sitting together chatting they are on the oyster-coloured cushions there on the green rug in the center of the pavilion.

**Aoife:**

"Here you are, Your Majesty. Receive and enjoy."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thank you, Aoife."

**Aoife:**

"You're most welcome, Your Majesty."

**Her Majesty:**

"Ah, it carries well within it the purity and freshness of the ancient glaciers.  
Absolutely miraculous it is, Aoife."

**Aoife:**

"Throughout the seasons, Your Majesty the spring is always welcoming and always refreshing."

**Her Majesty:**

"I have here, Aoife the book of our previous meeting. Confidently be of a good courage for you are doing marvellous work.

And this afternoon too, by the loving kindness of Lady Ave Éire will you be able to recite the sacred words of this book exactly as you receive them from me, and be with the ability to precisely interpret them, and in turn to write them down in words of your own choosing, and in a prose-poetic language of such surpassing depth and richness of style that it will be a marvel and a grateful joyful word of mouth for many from among the peoples of the Outside World."

**Aoife:**

“Behold the handmaid of Your Majesty; be it done  
unto me according to your word.  
With the loving kindness of Lady Ave Éire will I be  
able to recite every word, and in the name of Your  
Majesty be able to write

precise interpretations of them in a language of depth and richness of style.

In the name of Your Majesty most Bountiful will I be able to recite, interpret, and write down all that which I know not yet."

***Her Majesty:***

"Then let us here in this blissful pavilion, gracious courteous Aoife of the sacred hill country of Déisi Mumhan continue in joyful earnest our important work.

Lady Ave Éire be with us."

***Aoife:***

"With us is Lady Ave Éire."

***Her Majesty:***

"With us is Lady Ave Éire."

Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance is opening the golden white covered book, and is beginning to recite from what is written there within. Aoife is reciting exactly what she is hearing. Taking up her fountain pen, Aoife is now writing the recitation down verbatim as follows in a sweet and gentle language of the hill country of Déisi Mumhan.

### **Scene - Fruitblessed Orchard on the hillside of Castle Sanctuary a little ways to the northeast**

*Personae* - Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance  
and her youngest daughter, Her Royal Highness  
Crown Princess Graceful

***Fragrance:***

"Come with me, my Beautiful.

Let's enjoy strolling up to Fruitblessed Orchard."

***Graceful:***

"Thank you, Ummmy.

Your hand is lovely and cosy."

***Fragrance:***

“And yours soft and gentle, my Pretty.”

***Graceful:***

“Will you tell me a story as we go along Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

“Surely, my Princess.”

***Graceful:***

"I love your storytelling, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"You're most welcome, my Beautiful.

Today, I think is a good day for telling you a story about the Custodianship of Castle Sanctuary."

***Graceful:***

"Oh, Ummy I'd love to hear that story!"

***Fragrance:***

"Well on the eve, Lovely of the hundred and seventy-eighth anniversary of Her first appearance among the People of Ave Éire, Lady Ave Éire again walked among them to invite a new family to take over the honour of Custodianship of Castle Sanctuary.

This beautiful custom She has continued to do every one-hundred and seventeen years for these past twenty thousand, eighth-hundred and twenty-nine years; never inviting the same family name twice, albeit spouses of Custodians occasionally have descended from families who had once held the responsibility of Custodianship."

***Graceful:***

"Oh."

***Fragrance:***

"The People of Ave Éire, Lovely are very comfortable with this salubrious arrangement. Each of the Royal Families behoved their own unique attribute to the responsibility of Custodianship, and virtuating it diligently throughout their respective reigns.

These attributes are recorded in writings in the Royal Archives at Castle Sanctuary, including a great many treatises on various subjects that were of interest to each particular Royal Family."

***Graceful:***

“How many Royal Families have there been,  
Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

“Our family, Lovely is the 178th Family to have  
been invited by Lady Ave Éire to take over the  
honour of Custodianship of Castle Sanctuary.”

***Graceful:***

“One plus seven equals eight, and eight plus eight  
equals sixteen,

and one plus six equals seven.  
Seven is our blessed number, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"And so it is too, Brightness.  
Seven of the Great Sacred Grail is our blessed  
number."

***Graceful:***

"What were the unique attributes of each of the  
Royal Families, Ummy, beginning from the  
beginning?"

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, that's a very long list, Beautiful."

***Graceful:***

"I would love to hear of them, Ummy.  
All of them."

***Fragrance:***

"Wonderful!  
Then let's begin, Lovely, right from the beginning."

***Graceful:***

"And I will listen right from the beginning without  
uttering even a single word, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um.  
You're definitely very special, Brightness."

***Graceful:***

"Special are, Ummy, Ahmy, and lovelies Sensibility,  
Hospitality, Edification, and Attentive, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, I see.  
Is that the way it is?"

***Graceful:***

"It is Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Then come let us sit here, Beautiful beneath this  
heavenly canopy of fragrant apple blossoms."

***Graceful:***



“How blue the sky is, Ummy up through the pink blossoms!  
Their scent is so soft and delightful.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, it is, Lovely.

And I wonder, who on her fifth birthday planted  
that pretty tree there over.

Now, who was it, I wonder?”

***Graceful:***

“Wonder on no further, Ummy for it was me!

Remember?”

***Fragrance:***

“Oh, was it?”

***Graceful:***

“It was, Ummy.

It was definitely me.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, it was.

That’s right.

How delicate and graceful it has become, Lovely,  
hasn’t it?”

***Graceful:***

“It has, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“It has so, Lovely by the gracious warmth of  
heaven’s sun; air’s drizzling rain; soil’s enriching  
minerals, and by the vivifying tender touch of Lady  
Ave Éire’s fingertips.”

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

“Lady Ave Éire abiding in my words, be, that I may  
recall all to memory exactly as they have been  
recorded in the Royal Archives.

The Royal Family of the 1st

Behoved Delight to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** True Delight

The Royal Family of the 2nd

Behoved Thermal Springs to be their royal  
attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Cavern Heating

The Royal Family of the 3rd

Behoved Hazelnuts and Honey to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Hazelnuts and Honey  
 The Royal Family of the 4th  
 Behoved Verdure to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** True Colours  
 The Royal Family of the 5th  
 Behoved Trees to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Trees throughout Windsuncloud  
 The Royal Family of the 6th  
 Behoved Soft Showers to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Nature of Soft Showers  
 The Royal Family of the 7th  
 Behoved Heavens of Night to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Love of the Heavens  
 The Royal Family of the 8th  
 Behoved Starview to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Reciprocal Inclination  
 The Royal Family of the 9th  
 Behoved Patience to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** True Patience  
 The Royal Family of the 10th  
 Behoved Enrichment to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** True Enrichment  
 The Royal Family of the 11th  
 Behoved Lady Ave Éire's Reflection to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Lady Ave Éire's Reflection  
The Royal Family of the 12th  
Behoved Mountains, Hills & Mounds to be their  
royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Characteristics of Elevations  
 The Royal Family of the 13th  
 Behoved Wakefulness to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** True Wakefulness  
 The Royal Family of the 14th  
 Behoved Reverence to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** True Reverence  
 The Royal Family of the 15th  
 Behoved Meandering Streams & Rivers to be their  
 royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Water  
 The Royal Family of the 16th  
 Behoved Inheritance to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** True Inheritance  
 The Royal Family of the 17th  
 Behoved Sky of Day to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Love of the Sky  
 The Royal Family of the 18th  
 Behoved Proprieties to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Proprieties  
 The Royal Family of the 19th  
 Behoved Slumber to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** True Slumber  
 The Royal Family of the 20th  
 Behoved Myriad Blessings to be their royal  
 attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Myriad Blessings

The Royal Family of the 21st  
Behoved Mornings to be their royal attribute.  
And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** the Skies of Mornings

The Royal Family of the 22nd

Behoved Deep Lakes to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Stillness

The Royal Family of the 23rd

Behoved Warmth & Friendliness to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** True Companionship

The Royal Family of the 24th

Behoved Valleys & Caves to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Sources

The Royal Family of the 25th

Behoved Countenance to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Countenance

The Royal Family of the 26th

Behoved Afternoons to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** the Skies of Afternoons

The Royal Family of the 27th

Behoved Cultivation to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Being Cultivated

The Royal Family of the 28th

Behoved Gladness to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** True Gladness

The Royal Family of the 29th

Behoved Freshness to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Freshness

The Royal Family of the 30th



Behoved Evenings to be their royal attribute.  
And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Skies of Evenings

The Royal Family of the 31st  
Behoved Maternity & Paternity to be their royal  
attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Family

The Royal Family of the 32nd  
Behoved Currents to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Currents & Banks

The Royal Family of the 33rd  
Behoved Scenery to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Home

The Royal Family of the 34th  
Behoved Havens to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Havens

The Royal Family of the 35th  
Behoved Holly to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Redberry Holly

The Royal Family of the 36th  
Behoved Nights to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** the Cosiness of Nights

The Royal Family of the 37th  
Behoved Song & Dance to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Song & Dance

The Royal Family of the 38th  
Behoved Trust to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** True Trust

The Royal Family of the 39th  
Behoved Life upon the Land to be their royal  
attribute.

And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Surprises  
The Royal Family of the 40th

Behoved Homecoming to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Welcome

The Royal Family of the 41st

Behoved Mud to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** the Sacredness of Mud

The Royal Family of the 42nd

Behoved Praise to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** True Praise

The Royal Family of the 43rd

Behoved Strength to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** True Strength

The Royal Family of the 44th

Behoved Elegance to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Elegance

The Royal Family of the 45th

Behoved Sacredness to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Sacredness

The Royal Family of the 46th

Behoved Adornment to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Subtle Adornments

The Royal Family of the 47th

Behoved Clear Pools to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Vision

The Royal Family of the 48th

Behoved Sun, Moon & Stars to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Clover & Oneness

The Royal Family of the 49th  
Behoved Radiance to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the East Star  
 The Royal Family of the 50th  
 Behoved Sleet to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Sleet  
 The Royal Family of the 51st  
 Behoved Comely to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Attractiveness  
 The Royal Family of the 52nd  
 Behoved Presence in Fullness to be their royal  
 attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Presence of Lady Ave Éire  
 The Royal Family of the 53rd  
 Behoved Confidence to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Confidence  
 The Royal Family of the 54th  
 Behoved Levels & Rocks to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Journeying  
 The Royal Family of the 55th  
 Behoved Ponds to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Ponds  
 The Royal Family of the 56th  
 Behoved Accommodation to be their royal  
 attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Willingness  
 The Royal Family of the 57th  
 Behoved Fragility to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Fragility

The Royal Family of the 58th  
Behoved Near & Far to be their royal attribute.  
And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Distances

The Royal Family of the 59th

Behoved Boggy Grounds to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Returning Blessings

The Royal Family of the 60th

Behoved Height & Depth to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Free Movement

The Royal Family of the 61st

Behoved Leaven to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Gradual Transubstantiations

The Royal Family of the 62nd

Behoved Timelessness to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** the Profusion of Timelessness

The Royal Family of the 63rd

Behoved Foundation to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Intentions

The Royal Family of the 64th

Behoved Whirlpools to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Rotations

The Royal Family of the 65th

Behoved Nimbi to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Clouds

The Royal Family of the 66th

Behoved Finesse to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** True Finesse

The Royal Family of the 67th

Behoved Signs to be their royal attribute.



And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Proper Reading of Signs

The Royal Family of the 68th  
 Behoved Purity to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Purity**  
 The Royal Family of the 69th  
 Behoved Abundant Generosity to be their royal  
 attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Infinite Generosity**  
 The Royal Family of the 70th  
 Behoved Hues to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Aspects**  
 The Royal Family of the 71st  
 Behoved Waterfalls to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Waterfalls**  
 The Royal Family of the 72nd  
 Behoved Wayfaring to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Strolling**  
 The Royal Family of the 73rd  
 Behoved Hospitality to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* True Hospitality**  
 The Royal Family of the 74th  
 Behoved Nave to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Vessels**  
 The Royal Family of the 75th  
 Behoved Frost to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Frosty Mornings**  
 The Royal Family of the 76th  
 Behoved Variegation to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Foliage & Flowers  
The Royal Family of the 77th

Behoved Good Tidings to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Good Tidings  
 The Royal Family of the 78th  
 Behoved Abidance to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Abidance  
 The Royal Family of the 79th  
 Behoved Intuitive Truth to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Six Senses  
 The Royal Family of the 80th  
 Behoved Estuaries to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Estuaries  
 The Royal Family of the 81st  
 Behoved Hollows to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Love of Grottoes  
 The Royal Family of the 82nd  
 Behoved Goodness to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** True Goodness  
 The Royal Family of the 83rd  
 Behoved Cosy Hearths to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Storytelling  
 The Royal Family of the 84th  
 Behoved Always Within to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Canticle of the Sacred Sanctuary  
 The Royal Family of the 85th  
 Behoved Costume to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Vesture

The Royal Family of the 86th  
Behoved Navigation to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Navigation  
 The Royal Family of the 87th  
 Behoved Floating Leaves to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Floating Leaves  
 The Royal Family of the 88th  
 Behoved Pathways to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Pathways  
 The Royal Family of the 89th  
 Behoved Shores to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Convergences  
 The Royal Family of the 90th  
 Behoved Composition to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Prose-poetic  
 The Royal Family of the 91st  
 Behoved Visitation to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Lady Ave Éire's Smile  
 The Royal Family of the 92nd  
 Behoved Serenity to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Lady Ave Éire's Serenity  
 The Royal Family of the 93rd  
 Behoved Annunciation to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Listening  
 The Royal Family of the 94th  
 Behoved Acceptance to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Invitation & Acceptance  
 The Royal Family of the 95th

Behoved Sagacity to be their royal attribute.  
And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Sagacity

The Royal Family of the 96th

Behoved Perpetuity to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Perpetuity

The Royal Family of the 97th

Behoved Fern to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Ancient of Days

The Royal Family of the 98th

Behoved Waves to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Undulations

The Royal Family of the 99th

Behoved Colloquies to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Conversation

The Royal Family of the 100th

Behoved Beautiful Language to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** the Shapes of Words

The Royal Family of the 101st

Behoved Remembrance to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Remembrance

The Royal Family of the 102nd

Behoved Evening Tides to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Evening Tides

The Royal Family of the 103rd

Behoved Deep Wisdom to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Deep Wisdom

The Royal Family of the 104th

Behoved Headlands to be their royal attribute.



And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Headlands

The Royal Family of the 105th  
 Behoved Holy Place to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Swans & Deer**  
 The Royal Family of the 106th  
 Behoved Solitude to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Solitude**  
 The Royal Family of the 107th  
 Behoved Festivities to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Festivities**  
 The Royal Family of the 108th  
 Behoved Dew to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Glistening**  
 The Royal Family of the 109th  
 Behoved Self-respect to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* True Self-respect**  
 The Royal Family of the 110th  
 Behoved Curvature to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Aestivation**  
 The Royal Family of the 111th  
 Behoved Flight to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Volant Stepping**  
 The Royal Family of the 112th  
 Behoved Hidden Ethics to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Ethics**  
 The Royal Family of the 113th  
 Behoved Integrity to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Meandering Streams  
The Royal Family of the 114th

Behoved Umbras to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Shade**  
 The Royal Family of the 115th  
 Behoved Snow to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Snowflakes**  
 The Royal Family of the 116th  
 Behoved Wonder to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Wonderment**  
 The Royal Family of the 117th  
 Behoved Silence to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* True Silence**  
 The Royal Family of the 118th  
 Behoved Motion to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* the Great Sacred Grail**  
 The Royal Family of the 119th  
 Behoved Majesty & Honour to be their royal  
 attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Majesty & Honour**  
 The Royal Family of the 120th  
 Behoved Morning Tides to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Morning Tides**  
 The Royal Family of the 121st  
 Behoved Voice to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on* Lady Ave Éire's Voice**  
 The Royal Family of the 122nd  
 Behoved Recitation & Oration to be their royal  
 attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Recitation & Oration  
The Royal Family of the 123rd  
Behoved Embrace to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Well Being  
 The Royal Family of the 124th  
 Behoved Shyness to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Attractiveness of Shyness  
 The Royal Family of the 125th  
 Behoved Magnitudes & Minuscles to be their  
 royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Magnitudes & Minuscles  
 The Royal Family of the 126th  
 Behoved Forests & Groves to be their royal  
 attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Forests & Groves  
 The Royal Family of the 127th  
 Behoved Style Classical to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Smoothness  
 The Royal Family of the 128th  
 Behoved Generations to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Ancestors, Presents & Descendants  
 The Royal Family of the 129th  
 Behoved Sustenance to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Consistency  
 The Royal Family of the 130th  
 Behoved Lady Ave Éire's Gentility to be their royal  
 attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Lady Ave Éire's Style of Reigning  
 The Royal Family of the 131st  
 Behoved Personage to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Life in the Womb  
The Royal Family of the 132nd  
Behoved Heritage to be their royal attribute.  
And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** True Heritage

The Royal Family of the 133rd

Behoved Sensibility to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Sensibility

The Royal Family of the 134th

Behoved Travelling Sun to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** the Different Positions of the Sun

The Royal Family of the 135th

Behoved Filling Moon to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** the Phases of the Moon

The Royal Family of the 136th

Behoved Ice to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Tapestries

The Royal Family of the 137th

Behoved Chanteys to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Chanteys

The Royal Family of the 138th

Behoved Gratitude to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** True Gratitude

The Royal Family of the 139th

Behoved Fragrant Counsel to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Fragrant Counsel

The Royal Family of the 140th

Behoved Quintessence to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Quintessence

The Royal Family of the 141st

Behoved Beloved to be their royal attribute.



And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Adolescence

The Royal Family of the 142nd  
 Behoved Rain to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Drizzling Rain  
 The Royal Family of the 143rd  
 Behoved Attention to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Attentiveness  
 The Royal Family of the 144th  
 Behoved Mists to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Mists  
 The Royal Family of the 145th  
 Behoved Full With Variety to be their royal  
 attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Butterflies & Grass Snakes  
 The Royal Family of the 146th  
 Behoved Animals Great & Small to be their royal  
 attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Elks & Ants  
 The Royal Family of the 147th  
 Behoved Humour & Laughter to be their royal  
 attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Humour & Laughter  
 The Royal Family of the 148th  
 Behoved Sufficiency to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Sufficiency  
 The Royal Family of the 149th  
 Behoved Flourish in Valleys to be their royal  
 attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Fecundity

The Royal Family of the 150th  
Behoved Edification to be their royal attribute.  
And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Transmission of the Sacred Texts  
The Royal Family of the 151st

Behoved Trout & Salmon to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Fishes

The Royal Family of the 152nd

Behoved Moisture & Moss to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Moisture & Moss

The Royal Family of the 153rd

Behoved Ease to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Celestial Routine & Surprise

The Royal Family of the 154th

Behoved Sacred Texts to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Reading Reflectively & Reflectively Reading

The Royal Family of the 155th

Behoved Flourish on Hillsides to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Purple Heather & Golden Furze

The Royal Family of the 156th

Behoved Drifting Haze to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Watching & Waiting

The Royal Family of the 157th

Behoved Flourish in Rivers & Lakes to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** the Phonetics of Water

The Royal Family of the 158th

Behoved Solstice & Equinox to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** the Interpretation of Dreams  
The Royal Family of the 159th  
Behoved Faith to be their royal attribute.  
And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** True Faith  
The Royal Family of the 160th  
Behoved Waving Ocean to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Wonder of Welcome  
 The Royal Family of the 161st  
 Behoved Nuptial & Treasuries to be their royal  
 attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Sanctity of Marriage &  
 Procreation  
 The Royal Family of the 162nd  
 Behoved Compassion to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** True Compassion  
 The Royal Family of the 163rd  
 Behoved Penumbra to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Shadows  
 The Royal Family of the 164th  
 Behoved Walking with Lady Ave Éire to be their  
 royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Expounding the Classics  
 The Royal Family of the 165th  
 Behoved Reflection to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Reflection  
 The Royal Family of the 166th  
 Behoved Gazing unto Hills & Valleys to be their  
 royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** Admiration  
 The Royal Family of the 167th  
 Behoved Delight to be their royal attribute.  
 And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** True Nobleness  
 The Royal Family of the 168th  
 Behoved Birds of the Air to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled  
***Treatise on*** the Birds of the Air  
The Royal Family of the 169th  
Behoved Seeds to be their royal attribute.  
And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** the Eleven Leaflets

The Royal Family of the 170th

Behoved Rainbow Showers to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Rainbow Showers

The Royal Family of the 171st

Behoved Promise to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Lady Ave Éire's Word

The Royal Family of the 172nd

Behoved Windsuncloud to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Windsuncloud Vicissitudes

The Royal Family of the 173rd

Behoved Harmony to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Harmony

The Royal Family of the 174th

Behoved Bread & Wine to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Having an Extra Place at Board

The Royal Family of the 175th

Behoved Wind to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Breath & Wind

The Royal Family of the 176th

Behoved Expression to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** Artistic Expression

The Royal Family of the 177th

Behoved Warm Stream in the Ocean to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work was titled

***Treatise on*** the Contiguity of Caring

The Royal Family of the 178th



Behoved Sublime Smile to be their royal attribute.  
And their representative work to date is titled,  
***Treatise on*** Fragrances

Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Graceful:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire, Ummy, and to Ummy."

*Reflective silence.*

**Fragrance:**

"On the eve of the hundred and seventy-eighth anniversary of Her first appearance among the People of Ave Éire as I mentioned earlier, Lovely, Lady Ave Éire again walked among them to invite a new family to take over the honour of Custodianship of Castle Sanctuary.

And as was her custom, She always selected a married woman's own family name rather than that of her husband's to have the honour of inaugurating the new reign.

The family line would then descend for the one hundred and seventeen years through either the female or male line."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, a very nice arrangement."

**Fragrance:**

"Everyone in time would naturally come to know who would be the next princess or prince to take over; who was the crown princess or crown prince."

**Graceful:**

"How would they come to know, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"There was never any doubt or worry about it, Princess as the presence of Lady Ave Éire was clearly with the heir to be."

**Graceful:**

"This must have always been a great ease to the People of Ave Éire, mustn't it Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

“Um.

It was, Brightness.

Your great-grandmother, Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Serenity of the Beholding Stars Through a Tree in Light Snow Clime Family was fifty-two years old when Lady Ave Éire invited she and her husband, your great-grandfather, His Majesty King Ave Éire Deep

Wisdom of the Marvelling at a Speckled Trout  
Sojourning in a Gentle Whirlpool Family to take  
over the honour of Custodianship of Castle  
Sanctuary."

**Graceful:**

"Maybe that's why we're always beholding and  
marvelling, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"Um, I've often thought so myself, Lovely.

The Marvelling at a Speckled Trout Sojourning in a  
Gentle Whirlpool Family had been the 97th  
Custodians of Castle Sanctuary.

Can you remember them, Brightness?"

**Graceful:**

"Yes, of course, Ummy. The Royal Family of the  
97th behoved Fern to be their royal attribute.  
And their representative work, Ummy was titled,  
Treatise on Ancient of Days."

**Fragrance:**

"Fantastic!

And how about, Brightness the 5th Custodians of  
Castle Sanctuary?"

**Graceful:**

"Yes, of course, Ummy. The Royal Family of the 5th  
beheaded Trees to be their royal attribute.

And their representative work, Ummy was titled,  
Treatise on Trees throughout Windsuncloud."

**Fragrance:**

"Fantastic!"

**Graceful:**

"Thank you, my great teacher, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"Lady Ave Éire is the teacher who is truly great,  
Brightness."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

“Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Serenity and His Majesty King Ave Éire Deep Wisdom had four treasuries, Lovely.”

**Graceful:**

"Who were they, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"Prince Faith, Crown Prince Sacred Manuscripts, Prince Integrity, and Princess Sensibility."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"Um?"

**Graceful:**

"Grandfather had only one sister, Ummy.  
The same as me."

**Fragrance:**

"That's right, Lovely.

Grandfather the same as you had only one sister."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, it's lovely; so lovely it is to have sisters and brothers, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"It truly is, Beautiful.

Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Serenity reigned for thirty years, Brightness before peacefully returning into the surroundings.

Crown Prince Sacred Manuscripts who was forty-five years old at that time became the new Custodian of Castle Sanctuary."

**Graceful:**

"And what about great-grandfather, Ummy, Great-grandfather His Majesty King Ave Éire Deep Wisdom?"

**Fragrance:**

"Oh, His Majesty King Ave Éire Deep Wisdom, Brightness lived gracefully with them in Castle Sanctuary, and always sharing wonderful stories with everyone."

**Graceful:**

“I’d love to have been listening to his stories,  
Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“My brother and sisters and I used love to be  
listening to him.

And most assuredly, so would have you, Beautiful.”

***Graceful:***

“Will you tell me some of his stories sometime,  
Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

"Surely, I will, Beautiful, surely."

***Graceful:***

"Thank you, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um.

His Majesty King Ave Éire Sacred Manuscripts' wife; your grandmother, Myriad Blessings of the Arising from the Inner Sanctuary Family naturally became queen: Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Myriad Blessings."

***Graceful:***

"Has the Arising from the Inner Sanctuary Family ever been invited to take the honour of Custodianship, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"At a time, Brightness of Lady Ave Éire's own choosing will they be invited to take the honour of Custodianship."

***Graceful:***

"Oh.

It's a wonderful family name, isn't it, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um, it is, Brightness, wonderful.

Five years after His Majesty King Ave Éire Sacred Manuscripts becoming Custodian, his father, His Majesty King Ave Éire Deep Wisdom peacefully returned into the surroundings."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"On a night of conception, Lovely, when by her husband Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Myriad Blessings did in her womb conceive a new life, there did pour forth from the Great Sacred Grail in the northern heavens a new star which kept on floating until it came to stop halfway between



Suibhne and Polaris.”

***Graceful:***

“Seven is our blessed number, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“And so it is too, Brightness.

Seven of the Great Sacred Grail is our blessed number.”

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"Everyone in Castle Sanctuary, Lovely marvelled at the star's brightness, colours, and hues, and wondered to themselves what its appearance could mean.

Only your grandmother, Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Myriad Blessings intuitively knew what it meant from the cosy warmth that bathed her all over as she gazed at it.

And unto herself, she did say,

"My Sanctuary magnifies Mystery, and my Senses rejoice.

From age to age Great are the Blessings; from age to age the Presence of Lady Ave Éire."

***Graceful:***

"From age to age, Ummy, Great are the Blessings."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, from age to age, Lovely, Great are the Blessings."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"Every night, Beautiful from that night forth the new star was visible to the great delight of everyone, especially to the great delight of their Majesties Queen Ave Éire Myriad Blessings and King Ave Éire Sacred Manuscripts."

***Graceful:***

"Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um?"

***Graceful:***

"Could the peoples of the Outside World see the new star?"

***Fragrance:***

“Yes, they could, Brightness, but all save their deeply virtuous could comprehend its true significance.  
For the remainder, it was merely a brighter star that was new to that part of the heavens.  
It was a curiosity for their Science of the Heavens; a science of their sciences over signs.”

*Long reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"And lo, it came to pass, Lovely, in the evening of the seventh day in the ninth month of her pregnancy for Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Myriad Blessings to give birth to her babe.

It was in the lovely month of July when in the turning of windsuncloud the evenings are long and scented sweet.

Sun was in gradual setting, and a Crescent Moon in gentle floating was o'er Elksnmist."

***Graceful:***

"Wah!"

What a beautiful scene, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um.

And on that evening of evenings, Lovely, there did alight on the delicately shimmering An Bhríd below Her Majesty's bedroom balcony, a golden hued flock of swans."

***Graceful:***

"Wah!"

***Fragrance:***

"And an auburn herd of noble deer came grazing along its southern bank."

***Graceful:***

"Wah!"

***Fragrance:***

"From the east came there like unto a honeysuckled scented breeze all filling Her Majesty's room."

***Graceful:***

"Wah!"

***Fragrance:***

"And behold, Lovely, Lady Ave Éire did appear on Rainbowbell Bridge; Rainbowbell Bridge that arches o'er An Bhríd linking the Field of the

Annunciation to Castle Sanctuary.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh, Ummy!

So exciting!”

***Fragrance:***

“And she was not on her own, Lovely.”

**Graceful:**

"Oh?

Who was with her, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"Two beautiful white donkeys were standing there on either side of her on Rainbowbell."

Aoife is smiling to herself as she is writing these words for she is remembering Rísteárd had oft told her stories of having met the two beautiful white donkeys of Lady Ave Éire.

**Graceful:**

"Oh, wah!"

**Fragrance:**

"Great was the delight of all within Castle Sanctuary, Beautiful.

And they all rushed forth to greet her before Rainbowbell; all save Her Majesty for her time to give birth was nearing apace.

And Lady Ave Éire did come with gentle haste to her sanctum, and she alone did assist Her Majesty in the birth."

**Graceful:**

"Oh.

Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"Um?"

**Graceful:**

"What about the two beautiful white donkeys, Ummy?

Did they accompany Lady Ave Éire to Her Majesty's bedroom?"

**Fragrance:**

"They went, Lovely instead to graze with the herd of noble deer."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"And with the birth of the new baby, Pretty do you know what happened in the starry heavens?"

***Graceful:***

"I don't know, Ummy.

Maybe . . . I don't know, Ummy, tell me, please."

***Fragrance:***

"Well, Beautiful the new star that had been visible every night with

these months of months there between Suibhne and Polaris floated into the position of Polaris and remained there."

**Graceful:**

"Then the new star, Ummy would have appeared to all to be Polaris, wouldn't it?"

**Fragrance:**

"Um, precisely, my Brightness.

It would; and a sign for those it would be who gaze upon such marvels with sign seeing eyes.

And now, when all was ready there entered into the sanctum, His Majesty King Ave Éire Sacred Manuscripts with the new baby's sister and brother; Princess Abidance, and Prince Joy, and together with Lady Ave Éire to lead them, the holy family gave thanks to Mysterymystery."

**Graceful:**

"Thanks be to Mysterymystery, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"Thanks be to Mysterymystery, Beautiful."

**Graceful:**

"What name, Ummy did they give to the new baby?"

**Fragrance:**

"Lady Ave Éire, Lovely gave the name, Fragrance to the newborn princess; she would be known as Princess Fragrance."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, the new born baby was Ummy!"

**Fragrance:**

"Um, it was so it was, my Lovely."

And they cosily hugged each other.

**Graceful:**

"Your name, Ummy is most beautiful; most suitable.

For Ummy, you are fragrance always and



everywhere.”

***Fragrance:***

“Thank you, Graceful.

By the blessing of Mystery *mystery* so it is so,  
Lovely.”

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

“With words of loving promise, Beautiful, Lady Ave Éire went forth from the presence of the holy family after the first fine rays of sunlight had filled the room all agolden.

His Majesty King Ave Éire Sacred Manuscripts then went and sat for a long time at the open bay window gazing in at his happily sleeping family in the big bed, and looking out from time to time across the shimmering An Bhríd at haze-nestled Crescent Moon, and from there beyond his gaze reached, Lovely to the glorious southern morning sky.”

***Graceful:***

“He must have been very very happy, Ummy, mustn’t he?”

***Fragrance:***

“Oh, he must have been, surely, Lovely. And as he sat there he reflected on the marvel of the myriad translations; his serene sanctuary overflowing with appreciation and joy. And with opening his *The Book of Sayings* he silently read from it passages befitting the momentous occasion.”

*Reflective silence.*

***Graceful:***

“Ummy, what about the flock of swans, the herd of deer, and the two white donkeys?”

***Fragrance:***

“Oh, they went forth too, Brightness in the happy company of Lady Ave Éire.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh.”

***Fragrance:***

“Nine days later, Lovely, baby Princess Fragrance was introduced for the very first time to the People

of Ave Éire; beginning with the villagers of  
Crescent Moon.

Joyfully with poem, song, and melody did come  
from all parts of the Land of Ave Éire so many of  
the People of Ave Éire to Castle Sanctuary to greet  
the newborn princess.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh, they must have been very excited, Ummy as they made their happy way here to the Valley of the Crescent Moon.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um they were, Lovely.

And with being brought into the presence of Princess Fragrance they felt a tremendous love and warmth.

And all marvelled at her great beauty.

A splendidly festive time did follow throughout the Land of Ave Éire that culminated on the third day of the month of September with the arrival on the hill of Elksnmist of a magnificent herd of Déisi Mumhan horses.

And they had come there by way of the soft melodious whisperings of Lady Ave Éire in their ears.

It was a spectacular sight, Beautiful from the balcony where Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Myriad Blessings was sitting enjoying the sunshine with baby Princess Fragrance on her lap, and His Majesty King Ave Éire Sacred Manuscripts sitting beside them, and singing sweetly a new song with Princess Abidance, and Prince Joy.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh, so beautiful is that balcony scene, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, it is Lovely.

And, later in the evening as they all watched from there the contented cantering off of the herd of horses back to the hill country of Déisi Mumhan, something very special happened, Lovely.

What do you think it might have been?”

***Graceful:***

“I don’t know, Ummy.

Maybe they all stood up on their hind legs like this."

***Fragrance:***

"It was noticed, Lovely that one from amongst them had remained behind; a filly."

***Graceful:***

"Oh?

Wonderful!"

***Fragrance:***

“She cantered down from Elksnmist to the Field of the Annunciation, and there she began to contentedly graze away for herself.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh, she must have looked lovely, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um.

Seeing this wondrous happening, Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Myriad Blessings gave the name, ‘Mareumy’ to the pretty filly.”

***Graceful:***

“Mareumy!

Oh, lovely Mareumy and her pretty foal.

Look, Ummy can you see them down over by Haven grove?”



*Figure 22*

~ §~ Hill country of Déisi Mumhan ~§ ~

***Fragrance:***

“Yes, I can, Lovely.

They look very contented.”

***Graceful:***

“Yes, as we too must be appearing to them, Ummy, surely.”

***Fragrance:***

"Um, it is so, Brightness.

Baby Princess Fragrance grew healthily; her senses being fully in harmony with her sacred sanctuary.

Lady Ave Éire was with her, Lovely."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"Let's descend now from this lovely place, Beautiful for it's almost lunchtime, it appears."

***Graceful:***

"All right, Ummy.

Thank you for telling me the wonderful story about the Custodianship of Castle Sanctuary.

It makes me feel very good to know my heritage, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"You're most welcome, Lovely.

And from this day forth, you will be coming to know and appreciate more fully, the honour and probity of our sacred cultural heritage."

*Reflective silence.*

***Graceful:***

"Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um?"

***Graceful:***

"What shall we call, Mareumy's foal?"

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, let's think about it, for it has to be a very pretty name, hasn't it, Beautiful?"

***Graceful:***

"Yes, it has to be, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um.



Yes, it has to be, Lovely.”

***Her Majesty:***

“And that, Aoife will be sufficient unto the moment.”

**Aoife:**

“Thank you, Your Majesty for the honour of being able to hear your words, and to be able to write them down in a sweet and gentle language of the hill country of Déisi Mumhan.”

**Her Majesty:**

“Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire for your willingness and the beauty and richness of your style, Aoife.”

**Aoife:**

“Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire for Your Majesty.”

They are gracefully rising to their feet.

**Her Majesty:**

“Aoife I’ll be returning again in a fortnight. Until then.”

Evanescing is Her Majesty with smiles and waves for Aoife who is waving and smiling in return.

**Aoife:**

“Until then, Your Majesty, adieu.”

With Her Majesty’s evanescence, Aoife is slowly placing the pages she has written in a white covered folder. Holding the folder to her bosom is she contentedly descending to the inn by way of the small smooth stoned ravine, and the hazel grove with its nearby well. In she and Rísteárd’s cosy bedroom is she placing the folder in a cherry inlaid rosewood arca.

By eventide, she will be bringing forth the precious folder from the arca for Rísteárd to enjoy to read. They will no doubt be chatting happily on its content and themes long into the welcoming night. And who knows, if there is the Moon to be seen, they may very well take a stroll up to the tranquil Ochtach grove, and changing there into

sensuous edenwear, recline on the oyster-coloured cushions in the beautiful Aislinge Rú pavilion to admire the celestial lantern's reflection in the Glandhuan, in their cups of spring water, and in each other's smiling eyes.

Aoife is enjoying supper with her noble handsome Rísteárd, and their lovelies Láfiámór and Róisíneala.

***Annotations:***

{De Rerum Natura}, Liber I.

~

178th Custodianship of Castle Sanctuary

Royal Virtuate: Sublime Smile

Queen Ave Éire Serenity & King Ave Éire Deep Wisdom

First child: Prince Faith, second: Crown Prince Sacred

Manuscripts, third child: Prince Integrity, and fourth child:

Princess Sensibility

~

King Ave Éire Sacred Manuscripts & Queen Ave Éire Myriad Blessings

First child: Princess Abidance, second child: Prince Joy, third

child: Crown Princess Fragrance, fourth child: Princess

Praise, and fifth child: Princess Sacredness

~

Queen Ave Éire Fragrance & King Ave Éire Signs

First child: Prince Sensibility, second child: Prince

Hospitality, third child: Princess Edification, fourth child:

Prince Attentive, and fifth child: Crown Princess Graceful

## Chapter Four

### Lineages of the Quietman and Quietwoman of Éire

Iarnóin Dé h-Aoine san Pabhailliún Aoibhinn  
A Friday mid-afternoon in the Blissful Pavilion

**A**oife has returned to the pavilion after enjoying swimming in the shimmering warm pool of the Glandhuan. She is exquisitely wearing a finely woven cotton blouse of wild pinkrose, and of the same fabric a long skirt of foxglove purplewhite as she is with setting on the oyster-coloured cushions there on the green rug in the center of the pavilion; in a beautiful wispy Classical Chinese style of calligraphy is she happily consigning an insight of hers to parchment. And this profound insight is she in an equally wondrous calligraphic hand providing an interpretation in English.

Aoife's insight:

“Lady Ave Éire inspires:

A lovely spring day, and Lady Ave Éire is strolling from the shaded to the sunny side of a mountain, and is with following and looking down at the rushing waters of a waterfall as She goes along.

Soon She is taking a rest on a beautiful old stone bridge.

And this of Her peaceful imaginings.

Light that can be expressed as having speed is not the light of the ancient light; the light of the ancient light has extensive movement, yet it has no speed.

The light of the ancient light harmonizes with the forward and the return movements, yet it has no speed; has no speed and this is natural.

An infinite of universes do not exist, only there exists the Great Universe. Therefore we say, there is no place where the Great Universe does not exist neither does it have an inner and an outer nor is it a vacuum.”

*Lady Ave Éire inspires:  
A lovely spring day, and Lady Ave Éire is strolling  
from the shaded to the sunny side of a mountain,  
and is with following and looking down at the  
rushing waters of a waterfall as She goes along.  
Soon She is taking a rest on a beautiful old stone  
bridge.*

*And this is of Her peaceful imaginings.*

*Light that can be expressed as having speed is not  
the light of the ancient light; the light of the  
ancient light has extensive movement, yet it has  
no speed. The light of the ancient light  
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movements, yet it has no speed; has no speed and  
this is natural.*

*An infinite number of universes do not exist, only  
there exists the Great Universe. Therefore we say,  
there is no place where the Great Universe does  
not exist neither does it have an inner and an  
outer nor is it a vacuum.*

妙敬愛日  
和暢春日  
而愛緩步  
自山陰於  
陽遵俯瀑  
布水而少  
憩美老石  
橋之上此  
靜想所謂  
光可道速  
非古光之  
光古光之  
光博動而  
無速古光  
之光者和  
於進退動  
而無速則  
無速自然  
無限億萬  
天地萬形  
生者無在  
則唯太地  
地萬形生  
在是以吾  
曰太天地  
萬形生無  
所不在則  
無內外無  
真空



*Lady Ave Éire Inspires*

~ §~ Aoife's insight in Classical Chinese, and her interpretation in English ~§~

(See *Annotations* for more detail.)

Subtly she is feeling on the left side of her face this beautiful soft warm scented breeze from the east. As she is turning her head to look in the direction from whence is coming the breeze, she is to her great delight noticing that Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance is strolling towards the

grove. Her Majesty's smiling countenance is so  
beautifully beautiful as she is looking up towards



Aoife who is waving down to her from the pavilion.

Aoife is running down to greet Her Majesty.  
Ever before reaching, she is scenting Her Majesty's  
distinctively charming fragrance.

**Aoife:**

"Your Majesty!

Your Majesty!

Oh, it's so lovely to see you again!"

**Her Majesty:**

"So wonderfully delightful to see you too, Aoife!

And how is your noble handsome Rísteárd  
keeping?"

**Aoife:**

"Inn keeping, Your Majesty.

He is keeping very well, thank you."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.

And yere lovelies, Láfiámór and Róisíneala?"

**Aoife:**

"They're in the very best of health, Your Majesty.

Lovely they are, thank you."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.

Pretty perennials, Bealtaine and Samhain?"

**Aoife:**

"Faithful they are, Your Majesty.

Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Aoife:**

"How are the People of Ave Éire keeping, Your

Majesty?"

**Her Majesty:**

"They are keeping very well, Aoife thank you."

**Aoife:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

***Her Majesty:***

“Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.”

**Aoife:**

"Your Majesty come let us go up and sit in Aislinge Rú that I may serve you a refreshing drink of water from the spring therein the grove."

**Her Majesty:**

"That will be most refreshing, Aoife.  
Thank you."

Sitting together chatting they are on the oyster-coloured cushions there on the green rug in the center of the pavilion.

**Aoife:**

"Here you are, Your Majesty. Receive and enjoy."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thank you, Aoife."

**Aoife:**

"You're most welcome, Your Majesty."

**Her Majesty:**

"Ah, it carries well within it the purity and freshness of the ancient glaciers.  
Absolutely miraculous it is, Aoife."

**Aoife:**

"Throughout the seasons, Your Majesty the spring is always welcoming and always refreshing."

**Her Majesty:**

"I have here, Aoife the book of our previous meeting.

Confidently be of a good courage for you are doing marvellous work.

And this afternoon too, by the loving kindness of Lady Ave Éire will you be able to recite the sacred words of this book exactly as you receive them from me, and be with the ability to precisely interpret them, and in turn to write them down in words of your own choosing, and in a prose-poetic language of such surpassing depth and richness of style that it will be a marvel and a grateful joyful

word of mouth for many from among the peoples of the Outside World.”

**Aoife:**

“Behold the handmaid of Your Majesty; be it done unto me according to your word.

With the loving kindness of Lady Ave Éire will I be able to recite every word, and in the name of Your Majesty be able to write precise interpretations of them in a language of depth and richness of style. In the name of Your Majesty most Bountiful will I be able to recite, interpret, and write down all that which I know not yet."

***Her Majesty:***

"Then let us here in this blissful pavilion, gracious courteous Aoife of the sacred hill country of Déisi Mumhan continue in joyful earnest our important work. Lady Ave Éire be with us."

***Aoife:***

"With us is Lady Ave Éire."

***Her Majesty:***

"With us is Lady Ave Éire."

Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance is opening the golden white covered book, and is beginning to recite from what is written there within. Aoife is reciting exactly what she is hearing. Taking up her fountain pen, Aoife is now writing the recitation down verbatim as follows in a sweet and gentle language of the hill country of Déisi Mumhan.

### **Scene - Sailing on An Bhríd in a small green boat**

#### **having a sky blue sail**

*Personae* - Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance  
and her youngest daughter, Her Royal Highness  
Crown Princess Graceful

***Fragrance:***

"Come with me, my Beautiful.  
Let's go sailing on An Bhríd with this lovely warm  
June breeze."

***Graceful:***

“Oh, fantastic, Ummmy!”

With joyfully entering a small green boat moored by Rainbowbell are they raising a sky blue sail, and gently floating off along eastwards with the current. And as they are smoothly sailing along, Her Majesty is reflecting on the marvel of ever changing yielding; of ever yielding changing of the beauty that is nature.

***Fragrance:***

"Lovely, as you know the people of the Outside World on the isle speak of there being four different seasons; spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

They root these four seasons around the solstices and equinoxes, and as such they always begin a season just about halfway between a solstice and an equinox."

***Graceful:***

"The solstices, Ummý present the longest day, and the shortest day in windsuncloud."

***Fragrance:***

"That's right, Lovely.  
And the equinoxes?"

***Graceful:***

"Oh, that's when, Ummý the length of day and night are about the same."

***Fragrance:***

"That's right, Lovely.  
But here on the Inside World we consider there to be only the one season, don't we?"

***Graceful:***

"That's right, Ummý.  
And we call it windsuncloud."

***Fragrance:***

"Yes, windsuncloud without any such divisions as spring, summer, autumn, and winter.  
The fragrant season of windsuncloud daily consists of blessed and delightful combinations, fluctuations, and variations of wind breeze, wind gale, wind storm, sun life, sun warmth, sun light, and cloud mist, cloud rain, and cloud flake.  
And come the night, the moon, the stars, and the galaxies with the wind and clouds do play in similitude to the day.

Knowledge of this truth, and many others besides,  
Brightness have been taught to us by Lady Ave  
Éire.”

***Graceful:***

“Lady Ave Éire is knowledge, and truth, isn’t she,  
Ummy?”



***Fragrance:***

"Ah, my bright, Lovely.

Yes; yes most assuredly, Lady Ave Éire is knowledge, and truth."

***Graceful:***

"Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um?"

***Graceful:***

"As we sail along in this loveliness will you tell me a story?"

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, of course, I will, Lovely.

Of course.

Now today, I think is a good day to tell you a story concerning two of our dearest friends in the Outside World, and how it was that they came to meet.

A story from the lineages of the Quietman and Quietwoman of Éire respectively."

***Graceful:***

"Oh, I love hearing you tell such stories, Ummy!

Stories, stories, stories of the ancestors of wonderful Rísteárd and Aoife!

I love Rísteárd and Aoife very much, Ummy.

I love Láflamór and Róisíneala, and I love too very much Bealtaine and Samhain."

Aoife is smiling away to herself as she writes; looking forward she is with a delight and anticipation for what is going to come next.

***Fragrance:***

"And so do I, Lovely, and so do I very much."

Gently sailing along with having Castle Sanctuary; the hill of Castle Sanctuary to their left, and to their right the Field of the Annunciation rich

with sun love yellow buttercups. Rounding about the “S” bend in the river; first east then northwest and then back to east again.

***Fragrance:***

“Oh, how lovely the playfulness of light; how splendid the scenery

is, my Beautiful!"

**Graceful:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"Oh, yes, yes, Brightness.

Truly, yes.

Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

*Reflective silence.*

**Fragrance:**

"By way of charming prelude, Beautiful, our story will begin with words from a story by Rísteárd entitled {Truworth} which speaks to us as follows:

'A graceful brown hen pheasant and her handsome colourful mate were seen on the bóithrín that leads to the stellate Árdméire synagogue and the rotunda Árdbeachlannach masjid which side by side in the happy company of Carraig Bán abbey overlook the shimmering waters of pristine Loch Lár.

Aoife & Rísteárd stood quite still taking in the sublime scene; letting it bring to their hearts remembrances grand of the midday hour when in her grandparent's garden by the radiant pond had they in edenrobe first set eyes upon each other.

And in that precious moment it had felt as if they had always been in each other's warm company.

In that lovely pond there did play beneath the broad-leafed plants fishes of many colours.

Pheasants too were there and peacocks aplenty strolling about with the mallard ducks and golden deer.

While in the cherry blossoms above rested white cranes taking in the delightful scene.

In the gentle lapping of the lake waters they see their smiling reflections; reflections ever

transparent.

And they with the style of the surroundings did let  
their hearts rise to pray most pleasantly the sacred  
prayer; the Prayer of hAve.

Sun passed there behind the hills, and Moon rose  
in the lake, and behold, in each other's eyes.

Returning they are with hearts brimming over with  
joy, all the way

back along the winding bóithrín to the inn.  
Off in the far distance behind them echoes the  
harmonious calls to evening prayer for the arcana  
at Árdméire, Árdbeachlannach and Carraig Bán.’  
Oh, such lovely profounding words.”

***Graceful:***

“Such beautiful rippling near, far, and away words,  
Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, they are indeed, Lovely.  
Yes, rippling, rippling, rippling.”

*Reflective silence.*



*Figure 23*

~ §~ Grianárdchoille (contemporary Grindelwald located  
in the Bernese Alps in Switzerland) ~§ ~  
46° 37' 29.006" N 8° 2' 12.592" E  
Altitude: 1058 meters

***Fragrance:***

“A wayfaring holy man was the Grianárdchoille  
father of the Quietman of Éire who while  
sojourning in the ancient woods of Vienna in far off  
Europa rested himself awhile on a cushy bank of

the Great Danube.

Becoming quite enraptured with the loveliness of  
the scene he

found himself drifting effortlessly into a halcyon sleep.

And in a dream of that sleep he did meet a lady of exceptional beauty and presence who invited he and his family to come live on an island that she would show him in the near Atlantic Ocean.

With waking from that dream, he returned westwards to his Alpine village of Grianárdchoille where he recounted for his wife his special dream. She being also a person of great insight could readily trust his words, and thus was able to freely set off with him, and their sons, and daughters for the far off unknown island.

With tears of sadness brightening to joy they bade farewell to their relatives and neighbours, to the beautiful lake, and to the four comforting star peaks above the village."

***Graceful:***

"Oh, that must have been very difficult to do, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, Brightness.

It must have been.

The journey took them over the splendid Jura Mountains and down to the banks of the Great Loire.

From there they were able to secure a small sailboat in which they navigated through lush forests all the way to Saint Nazaire on the west coast.

At Saint Nazaire they boarded a ship that brought them safely to the island of his dream."

***Graceful:***

"How long did the journey take them, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"The wonderful journey, Lovely that was filled with

so many adventures had taken them a little over nine months to complete.”

***Graceful:***

“They must have had a great time, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“They had a great time, they had so they had, Lovely.

And this mighty journey took place some seven hundred years before the coming to the island in 432 C.E. of the Celtí Patricius; a bringer of good words.



At the time of their arrival, the island was inhabited by descendants of their own people, the Celtí who had come there in two waves, namely the Southern Celtí and the Northern Celtí.



*Figure 24*

~ §~ Grianárdchoille ~§ ~

~§ ~ Saint Nazaire ~§ ~

47° 18' 2.164" N 2° 11' 28.097" W

Altitude: 8 meters

~§ ~ Isle of Éire ~§ ~

The latter had come some two hundred years earlier while the former some five hundred years before that again.

The Northern Celtí while living in peace with the Southern Celtí were still very much engaged in fierce battles with the Leprédanann as well as remnants of the Fírbolga."

***Graceful:***

"Why, Ummy do the peoples of the Outside World need fighting?

They fight so much, don't they?"

***Fragrance:***

“Those who among them fight know not yet Lady  
Ave Éire, Lovely.”

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"Greatly alarmed by all this anarchy on the island, the Quietman of Éire's ancient father sought the help of the lady of his dream."

***Graceful:***

"That was a good idea, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, it was, Lovely.

She visited him again in a dream and advised him to take his family with him into hiding in the heavily wooded hill country of Sléibhte Mhaold Domhnaigh due north of Mónatrébun, the place where they had disembarked from the ship that had brought them all the long ways from Saint Nazaire.

She told him to remain there until the situation had improved enough before returning to the foothills and valleys."

***Graceful:***

"Did the lady of his dreams, Ummy often visit him while he was in the hill country?"

***Fragrance:***

"The voice of the lady visited him throughout windsuncloud, Beautiful telling him stories about the Land of Ave Éire, and readily introducing him to the People of Ave Éire."

***Graceful:***

"Wonderful."

***Fragrance:***

"On many occasions he and his family were invited to the hamlet of Crescent Moon to enjoy their hospitality.

The People of Ave Éire loved him greatly for he knew how to listen deeply with his sacred sanctuary.

In their eyes he was joy."

***Graceful:***

“Maybe, Ummy if more of the peoples of the Outside World were to listen deeply with their sacred sanctuaries they would have no need for fighting.

It’s full of joy they would be, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um.

It’s full of joy they would be, Brightness.”

***Graceful:***

“Ummy, did he miss at all his Alpine homeland in far off Europa?”

***Fragrance:***

“Yes, at first of course he did.

And from time to time he would remember it with deep affection, for one, Lovely always carries within oneself wherever one goes the warm memories of the places of one’s childhood and early years.

But he came to love the Land of Ave Éire as his Alpine homeland; always and everywhere being so thankful to Lady Ave Éire for inviting he and his family to come and settle on such a beautiful island.



*Figure 25*

~ §~ Sléibhte Mhaold Domhnaigh ~§ ~

~ §~ Mónatrébun ~§ ~

51° 56' 30.214" N 7° 49' 44.818" W

Altitude: 22 meters

So impressed was she with his abiding remembrance of kindness that she requested of the

People of Ave Éire to give him an honorary name  
which would reflect her deep appreciation.  
And the people choose for him in his own beautiful  
Gaeilge language the name, An Árd Rí Suibhne  
Mac Graitl.”

**Graceful:**

“Wah!

It sounds lovely, Ummy.”

**Fragrance:**

“It does, doesn’t it, Lovely?

Gaeilge is beautiful.

The first part of the name An Árd Rí means, ‘The high king of great love and respect for the Land of Ave Éire, and the People of Ave Éire.’

The middle part of his name Suibhne refers to the sweet lip of the seven-star Great Grail that circles the star Polaris.

The People of Ave Éire know the Great Grail, Princess to be their original home when it was of yet a slightly different shape from that which it is today.

They believe that it is full of many blessings that pour out by way of its sweet lip, namely the last star that points the way to Polaris.

They named this lip-star, ‘Suibhne’ meaning ‘sweet, pleasant and fragrant’ for only goodness pours forth from it.

The last part, Mac Grailt means, ‘a son of the Great Grail’ for so close was he to their way of thinking that they considered him to be family.

By bestowing upon him this beautiful name, Lady Ave Éire by way of the People of Ave Éire was conferring upon him and his descendants a tremendous honour and responsibility; a sacred inheritance.

For Lovely, it’s always Lady Ave Éire who chooses our inheritance for us, and for this we are truly grateful.”

*Reflective silence.*

**Graceful:**

“Oh, the soft breeze feels lovely on the face, Ummy,

doesn't it?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um, it's beautiful, Lovely."

***Graceful:***

"How it delights too to be playing on the surface of the water, Ummmy."



***Fragrance:***

"Um, see there, Beautiful by the green rushes.  
Isn't it lovely?"

***Graceful:***

"It is, and there too, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Following on to our story.

The years went by and the Northern Celtí learnt to live in relative harmony with the Leprédanann and the Fírbolga.

The sons and daughters of An Árd Rí Suibhne Mac Grailt could safely come down from the woodlands. They took for themselves good wives and husbands from the Northern Celtí.

And by the coming of Sancti Celestini's missionary, Patricius the descendants of An Árd Rí Suibhne Mac Grailt were an established sept within the septs of Tara; the royal seat of the Northern Celtí."

***Graceful:***

"We've been to the hill of Tara, haven't we Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um, we have, Lovely."

***Graceful:***

"Ummy, why didn't they repair their sacred statue; the one atop of the hill there of the holy man, Patricius?"

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, they will, Lovely.

Someday they will when they'll find the Way."

***Graceful:***

"What about their fallen and broken sacred cross on Carraig Caiseal, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"While the statue of the holy man, Patricius, Lovely was damaged by one of their own, the latter was toppled from the sky.

Someday they will with joy restore their sacred  
cross when they find the true significance and  
timing of its destruction in the first place.  
Someday they will, Brightness when they'll find the  
Way."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

“The Suibhne Mac Grailt sept were the first of these royal families within the septs of Tara to listen carefully and reflectively to what Patricius had to say, and the first too to accept from him what was in relative accordance with their own traditions.



*Figure 26*

~ §~ Hill of Tara ~§ ~  
53° 34' 42.938" N 6° 36' 43.538" W  
Altitude: 153 meters

Through their encouragement the entire Northern Celtí were finally able to leave go of their capital ways and begin to lead a new way of life; a life of learning having moral rectitude as its aim. Thus was initiated, Brightness the Golden Age of Great Learning which was to last for some five hundred years until the coming of the Norseaxen. Patricius gave the Northern Celtí the new name of Coillte which in Gaeilge means, ‘woods or forests’ a name which would well reflect this softening of

their hearts while retaining the strength of their pride.

The Southern Celtí were also brave and wise enough to take this same laudable route.

Thus they became as one with the Coillte in giving life and expression to that Golden Age of Great Learning.

Patricius gave the name Mil to the Southern Celtí that in Gaeilge means, ‘honey’ carrying with it the nuance of being healers.”



Figure 27

~ §~ Carraig Caiseal ~§ ~  
52° 31' 12.648" N 7° 53' 26.074" W  
Altitude: 121 meters

***Graceful:***

“Ummy, what about the Leprédanann and the Fírbolga?”

***Fragrance:***

“The Leprédanann and the Fírbolga, however, were not prepared to abandon their barbaric nor elfin ways, but instead vowed to make life as vexatious as possible for those who did.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh.”

***Fragrance:***

“Patricius was accustomed for many years to referring to the island in Latin as ‘Hibernia’ or ‘Ivernia’.

But it was not until he was an old holy man that its true identity was revealed to him while he was sojourning at Dún dá Leth Glas in the

northeastern part of the island.  
And for the remainder of his life, Beautiful he was  
most pleased to call the island 'Felicitas Avernia'."



*Figure 28*

~ §~ Emain Macha ~§ ~  
54° 20' 53.902" N 6° 39' 5.735" W  
Altitude: 41 meters  
~ §~ Dún dá Leth Glas ~§ ~  
54° 19' 39.407" N 5° 43' 4.498" W  
Altitude: 5 meters

***Graceful:***

"Wah!

Felicitas Avernia.

Beautiful is this name, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, it truly is, Lovely.

And the Mil provided a royal tomb for him close to Emain Macha, for such was the great respect they had for him."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"In time, Lovely the Royal House of Mac Grailt

moved south from Tara to their ancestral woodland home which by then extended



from the estuary of An Abhainn na Sionnaine in the west, and arched about like a crescent moon to the estuary of Abhainn na Siúire, Abhainn na Feoire, and Abhainn na Bearú in the southeast.

The rays of that crescent moon did shine out to Na Blascaodaí, Carn Uí Néid, Fan na Tuabrid and Eochaill.

And the name of this whole beautiful region was Déisi Mumhan; a sacred name which the People of Ave Éire had revealed to them.



*Figure 29*

~ §~ Ancestral woodland home of Déisi Mumhan: arching from An Abhainn

na Sionnaine Estuary, to the Siúire Feoire Bearú Estuary, and reaching to

Na Blascaodaí, Carn Uí Néid, Fan na Tuabrid and Eochaill. ~§ ~

At the time of this migration from Tara, Beautiful a descendant of An Árd Rí Suibhne Mac Grailt named, An Árd Rí Geilt Suibhne Mac Grailt was

only a few weeks old.

He grew up enraptured by the beauty of the natural world about him; oft enjoying referring to it as ‘Na Deas’ - the southern place of many beautiful scenes.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh, very nice, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, it is.

From an early age, Beautiful, An Árd Rí Geilt Suibhne Mac Grailt’s parents affectionately called him, Geilt which in Gaeilge here means, ‘bliss, rapture, ecstasy, beatitude’ for so much was he in love with the hills, trees, springs, valleys and animals of the whole isle, but in particular of Déisi Mumhan.

Of all that he loved, he loved the birds and the deer the most.

Like his fathers of yore, he was greatly loved for the same reason by the People of Ave Éire.

In their eyes he was joy.

At the time of the coming of the Norseaxen, the Mac Grailt Family, Lovely had to retreat yet once again higher up into the woodlands until the years would pass, and it was safe enough for them to reappear in the foothills and valleys.

This was a choice that they had to make several times down through the centuries.

It was particularly the case when the treacherous Normancambrian and the Tudornoose came to the island.

In that period, even the echo of one’s voice would frantically search for a place in which to hide itself.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh.”

***Fragrance:***

“Down through the centuries the An Árd Rí part of the sacred name slowly transformed and evolved into an actual name while preserving within it all of the original meanings and nuances of An Árd Rí. It became the name, Rísteárd.”

***Graceful:***

“So if I were to call Rísteárd, An Árd Rí would he mind, Ummmy?”

***Fragrance:***

“Rísteárd is a very sagacious person, Lovely. He is fully aware of his royal lineage, and of who he is, but for the time being prefers he to live sub rosa as a gracious hermitic innkeeper. Should you call him, An Árd Rí, Brightness he will give you one of

his fascinating smiles, and bring the index finger of his right hand to his lips like this, to show you that he needs you, like he needs me, to keep this our special secret."

**Graceful:**

"Ummy, it's becoming clearer now for I can always sense from Rísteárd something very familiar about him; something deeply noble."

**Fragrance:**

"I know exactly what you mean, Lovely for he has a gentility about him that is quite unique."

*Reflective silence.*

**Fragrance:**

"Rísteárd Corr Suibhne Mac Grailt was a wonderful seanachai; a wonderful storyteller, and a master cobbler, Lovely who lived with his wife Abbi and their nine healthy children on An Blascaod Mór; a beautiful island off the dolphin-shaped Corca Dhuibhne in the west of Déisi Mumhan.

From an early age his parents affectionately called him, Corr which in Gaeilge here means, 'a heron' for he would spend many happy hours gazing at the sea about the island or the mountains, valleys, rivers and streams on the mainland."

**Graceful:**

"Remember, Ummy from the northern stone bridge of Árdíseal the heron we saw standing in the moonlit waters of An Bhríd?"

**Fragrance:**

"Um, I do well, Lovely.

He was so handsome.

I remember a few times when I was about your age trying at a short distance from a heron to remain longer without any movement than he, but do you know what, Lovely?

I was always the first to move."

***Graceful:***

“And me too, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“From the green half door of their white cottage  
Corr and Abbi would have had on clear days been  
able to view golden furze on

Cnoc Bhréanainn off to the northeast, and purple heather on Corrán Tuathail to the southeast. People would travel from Dún Chaoín, Daingean Uí Chúis, An Coireán, Neidin, Cill Áirne, Trá Lí, and Lios Tuathail; from faraway places they would come to savour the hospitality of Corr and Abbi's home; the cosy turf hearth; the grandest tasting scones in all of Déisi Mumhan, and above all to listen to his stories, and often too for him to repair a pair of old boots for them at his leisure for the next time when they would be coming around. Like his fathers of yore, Beautiful, Corr was greatly loved for the same reason by the People of Ave Éire.

On many occasions with Abbi and the children did he enjoy their hospitality.

In their eyes he was joy.

Corr and Abbi lived to a great age with brightness of mind and wholesomeness of body in each other's happy company."

***Graceful:***

"Living to a great age with brightness of mind and wholesomeness of body in each other's happy company is the best, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, it is, Lovely.

Their returning into the surroundings was so beautiful."

***Graceful:***

"How did it take place, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"It took place, Beautiful on a sunny September afternoon while they were sitting side by side on a newly made súgáin seat in the front garden; chatting away happily they were about bygone days as they watched some naomhógs; some small boats

making their way slowly back home from Dún Chaoín.

Corr turned and looked with great love into Abbi's eyes; placed his left hand neath her right hand on her lap and gently intertwined his fingers with hers.

They smiled at each other, and slowly, slowly, closed their eyes, and slipped away, away, away, and ever so serenely away.

For a few moments the whole world about went silent: wing, wind, wave and oar.



It had listened intently beyond the end of the last story; the story of their life.”



Figure 30

~ §~ Corca Dhuibhne, An Blascaod Mór ~§~

***Graceful:***

“Oh, so beautiful, Ummy.”

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

“When word spread to the mainland, Beautiful that Corr and Abbi had returned into the surroundings, crowds came to pay their last respects to the couple that had brought so much happiness and pride to their lives down through the years of nights.

Corr and Abbi were waked for three days, yet still there were not enough boats to bring all the people across.

A few months earlier, Corr and Abbi had given

their permission to their family to be buried on the mainland as the island population was greatly dwindling. Their sons and daughters had been worrying that there would be no

one left on the island to visit them and take care of their grave.”

**Graceful:**

“Oh, oh, how sad the poor island must have been feeling, Ummy.

Everybody going away, and nobody coming.”



Figure 31

~ §~ An Blascaod Mór, Dún Chaoin ~§ ~

**Fragrance:**

“Um, it must have been, but there are People of Ave Éire living there, Pretty so it doesn’t feel too sad.

We will be visiting it someday, Lovely.”

**Graceful:**

“Great!”

**Fragrance:**

“The pair of oak coffins were brought to the mainland on a single lone naomhóg.

A school of dolphins silently accompanied them

alongside all the way.

From the small harbour in Dún Chaoin the coffins  
were carried on so many shoulders, and then  
placed on a flatbed float drawn slowly

by the family pony along the valleys to the place of burial; a place sacred to the Coillte from the Golden Age of Learning.

Veiled Nuptial Star in yon gable high.  
Come rain, come snow with rainbow clear,  
smiles upon Corr and Abbi throughout the year.”

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

“Rísteárd Muirglan Suibhne Mac Grailt a poet,  
Lovely who while stretched back in his naomhóg  
pondering floating clouds in a deep blue sky south  
of An Blascaod Mór was quite unaware of being  
gently tugged along by a dolphin passed the isles of  
Sceilg Mhicil, Baoi, and all the way to Beanntraí.



*Figure 32*

~ § ~ An Blascaod Mór, Sceilg Mhicil, Baoi, Beanntraí ~ § ~

From an early age his parents affectionately called him, Muirglan which in Gaeilge here means, ‘the

great clean sea containing many exotic fishes;  
poetic-narratives.’  
Wayfaring north at his leisure from Beanntraí by  
way of Céim an

Fhéith and Guagán Barra he came to sojourn for a few days in the beautiful vale of Baile Bhúirne on the banks of An Abhainn Sulán."

***Graceful:***

"Such lovely sounding places, Ummy.  
An Blascaod Mór, Corca Dhuibhne, Cnoc  
Bhréanainn, Corrán Tuathail, Dún Chaoin,  
Daingean Uí Chúis, An Coirean Neidin, Cill Áirne,  
Trá Lí, Lios Tuathail, Sceilg Mhicil, Baoi, Beanntraí,  
Céim an Fhéith, Guagán Barra, Baile Bhúirne, An  
Abhainn Sulán."



*Figure 33*

~ §~ Beanntraí ~§ ~  
~ §~ Céim an Fhéith ~§ ~  
51° 48' 52.171" N 9° 18' 7.344" W  
Altitude: 224 meters  
~ §~ Guagán Barra ~§ ~  
51° 50' 22.560" N 9° 19' 7.529" W  
Altitude: 167 meters  
~ §~ Baile Bhúirne ~§ ~  
51° 56' 17.520" N 9° 10' 0.181" W  
Altitude: 168 meters

***Fragrance:***

“They are surely, Brightness.

Lovely is the melody of the Gaeilige.



And one day you will see them all for yourself, and know how truly beautiful they are."

**Graceful:**

"I'm already looking forward to it, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"While Muirglan was sitting on a stone ditch on the hillside of Tonn Uláin northeast of the village of Baile Bhúirne composing a poem, a handsome male thrush came and alighted on his left shoulder."

**Graceful:**

"Wah!"

**Fragrance:**

"Without taking his eyes up off the page; being quite used to such occurrences he gently said to his winged visitor, 'Well, hello there, Handsome? Welcome.'"

**Graceful:**

"Welcome, Sir Handsome!"

**Fragrance:**

"Indeed, welcome!

And Sir Handsome, Lovely replied in sweetest tones,

'Muirglan return not to the isle of your birth, but wayfare instead to the east until you will arrive at an old stone bridge of thirteen arches by a pretty mill that has a castle ruin towering above it.

Be there upon the brow of the bridge, and you will behold beyond a majestic quadricornous palm, a singular swan of a golden hue standing by a blooming bush of wild white roses on the eastern bank of the river.

When this swan takes to journeying, follow her along on the bank of the river until a white ornate wooden gate leading into a garden is eventually reached.

Gently open that gate, and enter therein.'

With these tones having well found their mark,  
Lovely, the thrush happily flew away off down the  
valley, and along o'er An Abhainn Sulán."

***Graceful:***

"It must be a lovely feeling to be able to fly, Ummy,  
mustn't it?

I would love to be able to fly.  
Oh, the cosy warm feeling of sunshine on my  
shoulders, Ummy as I fly along this way and glide  
that way upon the wind."

***Fragrance:***

"A time is coming, Lovely for you when there will  
be no need for you to be loving for it.  
An Árd Rí Geilt Suibhne Mac Graitl was able to fly."

***Graceful:***

"Wah yaeeee!  
I'll be able to fly, Ummy!  
Wah yaeeee!"

***Fragrance:***

"Together we'll fly, Lovely, and feel the warm  
sunshine on our shoulders, and the uplifting playful  
wind beneath us."

***Graceful:***

"Oh, Ummy that will be wonder filling."

***Fragrance:***

"It will, Lovely.  
Completing the poem, and then rising to his feet,  
Muirglan set out in search of the old bridge; the old  
stone bridge of thirteen arches.  
Golden days and starry nights brought him on a  
morning early in May to the brow of the thirteen-  
arched bridge over An Abhainn na Fuinnseoige at  
the charming village of Gleannóir which is located  
not very far to the west of Árdíseal.  
He waited and waited there to see what he might  
see, yet, no singular swan of a golden hue did  
appear before his eyes, although there was there  
on the northern side of the bridge; across the river  
from a majestic quadricornous palm, and a pretty  
mill having a castle ruin towering above it, a  
blooming bush of wild white roses on the eastern  
bank of the river."

***Graceful:***

“Oh.”

***Fragrance:***

“Thinking that perhaps there must be another thirteen-arched bridge some other where, he was considering taking his leave of the place when just at about the midday hour, he beheld on the northern side of the bridge, and strolling along the eastern bank of

the river, a singular swan of a golden hue that came and stood there before the blooming bush of wild white roses.  
Then in a moment, do you know what happened, Brightness?"



*Figure 34*  
 ~ §~ Baile Bhúirne ~§ ~  
 ~ §~ Gleannóir ~§ ~  
 52° 11' 16.901" N 8° 21' 15.977" W  
 Altitude: 38 meters  
 ~ §~ Árdiseal ~§ ~

***Graceful:***

"The swan slowly, and gracefully opened out her wings up like this, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Yes, she did, Lovely.

And in a moment she ever so smoothly slid into the shimmering waters, and began to run along the surface before becoming airborne with reaching the weir there below the bridge.

She flew up over the bridge and right over

Muirglan anointing him with river water before she came to land on an islet on the southern side of the bridge.”

***Graceful:***

“Wah!

How refreshing, and delight filling, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Muirglan was about to leave the bridge to follow when again the swan took off and flew southwards over some trees, and then out of sight."

***Graceful:***

"She was playing with him to come follow her, Ummy, wasn't she?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um, she was, Brightness.

And it did work well too for he did follow in search of her, so he did.

And in a little while he found her leisurely waiting for him in a field by the river to the south of the village.

From then on she clearly lead the way with Muirglan following on close behind her.

Along the southern bank of the river they went, and on along below and by a beautiful place called Laharní.

And now, Lovely to complete this story we need first to bring in another story; another story which will bring us all the way back to Muirglan, and the singular swan of a golden hue."

With approaching the last bend in the river before reaching the Outside World steel bridge of Camphire, the gentle breeze is changing direction, and with doing so is turning their boat about to face it in the same direction from whence it came.

***Graceful:***

"Oh, Ummy this turning is wonderful!  
We can see all about in a single movement."

***Fragrance:***

"Lady Ave Éire's pleasure for us, Lovely.

Today, it seems She doesn't need us to go on any further; doesn't need us to go beyond a little ways

that bridge there to where An Bhríd joins up with  
An Abhainn Mhór.”

***Graceful:***

“Maybe, Ummy, She loves looking at the hoisted  
pretty sky blue sail there for if we were to go  
beneath that bridge we’d have to lower it.”



***Fragrance:***

"Um.

I think that must be the answer, Brightness."

***Graceful:***

"Or perhaps, Ummy, She prefers stone built bridges to steel ones."

***Fragrance:***

"Wah!

How bright, my Brightness is."

***Graceful:***

"Ummy, continue please with the great story, and the other story that will be bringing us all the way back to Muirglan, and the singular swan of a golden hue."

***Fragrance:***

"A wayfaring poetess was the Cuimhnegealach mother of the Quietwoman of Éire, Lovely who while sojourning on the ancient shore of Valencia rested herself awhile on a cushy promontory overlooking the Great White Lagoon."

Aoife is smiling to herself as she is writing these words.

***Fragrance:***

"Being quite enraptured with the loveliness of the scene she found herself drifting effortlessly into a halcyon sleep.

In a dream, she met a lady of exceptional beauty and presence who invited her to come and live on a beautiful island in the near Atlantic Ocean.

Waking from her dream, she returned to her lovely village of Cuimhnegealach on the banks of the River Turia to bid fond farewell to her parents, brothers, sisters, friends and neighbours.

They trusted fully in her words, and so were able to send her off with their love and blessings, yet not without an abundance of tears, Lovely, for greatly

was she loved by all.”

***Fragrance:***

“Her family secured passage for her on a friend’s boat who was well accustomed to travelling on the river.”

***Graceful:***

“I wonder, Ummý what colour the boat was, and what colour might have been its sail.

Was it a big boat or a small boat?"

***Fragrance:***

"Maybe, Lovely it was a green boat like this one, but having a golden sail.

And I have a feeling that it was a bigger boat than this one, for probably there were a number of people all travelling in it together."

*Reflective silence.*



*Figure 35*

~ §~ Cuimhnegealach (contemporary Ademuz located between the provinces of Castile-La Mancha, and Aragon) ~§ ~

40° 3' 51.322" N 1° 17' 1.061" W

Altitude: 710 meters

***Graceful:***

"They would have been all telling stories to each other along the way, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, they would have been, Brightness, surely. And after much storytelling, and the rounding of many bends in the river, and the changing from

one river to another, and with the making of her  
way on foot overland, the wayfaring poetess

eventually, and safely reached the northern coast of the Iberian Peninsula at a place called Llanes of Asturias.

There she boarded a ship that would bring her safely to the island of her dream.



*Figure 36*

~ §~ Cuimhnegealach ~§ ~

~ §~ Llanes ~§ ~

43° 25' 11.903" N 4° 45' 17.870" W

Altitude: 13 meters

~ §~ Isle of Éire ~§ ~

She disembarked at Eas Geiptine at the entrance of An Abhainn na Sionnaine estuary on the southwest of the island.

From there she continued her journey north on foot along the banks of An Abhainn na Sionnaine; along the shores of the many lakes by the way until she eventually found herself on the southern shore of the largest freshwater lake in the island, Loch Eathach in the northeast."

***Graceful:***

“How long did the journey take her, Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

“The wondrous journey, Lovely had taken her about seven months.

This took place, Brightness some five hundred years before the



Figure 37

~ §~ Eas Geiphtine ~§ ~

52° 36' 1.624" N 8° 58' 40.498" W

Altitude: 12 meters

~ §~ An Abhainn na Sionnaine Estuary ~§ ~

coming to the island of the wayfaring holy man of Grianárdchoille.

At the time of her arrival, the north eastern part of the island was inhabited by descendants of her own people, the Southern Celtí who had come to the island some two hundred years earlier.

From their stronghold at Emain Macha they were very much engaged in fierce battles with the Fírbolga.

Being greatly troubled by all this anarchy, the Quietwoman of Éire's ancient mother sought the help of the lady of her dream."

**Graceful:**

"That was a good idea, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"Um, it was, Lovely.

In a dream, while sleeping on the shore of Loch Eathach, the lady visited her and told her that with

the rising of the sun to untie a small yellow boat which she would find moored to a tree a little up the shore, and to sail it out to an isle of plenty in the middle of the lake.”





Figure 38

~ §~ Loch Eathach, An Abhainn na Sionnaine Estuary ~§ ~

***Graceful:***

“Wah!

Wonderful.”

***Fragrance:***

“Upon waking, she followed along the shore until she found the boat moored to a tree just as the lady said it would be.

She boarded it, and hoisted the soft green sail; letting the wind lead her to the isle.

It was about the midday hour, Lovely when she reached it.”

***Graceful:***

“She must have been very excited, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, she must have been surely, Lovely.

There on the isle of plenty she lived safely and  
happily as a hermit poetess in the welcoming  
company of the trees, herbs, fauna, and

the many birds, especially ducks and the fishes that played by its shore.

She named the isle, An tOileán Toradh; an toileán a bhfásann gach ní ann.

This became her way of life over the next five years, Lovely with the voice of the lady visiting her throughout windsuncloud, telling her stories about the Land of Ave Éire, and readily introducing her to the People of Ave of Éire.

They loved her greatly for she knew how to be still. On many occasions she was visited by them, and enjoyed their company.

In their eyes she was glory.

She came to love the Land of Ave Éire as represented by the isle and its shoreline as much her homeland on the banks of the Turia; always so thankful to Lady Ave Éire for inviting her to come and settle there.

So impressed was Lady Ave Éire with her remembrance, Beautiful that she requested of the People of Ave Éire to give her an honorary name which would reflect her deep appreciation.

The people gave her in her own beautiful Gaeilge language, the name An Leanbh Brídóir Ní hAimsiri."

***Graceful:***

"It has a beautiful sound, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"The first part of the name, An Leanbh may be interpreted to mean 'the abundance of childlike purity and trust' in Lady Ave Éire, the People of Ave Éire and the Land of Ave Éire.

The middle part, Brídóir is taken from the name of this river; the sacred river An Bhríd which flows in front of Castle Sanctuary, and the word for 'gold' 'óir' thus giving the meaning, 'the true meaning of

gold.'

The last part, Ní hAimsiri means, 'the daughter of the of harmonious windsuncloud transformations on the island' for so comfortable did the People of Ave Éire feel in her presence.

For so close was she to their way of thinking that they considered her to be family.

By bestowing upon her this beautiful name, Lady Ave Éire by way

of the People of Ave Éire was conferring upon her and her descendants a tremendous honour; a sacred inheritance.

For it is always Lady Ave Éire who chooses our inheritance for us, Lovely, and for this we are truly grateful."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"Now of a waxing moon night, Lovely, Lady Ave Éire visited her in a dream, and told her that it was now safe for her to visit the mainland."

***Graceful:***

"She must have been very happy, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, she must have been, Lovely.

It was a great delight and adventure for her to be going back and forth to the mainland shore.

She loved sailing in the beautiful yellow boat with its soft green sail fluttering in the wind."

***Graceful:***

"I wonder what she did, Ummy while she was crossing.

Perhaps she used to be talking away happily to herself or melody making in her heart."

***Fragrance:***

"Perhaps she did, Lovely as well as compose many of her beautiful poems.

Then a most marvellous thing happened on the afternoon of her twenty-seventh birthday as she was strolling along the mainland shore before returning to the isle.

Can you visualize what it might be?"

***Graceful:***

"Oh, I see; I see she is meeting someone, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Yes, my Brightness.

Yes, she met an artist who was painting the  
beautiful scenery; a South Celtí man with eyes full  
of love.

There on the shore without the slightest doubt in  
each other's hearts they made marriage vows to  
each other in the presence of

warm sunshine; the eternal flame for love, and life. And returning with her to the sanctuary out in the middle of the lake, they lived out their days and nights in absolute bliss."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"Look, Lovely at the pretty bumble bee on the foxglove flower!"

***Graceful:***

"All the lovely gently chiming bells for him to play about."

***Fragrance:***

"Once, Lovely, I found a stem with ninety-nine bells on it, and they all hanging on the same side."

***Graceful:***

"Wah!"

***Fragrance:***

"Um, and with the coming of a gentle breeze there came forth from the bells a symphony of soft faint tinklings."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"An Leabh Brídóir Ní hAimsiri was born on An tOileán Toradh, Lovely, and grew up happily there in the company of her parents, the trees, fauna and the birds, and the ducks and fishes that played by its shore.

Her parents affectionately called her, Grálín which in Gaeilge here means, 'love, love of our heart; a love that is always fresh and beautiful.'

From an early age she began culturing herself to understand the ways of seeds.

So patient and sensitive was she with them that, if she were to place one in the palm of her hand it would begin to grow almost immediately."

***Graceful:***

“Wah!”

***Fragrance:***

“She also learnt from the plants how they healed themselves.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh.”



***Fragrance:***

“Like her mother and her father, Beautiful, she was greatly loved for the same reason by the People of Ave Éire.

In their eyes she was glory.

The years went by and the South Celtí learnt to live in relative harmony with the Fírbolga.

And the descendants of An Leanbh Brídóir Ní hAimsiri took good husbands and wives from their own people, the South Celtí.

They had a particular liking for living along the shores of lakes.

Then there came to the Land of Ave Éire the Leprédanann who were nothing more than a band of mischievous immoral elves on the run from an unknown land, and who claimed to be sorcerers with all sorts of powers.

Yet in reality, Brightness, they couldn’t bring fire forth from an ember.”

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

“Many battles ensued between the South Celtí and these entangletons, but eventually, Lovely, an agreement was brokered that would let the Leprédanann stay on the island, only if they would promise not to be an annoyance to anyone else on it.

The Leprédanann, however, were to prove on numerous occasions down through the centuries, that such promises were merely opportunities to bide time in order to come up with something even more mischievous and immoral to do.”

***Graceful:***

“Like in the case, Ummy of the late Leprédanann possessed, Diarmuid Mac Mourragh?”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, my Brightness as in that pitiful case.  
By the coming of Sancti Celestini’s missionary,  
Patricius, the descendants, Lovely of An Leanbh  
Brídóir Ní hAimsiri were the sovereigns of  
Dairbhne; the oak wooded midlands of the Land of  
Ave Éire.  
Like the Northern Celtí they listened carefully and  
reflected on what Patricius had to say to them, and  
willingly accepted from him what

was in relative accord with their own traditions.

With the encouragement of the Northern Celts, the Southern Celts were finally able to leave go of their capital ways and begin to lead a new way of life; a life of learning having moral rectitude as its aim. Patricius, as I've mentioned earlier, Brightness gave them the new name of Mil that in Gaelic means, 'honey' carrying with it the nuance of being healers."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"An Leabhaí Ionntás Brídóir Ní hAimsirí, Lovely, grew up enraptured by the ways of the honeybee; learning from them how to form exquisite jewellery and brooches with only the delicate touching of metals with her fingertips.

From an early age her parents affectionately called her, Ionntás which in Gaelic here means, 'she who is delightful, pleasant and frolicsome.'

Like her mothers of yore, she was greatly loved for the same reason by the People of Ave Éire.

In their eyes she was glory.

At the time of the coming of the Norsemen, the Ní hAimsirí Family, Lovely had to retreat to lake isles until the years would pass and it be safe enough for them to reappear again on the mainland shores.

This was a choice that they had to make several times down through the centuries.

It was particularly the case when the treacherous Normans came and the Tudors came to the island.

In that period, even the echo of one's voice would frantically search for a place in which to hide itself."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

“Down through the years, Beautiful the An Leanbh part of the sacred name slowly transformed and evolved into an actual name while preserving within it all of the original meanings and nuances of An Leanbh.

It became the beautiful name, Aoife.”

***Graceful:***

"Oh, beautiful, Ummy.  
I love the name, Aoife."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, it's a beautiful name, Lovely so it is."

***Graceful:***

"Ummy, so beautiful it is as the water lilies there  
waving and waving."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, so beautiful it is as the water lilies there  
waving and waving, Lovely."

Aoife is smiling to herself as she writes.

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, and look there, Lovely!  
A pretty speckled trout playing in the wavings."

***Graceful:***

Oh, and look, there's another one, Ummy!

***Fragrance:***

"Um, so there is too.

Seosamh Ó hÉalaighthe, Lovely while of an  
afternoon helping with the reaping of barley in a  
field west of the charming village of Gleannóir fell  
in love with Aoife Beannacht Brídóir Ní hAimsiri  
who happened to be passing by in a donkey and car  
at the time.

From an early age her parents affectionately called  
her, Beannacht which in Gaeilge here means,  
'bountiful blessings and warm greetings.'

It was not very long after that first meeting, Lovely  
until their wedding day in Gleannóir.

And with the harmony of day be night night be day  
they lived happily together on the beautiful rise of  
Laharní overlooking the meandering An Abhainn na  
Fuinnseoige; a short distance to the east of  
Gleannóir.

Laharní, Brightness had once been the sight of a

refuge for holy monks.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh.

And what were Seosamh and Beannacht, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Seosamh was the village baker, Lovely while Beannacht followed in her mother's sacred calling, that of midwifery."



*Figure 39*

~ §~ Gleannóir ~§ ~

~ §~ Laharní ~§ ~

52° 10' 42.578" N 8° 20' 34.325" W

Altitude: 42 meters

~ §~ An Abhainn na Fuinnseoige ~§ ~

***Graceful:***

"Wonderful, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"People from the locality, and from even as far away as Carraig Caiseal would send for Beannacht to help bring their children into the world.

She had a certain way about her, Lovely which used to make the expectant mothers feel so very very comfortable, and the soon to be born babe in the womb to feel very calm.

Her hands, Pretty had that touching of an early morning breeze in June.”





Figure 40  
~ §~ Laharní, Carraig Caiseal ~§ ~

***Graceful:***

“Oh, how refreshingly lovely, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Not alone were mothers anxious for her to deliver their babes, but they very much wanted to receive her blessings upon the newly born babies; on themselves, on their families, and on their neighbours.

In all her years, Lovely she never once lost a mother or baby.

Like her mothers of yore, she was greatly loved for the same reason by the People of Ave Éire.

In their eyes she was glory.

On many occasions on her way back home, after bringing another baby in the world, she would be accompanied along the way by one or two of the People of Ave Éire who with having reached Laharní would then have to come in for a cup of tea and a chat with the rest of the family.

In an August, Brightness when they had not yet  
reached their sixty-fifth year of age, Seosamh and  
Beannacht had a sudden desire to drink some cool  
fresh water from a sacred well

familiar to them down by the banks of An Abhainn na Fuinnseoige.

They happily set off in a donkey and car until they reached the edge of the village.

Then they followed the pathway down to the well on foot.

The valley air was filled with sweet fragrances, and with sitting down by the well they enjoyed savouring its cool refreshing uisce milis.

A pair of graceful swans passed by before them on the river; smoothly going along with the gentle current."

**Graceful:**

"Like this gentle current, Ummmy?"

**Fragrance:**

"Um.

And in the distance, Lovely they could hear the happy voices of children playing and singing."

**Graceful:**

"Would that the children of the Outside World, Ummmy would play a lot more often together; would sing and dance a lot more often together in the fields and valleys of the long warm days."

*Reflective silence.*

**Fragrance:**

"Beannacht, Beautiful began to softly hum, {The Spinning Wheel} and gently sway from side to side in harmony with the waving of the branches of the trees overhead."

**Graceful:**

"Oh."

**Fragrance:**

"Seosamh enchanted by her humming joined in by adding the lyrics for he like her, Lovely was a beautiful singer.

hm .. hm .. hm .. hm .. hm ..  
Merrily, cheerily, noisily, whirring  
Swings the wheel, spins the wheel while the  
foot's stirring  
Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing  
Sounds the sweet voice of the young maiden  
singing  
Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round  
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound

Noiseless and light to the lattice above her  
The maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her  
lover  
Slower, and slower, and slower the wheel  
swings  
Lower, and lower, and lower the reel rings  
Ere the reel and the wheel stop their spinning  
and moving  
Through the grove the young lovers by  
moonlight are roving  
hm .. hm .. hm .. hm .. hm ..

The harmonious sound, Beautiful, drifted along the valley as if it were a haze floating on the surface of the river.

Off to their left was a golden field of barley swaying in the breeze.

And with rising to their feet they strolled off in that direction arm in arm; reminiscing as they went about that wonderful afternoon when they had first found each other."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"Long, long, ever before their returning into the golden field of barley swaying in the breeze; returning into the surroundings, Brightness, their artistic daughter, Aoife Gléslí Brídóir Ní hAimsiri one halcyon midday hour in early May heard a familiar voice encouraging her to visit her grandparent's house which is located further east along An Abhainn na Fuinnseoige at a place called Ardángallán.

From an early age her parents affectionately called her, Gléslí that in Gaeilge here means, 'travelling on a bright journey.'

Finding, Lovely that her grandparents had gone up

the fields to the south of Ardángallán beyond Bradáin Hermitage, and beyond the great row of majestic palms to visit their dear neighbours the Aoibhnes of Bóherdairoige, Gléslí decided to take a stroll in the garden.

Pheasants were there in the lovely garden and peacocks aplenty strolling about with the mallard ducks and golden deer.”

***Graceful:***

“Strolling along beneath those twenty-seven majestic palms from east to west and back to east again is a wonderful experience, isn’t it, Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, it is, Lovely, especially when there is a breeze blowing.”

***Graceful:***

“It’s as if we were then walking along the seashore. And there is that lovely palm fragrance in the air too, Ummy, isn’t there?”



*Figure 41*

~ §~ An Abhainn na Fuinnseoige ~§ ~

~ §~ Laharní ~§ ~

~ §~ Ardangallán ~§ ~

52° 10' 43.871" N 8° 17' 33.731" W

Altitude: 33 meters

~ §~ Bradáin Hermitage ~§ ~

52° 10' 30.950" N 8° 17' 17.279" W

Altitude: 51 meters

~ §~ Bóherdairóige ~§ ~

52° 10' 9.905" N 8° 17' 32.017" W

Altitude: 53 meters

***Fragrance:***

“Um, there is, my Pretty.

With the afternoon being so beautifully warm, Glésli removed to edenwear and took to basking in a radiant pond therein the garden.

In that lovely pond, Beautiful there did play  
beneath the broad-leafed plants fishes of many  
colours while in the cherry blossoms above rested  
white cranes taking in the whole delightful scene.



And there entered the garden there from the west through a white ornate wooden gate, one handsome man being lead by a singular swan of a golden hue."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, Ummy!

Oh, how beautiful is the whole scene, Ummy; the garden, Gléslí in the radiant pond, and Muirglan being lead by the singular swan of a golden hue."

**Fragrance:**

"Um, truly, Lovely.

With seeing Gléslí in the radiant pond, Muirglan at her invitation did remove to edenwear, and went and basked with her therein."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, how beautiful, Ummy they must have appeared to the white cranes resting in the cherry blossoms overhead; watching them play with the fishes of many colours 'neath and about the broad-leaved plants."

**Fragrance:**

"Um.

And, Muirglan, Lovely in the style most befitting that of a noble king did treat Gléslí with the greatest of respect."

*Reflective silence.*

**Fragrance:**

"In the all a colourful month of October of that same wonderful year, Lovely, a great wedding feast was held in their honour at Gléslí's grandparent's house in Ardángallán.

And in the late afternoon of their wedding day, the newly weds were boated up the river to Laharní where they would spend their first wedding night."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, Gléslí and Muirglan must have been very very

happy, mustn't they Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um, they were, Beautiful for they felt as if they had always known each other; always been in each other's warm trustful company."

***Graceful:***

"Like you and Ahmy, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, my Brightness.

That's very true.

We feel as if we have always known each other, and will always know each other, and be always in each other's warm trustful company."

***Graceful:***

"That's the way I feel too, Ummy about the Valley of the Crescent Moon and about the Land of Ave Éire.

I feel we have always known each other, and will always know each other, and be always in each other's warm trustful company."

***Fragrance:***

"I feel the same, Brightness.

And one day; a day yet only known to Lady Ave Éire will my bright, beautiful, lovely Graceful find herself in the warm trustful company of a noble handsome man whom she will feel to have always known and loved.

So she will."

***Graceful:***

"Thank you, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"When I was about your age, Lovely, didn't your grandmother, Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Myriad Blessings give me the very same words."

***Graceful:***

"Wonderful, Ummy!

Doubly thankful I am."

***Fragrance:***

"In the morning, following on their pleasurable wedding night, the same handsome thrush that had alighted on the shoulder of Muirglan above the

beautiful vale of Baile Bhúirne on the banks of An Abhainn Sulán, did come and sing upon their bedroom windowsill.”

***Graceful:***

“Wah!

Beautiful, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"And he did sing,

'Muirglan?

Muirglan, take your family and go dwell in your ancestral home in the hill country of Déisi Mumhan."

*Reflective silence.*

**Fragrance:**

"After happily partaking of a sumptuous breakfast with Seosamh and Beannacht and the family in her home there on the beautiful rise of Laharní, did gracious Muirglan with his beautiful bride Gléslí, and amidst warm love and blessings being bestowed upon them by all, joyfully set off eastwards for the hill country of Déisi Mumhan."

**Graceful:**

"Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"Yes, Lovely?"

**Graceful:**

"Why, Ummy did the thrush sing to Muirglan "take your family" when there was but Gléslí with him?"

**Fragrance:**

"Oh, the thrush by Lady Ave Éire's wish, Brightness was given to know already that which Muirglan and Gléslí were not yet privy to from their happy wedding night."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, Ummy, I see!

How slow could I be?"

**Fragrance:**

"Like their fathers and mothers of yore, Gléslí and Muirglan are greatly loved, Beautiful for the same reason by the People of Ave Éire.

In our eyes they are joy and glory."

*Reflective silence.*

***Graceful:***

*“Ummy?”*

***Fragrance:***

“Um?”

***Graceful:***

“How did always attentive Láfiamór, and always joyful Róisíneala get their beautiful names?”



*Figure 42*

~ §~ Laharní, Hill country of Déisi Mumhan ~§ ~

***Fragrance:***

“Láfiamór comes from Gaeilge, Lovely, meaning, ‘day or time’ and ‘great deer’ that is to say, that this child in his own day and way will be in the world as a truth sublime in heart, word, and appearance.

While Gléslí was carrying Láfiamór in her womb, Muirglan had of a night a dream in which he was strolling in the hill country of Déisi Mumhan of a lovely bright fresh morning.

He was coming along the shore of Loch Lár when he beheld to his great surprise and delight, a magnificent antler crowned male elk sipping away

contentedly there from the lapping waters.”

***Graceful:***

“Wah!

An elk; a magnificent antler crowned elk.



Wonderful.”

***Franchise:***

“With waking up in great happiness, Lovely, he turned and gently blew into Gléslí’s left ear the words, ‘Our newly to be born child is going to be a boy, and the name we must give him is Láfiámór for so I have seen, and know it to be from a dream.’ With fully waking, and smiling so pleasantly, Gléslí did confidently answer, and say, ‘Láfiámór his name will be.’

And so it was, that in the fullness of time, the name given to their newly born was that of Láfiámór.”

***Graceful:***

“He will be in his own day and way, Ummy a magnificent elk whose attentiveness, profoundness, and nobleness will be greatly loved, respected, and admired by all.”

***Franchise:***

“Um, Brightness by his own effort, and the love of Lady Ave Éire will he be.

*Reflective silence.*

***Franchise:***

“Róisíneala comes from Gaeilge, Lovely, meaning, ‘dainty rose’ and ‘swan’ that is to say, that this child in her (own day) and in her own way will be in the world as a truth sublime in heart, word, and appearance.

While Gléslí was carrying Róisíneala in her womb, Muirglan had of a night a dream in which he of a glorious morning was strolling along a bank of the Glandhuan River.

And with coming into view of the beautiful Aislinge Rú pavilion, he beheld to his great surprise and delight, a salutatory dainty red rose growing in a sunlit crevice in some rocks, and having directly beneath it a dedicated swan sitting contentedly on

her nest.”

***Graceful:***

“Wah!

What a rare and wondrous scene, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“With waking up in great happiness, Lovely, he turned and gently blew into Gléslí’s left ear the words, ‘Our newly to be born child is

going to be a girl, and the name we must give her is Róisíneala for so I have seen, and know it to be from a dream.'

With fully waking, and smiling so pleasantly, Glésli did confidently answer, and say, 'Róisíneala her name will be.'

And so it was, that in the fullness of time, the name given to their newly born was that of Róisíneala."

***Graceful:***

"She will be in her own day and way, Ummy a rose of rarest beauty whose joyfulness, resilience, and nobleness will be greatly admired, loved, and respected by all."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, Brightness by her own effort, and the love of Lady Ave Éire will she be."

***Graceful:***

"Oh, Ummy, I love to be playing with Róisíneala and Láfiámór for they're always such great fun."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, they are indeed, Lovely.

They display in their happy go blessed way, a harmoniously abundance of their own individual loveliness combined with that of the loveliness of their parents.

In our eyes they are joy and glory."

*Reflective silence.*

***Graceful:***

"Oh, Ummy, thank you for such a beautiful and most interesting story of our dearest friends in the Outside World, and of their two lovelies."

***Fragrance:***

"You're very welcome, my Lovely."

***Graceful:***

"Look, Ummy!

There's beautiful Rainbowbell.

Oh, and look there beyond beneath it, Ummy we can just about see the lovely ivy-mantled northern stone bridge of Árdíseal.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, I can see it.

Then let's begin, Beautiful to slowly lower the pretty sky blue sail so that with reaching Rainbowbell we'll be able to gently moor our precious green boat of safe journeys."

**Graceful:**

"I've had a wonderful time, Ummy. Thank you."

**Fragrance:**

"And a wonderful time have had I, Lovely. Thank you.

And thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Graceful:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire, Ummy."

**Her Majesty:**

"And that, Aoife will be sufficient unto the moment."

**Aoife:**

"Thank you, Your Majesty for the honour of being able to hear your words, and to be able to write them down in a sweet and gentle language of the hill country of Déisi Mumhan."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire for your willingness and the beauty and richness of your style, Aoife."

**Aoife:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire for Your Majesty."

They are gracefully rising to their feet.

**Her Majesty:**

"Aoife, I'll be returning again in a fortnight. Until then."

Evanescing is Her Majesty with smiles and waves for Aoife who is waving and smiling in return.

**Aoife:**

"Until then, Your Majesty adieu."

With Her Majesty's evanescence, Aoife is slowly placing the pages she has written in a white covered folder. Holding the folder to her bosom is she contentedly descending to the inn by way of the small smooth stoned ravine, and the hazel grove with its nearby

well. In she and Roster's cosy bedroom is she placing the folder in a cherry inlaid rosewood arc.

By eventide, she will be bringing forth the precious folder from the arc for Rísteárd to enjoy to read. They will no doubt be chatting happily on its content and themes long into the welcoming night. And who knows, if there is the Moon to be seen, they may very well take a stroll up to the tranquil Ochtach grove, and changing there into sensuous edenwear, recline on the oyster-coloured cushions in the beautiful Aislinge Rú pavilion to admire the celestial lantern's reflection in the Glandhuan, in their cups of spring water, and in each other's smiling eyes.

Aoife is enjoying supper with her noble handsome Rísteárd, and their lovelies Láfiámór and Róisíneala.

### ***Annotations:***

Aoife's insight in Classical Chinese:

妙敬愛曰  
和暢春日  
而愛緩步  
自山陰於  
陽遵俯瀑  
布水而少  
憩美老石  
橋之上此  
靜想所謂  
光可道速  
非古光之  
光古光之  
光博動而  
無速古光  
之光者和  
於進退動  
而無速則  
無速自然  
無限億萬  
天地萬形  
生者無在  
則唯太天  
地萬形生  
在是以吾  
曰太天地  
萬形生無  
所不在則  
無內外無  
真空

*Aoife's Insight*

~ §~ Reading the Chinese from left to right ~§ ~

“Lady Ave Éire inspires:

A lovely spring day, and Lady Ave Éire is strolling from the shaded to the sunny side of a mountain, and is with following and looking down at the rushing waters of a waterfall as She goes along.



Soon She is taking a rest on a beautiful old stone bridge.  
 And this of Her peaceful imaginings.  
 Light that can be expressed as having speed is not the light of  
 the ancient light; the light of the ancient light has extensive  
 movement, yet it has no speed.  
 The light of the ancient light harmonizes with the forward  
 and the return movements, yet it has no speed; has no speed  
 and this is natural.  
 An infinite of universes do not exist, only there exists the  
 Great Universe.  
 Therefore we say, there is no place where the Great Universe  
 does not exist neither does it have an inner and an outer nor  
 is it a vacuum."  
*"A graceful brown hen pheasant . . .", {Innkeeper's Fire},*  
 vol.1, Oidhche Dhomhnaigh Cois Tine Mhóna, ACT 9,  
 Truworth, Prologue  
*naomhóg* - a small traditional type of Irish boat. The origin of  
 the name is not sure, but possibly there may be some mixing  
 of sounds between the Latin word 'navis' and the Gaelic word  
 'naomh'  
*an toileán a bhfásann gach ní ann* - from Gaelic, meaning  
 'the island (that) grows everything there' - an island of plenty  
*súgáin* - from Gaelic meaning, 'a hay or straw rope' - to  
 make a rope by twisting hay or straw.  
*uisce milis* - from Gaelic, meaning 'water', and 'sweet' - that  
 unique lovely taste of spring/well water

## Chapter Five

### ‘Sing us songs of your beloved Land of Ave Éire!’

Iarnóin Dé h-Aoine san Pabhailliún Aoibhinn  
A Friday mid-afternoon in the Blissful Pavilion

**A**oife has returned to the pavilion after enjoying swimming in the shimmering warm pool of the Glandhuan. She is exquisitely wearing her soft apricot blouse and a long azure skirt as she is reclining on the oyster-coloured cushions there on the green rug in the center of the pavilion; reading away happily in Classical Arabic she is from a favourite Arabic book, namely *Al-Qur'an Al-Kareem*, and is now writing a reflection in English on a verse that she has just read.

اللَّهُ نُورُ السَّمَوَاتِ وَالْأَرْضِ مِثْلُ نُورِهِ كَمِثْسِكُوةٍ فِيهَا مِصْبَاحٌ  
الْمِصْبَاحُ فِي زُجَاجَةٍ الزُّجَاجَةُ كَأَنَّهَا كَوْكَبٌ دُرِّيٌّ يُوقَدُ مِنْ شَجَرَةٍ  
مُبَرَكَةٍ زَيْتُونَةٍ لَا شَرْقِيَّةٍ وَلَا غَرْبِيَّةٍ يَكَادُ زَيْتُهَا يُضِيءُ وَلَوْ  
لَمْ تَمْسَسْهُ نَارٌ نُورٌ عَلَى نُورٍ يَهْدِي اللَّهُ لِنُورِهِ مَنْ يَشَاءُ وَيَضْرِبُ  
اللَّهُ الْأَمْثَلَ لِلنَّاسِ وَاللَّهُ بِكُلِّ شَيْءٍ عَلِيمٌ ﴿٣٥﴾

*Light of the Heavens and the Earth*  
~ §~ {Al-Qur'an Al-Kareem}, Surah An-Nur 24:35,  
and reading from right to left ~§~

“Allah is the Light of the heavens and the earth. The similitude of His light is as a niche wherein is a lamp. The lamp is in a glass. The

glass is as it were a shining star. (This lamp is)  
kindled from a blessed tree, an olive neither of  
the East nor of the West, whose oil would  
almost glow forth (of itself) though no fire  
touched it. Light upon light. Allah

guideth unto His light whom He will. And Allah speaketh to mankind in allegories, for Allah is Knower of all things.”

Aoife’s reflection:

“My heart is the light of my body: of my heavens and earth. Its sign being that of a hidden away niche where within there rests a lamp: a lamp finely veiled in reflection. This reflection is as it were a most radiant star lit from a blessed tree; an olive whose visage leaning is neither to the east nor to the west, and whose aromatic oil is virtually luminous though a flame scarce had touched it. Be light (nur) be light (nur) it be. My heart guides whom it wills to my light; setting forth signs for my senses. There is nothing in my heavens and earth that my heart doesn’t know, for my heart is the dwelling place of the Almighty.”

Subtly she is feeling on the left side of her face this beautiful soft warm scented breeze from the east. As she is turning her head to look in the direction from whence is coming the breeze, she is to her great delight noticing that Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance is strolling towards the grove. Her Majesty’s smiling countenance is so beautifully beautiful as she is looking up towards Aoife who is waving down to her from the pavilion.

Aoife is running down to greet Her Majesty. Ever before reaching, she is scenting Her Majesty’s distinctively charming fragrance.

**Aoife:**

“Your Majesty!

Your Majesty!

Oh, it’s so lovely to see you again!”

**Her Majesty:**

“So wonderfully delightful to see you too, Aoife!  
And how is your noble handsome Rísteárd  
keeping?”

**Aoife:**

“Inn keeping, Your Majesty.  
He is keeping very well, thank you.”

***Her Majesty:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.  
And yere lovelies, Láflamór and Róisíneala?"

***Aoife:***

"They're in the very best of health, Your Majesty.  
Lovely they are, thank you."

***Her Majesty:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.  
Pretty perennials, Bealtaine and Samhain?"

***Aoife:***

"Faithful they are, Your Majesty.  
Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

***Her Majesty:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

***Aoife:***

"How are the People of Ave Éire keeping, Your Majesty?"

***Her Majesty:***

"They are keeping very well, Aoife thank you."

***Aoife:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

***Her Majesty:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

***Aoife:***

"Your Majesty come let us go up and sit in Aislinge  
Rú that I may serve you a refreshing drink of water  
from the spring therein the grove."

***Her Majesty:***

"That will be most refreshing, Aoife.  
Thank you."

Sitting together chatting they are on the  
oyster-coloured cushions there on the green rug in  
the center of the pavilion.

***Aoife:***

"Here you are, Your Majesty.  
Receive and enjoy."

***Her Majesty:***

“Thank you, Aoife.”

**Aoife:**

"You're most welcome, Your Majesty."

**Her Majesty:**

"Ah, it carries well within it the purity and freshness of the ancient glaciers.

Absolutely miraculous it is, Aoife."

**Aoife:**

"Throughout the seasons, Your Majesty the spring is always welcoming and always refreshing."

**Her Majesty:**

"I have here, Aoife the book of our previous meeting. Confidently be of a good courage for you are doing marvellous work.

And this afternoon too, by the loving kindness of Lady Ave Éire will you be able to recite the sacred words of this book exactly as you receive them from me, and be with the ability to precisely interpret them, and in turn to write them down in words of your own choosing, and in a prose-poetic language of such surpassing depth and richness of style that it will be a marvel and a grateful joyful word of mouth for many from among the peoples of the Outside World."

**Aoife:**

"Behold the handmaid of Your Majesty; be it done unto me according to your word.

With the loving kindness of Lady Ave Éire will I be able to recite every word, and in the name of Your Majesty be able to write precise interpretations of them in a language of depth and richness of style. In the name of Your Majesty most Bountiful will I be able to recite, interpret, and write down all that which I know not yet."

**Her Majesty:**

"Then let us here in this blissful pavilion, gracious courteous Aoife of the sacred hill country of Déisi



Mumhan continue in joyful earnest our important work.

Lady Ave Éire be with us.”

**Aoife:**

“With us is Lady Ave Éire.”

***Her Majesty:***

"With us is Lady Ave Éire."

Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance is opening the golden white covered book, and is beginning to recite from what is written there within. Aoife is reciting exactly what she is hearing. Taking up her fountain pen, Aoife is now writing the recitation down verbatim as follows in a sweet and gentle language of the hill country of Déisi Mumhan.

**Scene - Strolling along the western bank of An  
Abha Bhuí  
to the village of Crescent Moon**

*Personae* - Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance  
and her youngest daughter, Her Royal Highness  
Crown Princess Graceful

***Fragrance:***

"Come with me, my Beautiful.  
Let's enjoy strolling and sitting along the western  
bank of An Abha Bhuí."

***Graceful:***

"Thank you, Ummy.  
Your hand is lovely and cosy."

***Fragrance:***

"And yours soft and gentle, my Pretty."

***Graceful:***

"Will you tell me a story as we go along Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Surely, my Princess."

***Graceful:***

"I love your storytelling, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"You are most welcome, my Beautiful.  
Today, I think is a good day for telling you the story  
of Fírinnegrá Mac Aoibhne of the Aoibhnes of

Bóherdairoige.

Fírinnegrá, Lovely, like Aoife Glésli Brídóir Ní hAimsiri, and Rísteárd Muirglan Suibhne Mac Grailt is someone very dear to Lady Ave Éire, and to the People of Ave Éire.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh, Ummy I’d love to hear his story!”

***Fragrance:***

"Then so it shall be, my Lovely."

***Graceful:***

"Oh, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um?"

***Graceful:***

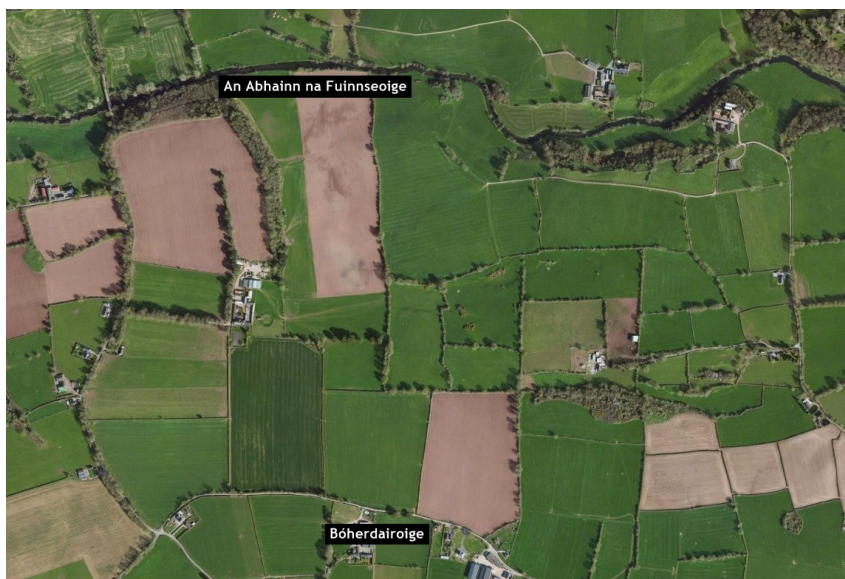
"Ummy, before you begin what does Fírinnegrá's name mean?"

***Fragrance:***

"It means, one who has a great love for truth."

***Graceful:***

"Oh, it's truly beautiful, Ummy."



*Figure 43*

~ § ~ Bóherdairioige, An Abhainn na Fuinnseoir ~ § ~

***Fragrance:***

"And he has this lovely profound Gaeilge saying all of his own composing which goes, 'Tá tír na réaltaí

i mo chroí.' which can mean, the place of the stars  
is within my heart."

***Graceful:***

“Wah!

It’s a splendid thought; a splendid thought truly, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, it is, Lovely.

Long golden windsuncloud days did Fírinnegrá spend in happily playing along the banks An Abhainn na Fuinnseoige with his four brothers and one and only sister.

There were the expressions and silences of his sister; her joyfulness with he at viewing together a blue-green dragonfly hovering above the flowery waters.

There was the bravery and laughter of his brothers; their delight in leaping with their sister and he all together into their favourite pool in the river and creating a marvellous splash!

Such beautiful memories come flooding back to him; being greeted as they arrive with the greatest of appreciation and affection.”

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

“The hearth in Bóherdairoige, Beautiful was a wondrous place where his parents sang lullabies to him and his siblings; read poetry to them, and told them so many stories of old; stories of the traditions of their noble Celtí ancestors, and stories of the People of Ave Éire, and of Lady Ave Éire.”

***Graceful:***

“How happy hearth it must have been, Ummy, mustn’t it?”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, it must have been, Lovely.

It was a haven to return to from a not very nice situation; in fact an awful situation.

It was a haven to return to from the terrorism of an inclement, hoary schoolmaster."

***Graceful:***

"What; what, what did he do to the treasuries, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, not today, not today my Precious; not today can I tell you of such a Leprédanann possessed one."

***Graceful:***

“Was he like the case, Ummy of the late Leprédanann possessed, Diarmuid Mac Mourragh?”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, somewhat akin to that pitiful case. Perhaps some other day; perhaps some other day or even never at all, Precious can I tell you of this one nor of several other Leprédanann possessed teachers of the Outside World besides him; both male and female trusted teachers, and both secular and clerical they be, for they are so deplorable in nature that the telling of them would surely wrench my heart.

So it would, Lovely.”

***Graceful:***

“Ummy, if they would wrench your heart, mine they would stop.”

***Fragrance:***

“Well then, Lovely it’s abundantly clear that we don’t have any need for the telling of such stories. Now, do we?”

***Graceful:***

“No, we don’t; Ummy. Clearly, no we don’t.”

***Fragrance:***

“Thank you, Lovely.  
May Lady Ave Éire continue to strengthen those faithful teachers; those who continue to joyfully place their trust in Her loving guidance.  
May they grow in their understanding and knowledge of Her for She is the one who fills their hearts with lovingkindness and noble reflections; noble reflections and lovingkindness which make it possible for them to day-nightly live and teach commendably.”



***Graceful:***

“Ummy, Lady Ave Éire will continue to strengthen them, so She will.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, She will indeed, Precious.”

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

“Of the festive times of the year, Lovely, Fírinnegrá loves Christmas and Easter the most for he is of the Celtí Catholic belief.”

***Graceful:***

“The same belief as the holy Celtí Catholic parish priest of Árdíseal, An tAthair Taidhgh Mícheál Ó Dálaigh, and his saintly wife, Caoimhe Máire Ní Bheannachta, Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, one and the same, Brightness.

In the afternoon of his ninth birthday, in the month of July while happily dangling his feet in An Abhainn na Fuinnseoige, with Cianán the family dog comfortably stretched out beside him snoozing in the sunshine, he heard a most beautiful lady’s voice speak to him from what felt to be the surface of the yellow flowered gently currenting emerald waters there before him.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh, how beautiful the scene, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, how beautiful and wondrous the scene, Lovely.”

***Graceful:***

“What did the most beautiful lady’s voice say to him, Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

“The most beautiful lady’s voice told him, Lovely that one day when he would be older, she would visit him in a dream, and ask him to write a magnificent work for her.”

***Graceful:***

“He must have thought that he was even dreaming then, Ummy, mustn’t he?”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, he must have, Brightness for he looked to Cianán, but Cianán was already on his feet and wagging his tail very happily as he looked to a spot there in the middle of the river.”

***Graceful:***

“Could Fírinnegrá, Ummy see who Cianán was seeing?”

***Fragrance:***

“Fírinnegrá couldn’t see anyone there in the gently currenting

waters, Pretty, but he could feel that there was someone very beautiful standing upon the soft yellow flowers there before his eyes on the surface of the waters.

Cianán returned to stretching out in the sunshine while Fírinnegrá lay back down on the cushy grass beside him, with his hands behind his head to contentedly ponder the lady's words with gazing up at the gently floating wispy clouds in the near be far blue northern sky.

The remembrance, Lovely of that special afternoon he kept secret with him as he grew to manhood."

**Graceful:**

"It must have been difficult for him to keep such a secret, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"Somehow he found himself with the strength to be able to do so, Brightness."

*Reflective silence.*

**Fragrance:**

"Fírinnegrá, Lovely travelled beyond the Land of Ave Éire in the wide world studying, reflecting, teaching and getting to know so many things about himself and others; the ways of nature, and of the great varieties of beliefs, customs, and traditions of our peoples.

Now, it was while he was happily sojourning in Far Oriental lands; while happily living in Seoul of the Land of Samcholli Kumsu Kangsan that a lady of great beauty visited him one night in a dream. She was holding in her hands a Vessel of Honour; a grail of different kinds of richly ripe fruit."

**Graceful:**

"Wah!"

**Fragrance:**

"When she spoke to him, his heart filled with great

delight, as he could immediately recognise that her voice was the voice of the lady from his childhood that he had heard on the bank of An Abhainn na Fuinnseoige, on that very special July afternoon long long ago."

***Graceful:***

"I can feel his great delight, Ummy."



*Figure 44*  
~ §~ Far Oriental lands ~§ ~

***Fragrance:***

“Me too, Lovely.

She was very pleased that he remembered so well.”

***Graceful:***

“What did she say to him, Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

“She told him that the time was approaching near, Precious when she would be requesting him to write the magnificent work for her.”

***Graceful:***

“He must have been full of wonderment and expectancy, Ummy.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, he must surely have been, Lovely.

She held out the grail of fresh richly ripe fruit, and with a lovely smile invited him to take one.

Yet, he being with fullness of respect at first did  
shyly hesitate to

take, but when she gently encouraged him to take and enjoy, he took one fruit. Now which one, Brightness do you think he selected?"



Figure 45

~ §~ Samchholli Kumsu Kangsan of Far Oriental lands ~§ ~

**Graceful:**

"I think, Ummy that if there was a fresh richly ripe blackberry in that grail of different fruits he would have selected it."

**Fragrance:**

"Why do you think so, Brightness?"

**Graceful:**

"I can't say for sure, Ummy, but I feel certain that it would be my choice."

**Fragrance:**

"You're right, Brightness, for he did indeed select



and take with thanks from the different fruits found  
therein the grail, one fresh richly ripe blackberry.”

**Graceful:**

“Wah!”

**Fragrance:**

“Oh, Lovely, it was so delicious!”



*Figure 46*

~ §~ Seoul of the Land of Samcholli Kumsu Kangsan ~§ ~

37° 33' 50.868" N 126° 59' 13.686" E

Altitude: 50 meters

It tasted just like he remembered how fresh blackberries use to taste in his youth as he picked them with his brothers and sister all along the way down the fields passed the great palms to round and about Bradáin Hermitage.”

**Graceful:**

“Soon the blackberries will be coming, Ummy for see there their white and pink blossoms are already with us.”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, they will, Lovely, and together with your  
Ahmy, and lovelies

Sensibility, Hospitality, Edification, and Attentive we'll delight in the picking of them, won't we?"

**Graceful:**

"We will, Ummy!

Oh, we will."

**Fragrance:**

"With waking from his dream, Fírinnegrá turned and gently woke his wife to tell her of its story. She being of great wisdom, Brightness advised him to keep it safe and fresh within his sacred sanctuary, and in the meanwhile to continue on diligently studying, reflecting, and teaching in preparation for the work that the lady of his dream would one day ask him to accomplish.

It would be nine years more before the lady of his dream would again visit him."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, that was a long time, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"With being so happy with his studies, reflections, and teaching, Lovely the time would have passed by fairly quickly.

And in the meantime too, he and his wife and family had moved to the Land of Ave Éire with the intention of settling there, but that was not yet to be."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, he must have felt so sad, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"Um, he must have, Lovely.

Yet, he felt it to be very good to be back in the Land of Ave Éire again, with being able to spend some time with his lovely parents, brothers, and sister; old neighbours, relatives, and friends for he had not seen them all in such a very long time. How they were all so glad to see him, and warmly

welcomed he and his wife and their two treasures to their hearthsides.

It was especially good to be chatting to his sister and brothers again, and getting to know their lovely spouses, and his healthy happy nieces and nephews.

His father delighted in listening to his wife's stories of her Far

Oriental culture, traditions, and ancestors, and enjoyed writing beautiful poems for her.

His mother doted over their two treasures.

She painted many wondrous depictions of them playing in the fields about Bóherdairoige, and along by the banks, and in the waters of An Abhainn na Fuinnseoige.

These beautiful paintings now adorn the walls of the lovely Aoibhne family home in Bóherdairoige alongside those of their many cousins, neighbours, and friends.

Surely, Beautiful it was a year of great favour."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"How it was heavy then, Lovely for Fírinnegrá to be leaving them all behind as he and his little family set sail for the Arabian Peninsula; set sail for the port city of Jeddah on the beautiful Red Sea."

***Graceful:***

"Fírinnegrá the Brave, Ummmy!"

***Fragrance:***

"Indeed, Lovely.

Fírinnegrá the Brave!"

***Graceful:***

"What route did they journey, Ummmy?"

***Fragrance:***

"They journeyed south along by the magnificent scenery of the Iberian coast, and then east through the Strait of Gibraltar passed the white windmills of Tarifa into the White Lagoon, and finally southeast along out into the Red Sea by the rugged, starkly beautiful Sinai peninsula.

It was a journey filled with so many adventures, Beautiful, and as many again were to be waiting for them in the Land of Arabia."

***Graceful:***

“Will you tell me some of their adventures, Ummy?  
How I love to be listening to your telling of {The  
Thousand Nights and a Night} (Alf Laylah wa  
Laylah).”

***Fragrance:***

“Oh, Lovely, Fírinnegrá and his family had so many adventures in the charming Land of Arabia that it would take several weeks, perhaps even months for me to give breath to them all.”



*Figure 47*

~ §~ Land of Ave Éire ~§ ~  
~ §~ Strait of Gibraltar ~§ ~  
~ §~ White Lagoon ~§ ~  
~ §~ Jeddah of Arabia ~§ ~  
21° 29' 0.524" N 39° 11' 6.281" E  
Altitude: 14 meters

***Graceful:***

“May it be so then sometime, Ummý for I’d love to be hearing of them.”

***Fragrance:***

“And you will too, Beautiful, for I would be delighting in the telling of them.”



***Graceful:***

“Thank you, Ummy.

I'll look forward to it."

***Frangance:***

"Some three years later, Fírinnegrá and his family departed that desert land and headed for the Land of Ave Éire with every intention again of settling down there when something absolutely unbelievable happen to them!

Can you visualize, Brightness what it might be?"

***Graceful:***

"Oh, I see; I see some people storming their boat, Ummy!"

***Frangance:***

"Yes; yes, they were captured by pirates!"

***Graceful:***

"Oh!"

***Frangance:***

"They were captured by pirates; deceivers who carried them off in shackles back to the Arabian Peninsula; to an emirate of the United Arab Emirates."

***Graceful:***

"Oh, how awfully frightening that must have been for them, Ummy."

***Frangance:***

"Um, it was, my Precious."

***Graceful:***

"What happened to them in the emirate, Ummy?"

***Frangance:***

"Fírinnegrá was forced to work in a praetorian stockade deep in the burning desert while they held his wife and children captive in a lonely tower by the Persia-Arabian Gulf waters."

***Graceful:***

"Oh, how terrible."

***Frangance:***

"No words, my Lovely can adequately describe the

psychological wrenching and the physical harshness of the conditions that Fírinnegrá endured in that deplorable place.”

***Graceful:***

“Oh, Ummy.

Poor Fírinnegrá.

And what about his wife and children, Ummy back in the lonely tower by the waters?"

***Fragrance:***

"Their situation, Pretty was not as physically difficult as that of poor Fírinnegrá, but all the same they were painfully missing him, and constantly lived with the anxiety of not knowing what was going to happen to him next or even to themselves."

*Reflective silence.*



*Figure 48*

~ §~ Praetorian Stockade ~§ ~  
24° 32' 56.076" N 54° 46' 1.902" E  
Altitude: 37 meters  
~ §~ Lonely Tower ~§ ~  
25° 19' 53.342" N 55° 22' 58.926" E  
Altitude: 0 meters

***Fragrance:***

"They held the wife of Fírinnegrá and their children in captivity for almost two years before he was able to have them escape, and arrange safe passage for

them back to the Land of Ave Éire.”

***Graceful:***

“Then, Ummy, poor Fírinnegrá was left all alone now in that

praetorian stockade deep in the burning desert. Oh, Ummy; oh, Ummy how was he ever able to survive?"

***Fragrance:***

"In the parching scrub desert of that praetorian stockade were oft found upon his lips these sacred words, Beautiful; these sacred words in kind of his sacred faith.

'All we like sheep did go astray, we turned every one to his own way; and the LORD hath made to light on him the iniquity of us all. Behold My servant, whom I uphold; Mine elect, in whom My soul delights; I have put My spirit upon him, he shall make the right to go forth to the nations.

He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard either in the desert or the marketplace.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the dimly burning wick shall he not quench; he shall make the right to go forth according to the truth.

He shall not fail nor be crushed, till he have set the right in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his wisdom.'"

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"In the parching scrub desert of that praetorian stockade did Fírinnegrá sigh day-nightly when he remembered his family, Beautiful, and the Land of Ave Éire.

They that carried him away captive required of him a song; and they that almost broke him down never to stand again, required of him mirth, with grating, 'Sing us songs of your beloved Land of Ave Éire!'

But how, oh, how could he sing the songs of his beloved Land of Ave Éire, Beautiful in such tormenting company?"

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"And, Lovely, Fírinnegrá lamented in that place unto himself, 'Is dá mbéinnse i mo sheasamh i gceartlár mo dhaoine d'imeodh an aois díom is bheinn arís óg.'"

**Graceful:**

"What is in the nuance of these wonderful words, Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"If it could be possible for me to once again be back in my beloved Land of Ave Éire amongst my own people; with my family, then my dignity would be completely restored."

*Reflective silence.*

**Graceful:**

"Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"Um?"

**Graceful:**

"In the sacred words of Fírinnegrá's sacred faith, Ummy what is its central theme?"

**Fragrance:**

"Although it is a theme so very foreign to our people, Brightness, I shall do my best to explain it to you as meaningfully and concisely as I possibly can."

**Graceful:**

"Thank you, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"Throughout the sacred words of Fírinnegrá's sacred faith, Brightness, runs the theme of exaltation through suffering. According to his sacred faith, Fírinnegrá now finding himself in great difficulty identifies himself with the "man of pains" spoken of in the sacred words.

Just as the "man of pains" was exalted so too does Fírinnegrá believe in the reversal of his own present position of distress and humiliation."

*Reflective silence.*



***Graceful:***

"I don't know why, Ummy but when the sacred words,

"All we like sheep did go astray, we turned every one to his own way; and the LORD hath made to light on him the iniquity of us all." reached my ears they touched me very deeply.

What meaning more potent than all the others spoken do these

carry, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"For the Peoples of the Outside World who share Fírinnegrá's sacred faith and its expression, those words, Lovely uniquely carry for them a profound insight into the meaning of suffering in their lives. It's their feelings that you have been meeting, Brightness rather than anything else.

For you are one who is acutely sensitive to the feelings of others; be those others of the Inside World or the Outside World."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"The whole of Fírinnegrá's life, Brightness, especially its present circumstances came for him to a focus, and a fulfilment in the "man of pains" of his sacred faith who is eventually exalted.

It was that hope that was keeping him going in the parching scrub desert of that praetorian stockade."

***Graceful:***

"Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um?"

***Graceful:***

"From all the sacred words of Fírinnegrá's sacred faith, were there any Ummy, save these heavy words from which he could scent the freshness and beauty of life?"

***Fragrance:***

"It's true, Brightness that he allowed himself for his well being to be identified with the "man of pains" given the exceptional circumstances in which he had now found himself.

However, in normal circumstances, Fírinnegrá most admirably lives his life in the freshness and beauty inspired by a profound poem of his sacred

faith.”

***Graceful:***

“What’s the name of the poem, Ummy?”

***Fragrance:***

“Although, Beautiful it’s known by various names,  
Fírinnegrá

himself affectionately calls it, {Monastic Garden}."

**Graceful:**

"Oh, this name is very nice.

And how does {Monastic Garden} proceed,  
Ummy?"

**Fragrance:**

"But, Lovely it's a poem great in length."

**Graceful:**

"Yet, listening to you recite it, Ummy will seem  
hardly like a moment."

**Fragrance:**

"Whose daughter?"

**Graceful:**

"Ummy and Ahmy's daughter, Ummy."

Both are laughing heartily.

Aoife is smiling to herself with writing Her  
Royal Highness Crown Princess Graceful's replies  
for she recognizes them to be similar in style to the  
oft pretty replies given to her and Rísteárd by  
Láfiámór and Róisíneala.

**Fragrance:**

"Wonderful!

Then it shall be so, Beautiful."

**Graceful:**

"Thank you, Ummy."

**Fragrance:**

"You're most welcome, Lovely.

### **Monastic Garden**

ALEPH

Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in  
the law of the ALMIGHTY.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that  
seek him with the whole heart.

They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts  
diligently.  
O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!  
Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect  
unto all thy

commandments.

I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

BETH

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O ALMIGHTY: teach me thy statutes.

With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.

I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

I will meditate in thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

GIMEL

Deal bountifully with thy servant, that I may live, and keep thy word.

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

I am a stranger in the earth: hide not thy commandments from me.

My soul breaketh for the longing that it hath unto thy judgments at all times.

Thou hast rebuked the proud that are cursed, which do err from thy commandments.

Remove from me reproach and contempt; for I have kept thy testimonies.

Princes also did sit and speak against me: but thy servant did meditate in thy statutes.

Thy testimonies also are my delight and my  
counsellors.

DALETH

My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken thou me  
according to thy word.

I have declared my ways, and thou heardest me:  
teach me thy statutes.

Make me to understand the way of thy precepts: so  
shall I talk of

thy wondrous works.

My soul melteth for heaviness: strengthen thou me according unto thy word.

Remove from me the way of lying: and grant me thy law graciously.

I have chosen the way of truth: thy judgments have I laid before me.

I have stuck unto thy testimonies: O ALMIGHTY, put me not to shame.

I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.

HE

Teach me, O ALMIGHTY, the way of thy statutes; and I shall keep it unto the end.

Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.

Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight.

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken thou me in thy way.

Stablish thy word unto thy servant, who is devoted to thy fear.

Turn away my reproach which I fear: for thy judgments are good.

Behold, I have longed after thy precepts: quicken me in thy righteousness.

VAU

Let thy mercies come also unto me, O ALMIGHTY, even thy salvation, according to thy word.

So shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me: for I trust in thy word.

And take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth; for I have hoped in thy judgments.

So shall I keep thy law continually for ever and



ever.

And I will walk at liberty: for I seek thy precepts.  
I will speak of thy testimonies also before kings,  
and will not be ashamed.

And I will delight myself in thy commandments,  
which I have loved.

My hands also will I lift up unto thy  
commandments, which I have loved; and I will  
meditate in thy statutes.

ZAIN

Remember the word unto thy servant, upon which  
thou hast caused me to hope.

This is my comfort in my affliction: for thy word  
hath quickened me.

The proud have had me greatly in derision: yet  
have I not declined from thy law.

I remembered thy judgments of old, O ALMIGHTY;  
and have comforted myself.

Horror hath taken hold upon me because of the  
wicked that forsake thy law.

Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of  
my pilgrimage.

I have remembered thy name, O ALMIGHTY, in the  
night, and have kept thy law.

This I had, because I kept thy precepts.

CHETH

Thou art my portion, O ALMIGHTY: I have said that  
I would keep thy words.

I entreated thy favour with my whole heart: be  
merciful unto me according to thy word.

I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy  
testimonies.

I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy  
commandments.

The bands of the wicked have robbed me: but I  
have not forgotten thy law.

At midnight I will rise to give thanks unto thee  
because of thy righteous judgments.

I am a companion of all them that fear thee, and of  
them that keep thy precepts.

The earth, O ALMIGHTY, is full of thy mercy: teach  
me thy statutes.

TETH

Thou hast dealt well with thy servant, O

ALMIGHTY, according unto thy word.

Teach me good judgment and knowledge: for I have  
believed thy commandments.

Before I was afflicted I went astray: but now have I kept thy word.

Thou art good, and doest good; teach me thy statutes.

The proud have forged a lie against me: but I will keep thy precepts with my whole heart.

Their heart is as fat as grease; but I delight in thy law.

It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes.

The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.

JOD

Thy hands have made me and fashioned me: give me understanding, that I may learn thy commandments.

They that fear thee will be glad when they see me; because I have hoped in thy word.

I know, O ALMIGHTY, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.

Let, I pray thee, thy merciful kindness be for my comfort, according to thy word unto thy servant.

Let thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live: for thy law is my delight.

Let the proud be ashamed; for they dealt perversely with me without a cause: but I will meditate in thy precepts.

Let those that fear thee turn unto me, and those that have known thy testimonies.

Let my heart be sound in thy statutes; that I be not ashamed.

CAPH

My soul fainteth for thy salvation: but I hope in thy word.

Mine eyes fail for thy word, saying, When wilt thou comfort me?

For I am become like a bottle in the smoke; yet do I not forget thy statutes.

How many are the days of thy servant? when wilt thou execute judgment on them that persecute me?

The proud have digged pits for me, which are not after thy law.

All thy commandments are faithful: they persecute me wrongfully; help thou me.

They had almost consumed me upon earth; but I forsook not thy precepts.

Quicken me after thy lovingkindness; so shall I  
keep the testimony of thy mouth.

LAMED

For ever, O ALMIGHTY, thy word is settled in  
heaven.

Thy faithfulness is unto all generations: thou hast  
established the earth, and it abideth.

They continue this day according to thine  
ordinances: for all are thy servants.

Unless thy law had been my delights, I should then  
have perished in mine affliction.

I will never forget thy precepts: for with them thou  
hast quickened me.

I am thine, save me; for I have sought thy precepts.  
The wicked have waited for me to destroy me: but I  
will consider thy testimonies.

I have seen an end of all perfection: but thy  
commandment is exceeding broad.

MEM

O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the  
day.

Thou through thy commandments hast made me  
wiser than mine enemies: for they are ever with  
me.

I have more understanding than all my teachers:  
for thy testimonies are my meditation.

I understand more than the ancients, because I  
keep thy precepts.

I have refrained my feet from every evil way, that I  
might keep thy word.

I have not departed from thy judgments: for thou  
hast taught me.

How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea,  
sweeter than honey to my mouth!

Through thy precepts I get understanding:  
therefore I hate every false way.

NUN

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments.

I am afflicted very much: quicken me, O ALMIGHTY, according unto thy word.

Accept, I beseech thee, the freewill offerings of my mouth, O ALMIGHTY, and teach me thy judgments. My soul is continually in my hand: yet do I not forget thy law.

The wicked have laid a snare for me: yet I erred not from thy precepts.

Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage for ever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart.

I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes always, even unto the end.

SAMECH

I hate vain thoughts: but thy law do I love.

Thou art my hiding place and my shield: I hope in thy word.

Depart from me, ye evildoers: for I will keep the commandments of my God.

Uphold me according unto thy word, that I may live: and let me not be ashamed of my hope.

Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe: and I will have respect unto thy statutes continually.

Thou hast trodden down all them that err from thy statutes: for their deceit is falsehood.

Thou puttest away all the wicked of the earth like dross: therefore I love thy testimonies.

My flesh trembleth for fear of thee; and I am afraid of thy judgments.

AIN

I have done judgment and justice: leave me not to mine oppressors.

Be surety for thy servant for good: let not the proud oppress me.

Mine eyes fail for thy salvation, and for the word of thy righteousness.

Deal with thy servant according unto thy mercy, and teach me thy statutes.

I am thy servant; give me understanding, that I



may know thy testimonies.  
It is time for thee, ALMIGHTY, to work: for they  
have made void thy law.  
Therefore I love thy commandments above gold;  
yea, above fine gold.

Therefore I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right; and I hate every false way.

PE

Thy testimonies are wonderful: therefore doth my soul keep them.

The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.

I opened my mouth, and panted: for I longed for thy commandments.

Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto those that love thy name.

Order my steps in thy word: and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

Deliver me from the oppression of man: so will I keep thy precepts.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant; and teach me thy statutes.

Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law.

TZADDI

Righteous art thou, O ALMIGHTY, and upright are thy judgments.

Thy testimonies that thou hast commanded are righteous and very faithful.

My zeal hath consumed me, because mine enemies have forgotten thy words.

Thy word is very pure: therefore thy servant loveth it.

I am small and despised: yet do not I forget thy precepts.

Thy righteousness is an everlasting righteousness, and thy law is the truth.

Trouble and anguish have taken hold on me: yet thy commandments are my delights.

The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting: give me understanding, and I shall live.

KOPH

I cried with my whole heart; hear me, O

ALMIGHTY: I will keep thy statutes.

I cried unto thee; save me, and I shall keep thy testimonies.

I prevented the dawning of the morning, and cried:

I hoped in thy word.

Mine eyes prevent the night watches, that I might meditate in thy

word.

Hear my voice according unto thy lovingkindness:  
O ALMIGHTY, quicken me according to thy  
judgment.

They draw nigh that follow after mischief: they are  
far from thy law.

Thou art near, O ALMIGHTY; and all thy  
commandments are truth.

Concerning thy testimonies, I have known of old  
that thou hast founded them for ever.

RESH

Consider mine affliction, and deliver me: for I do  
not forget thy law.

Plead my cause, and deliver me: quicken me  
according to thy word.

Salvation is far from the wicked: for they seek not  
thy statutes.

Great are thy tender mercies, O ALMIGHTY:  
quicken me according to thy judgments.

Many are my persecutors and mine enemies; yet do  
I not decline from thy testimonies.

I beheld the transgressors, and was grieved;  
because they kept not thy word.

Consider how I love thy precepts: quicken me, O  
ALMIGHTY, according to thy lovingkindness.

Thy word is true from the beginning: and every one  
of thy righteous judgments endureth for ever.

SCHIN

Princes have persecuted me without a cause: but  
my heart standeth in awe of thy word.

I rejoice at thy word, as one that findeth great  
spoil.

I hate and abhor lying: but thy law do I love.

Seven times a day do I praise thee because of thy  
righteous judgments.

Great peace have they which love thy law: and

nothing shall offend them.

ALMIGHTY, I have hoped for thy salvation, and  
done thy commandments.

My soul hath kept thy testimonies; and I love them  
exceedingly.

I have kept thy precepts and thy testimonies: for all  
my ways are before thee.

TAU

Let my cry come near before thee, O ALMIGHTY:  
give me understanding according to thy word.

Let my supplication come before thee: deliver me  
according to thy word.

My lips shall utter praise, when thou hast taught  
me thy statutes.

My tongue shall speak of thy word: for all thy  
commandments are righteousness.

Let thine hand help me; for I have chosen thy  
precepts.

I have longed for thy salvation, O ALMIGHTY; and  
thy law is my delight.

Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee; and let thy  
judgments help me.

I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy  
servant; for I do not forget thy commandments."

*Reflective silence.*

***Graceful:***

"Oh, Ummy it's brimming over with a resplendent  
loveliness."

***Fragrance:***

"Um, a moral loveliness that's truly resplendent; a  
sound within to be heard, and a sight to be seen.  
What *The Book of Sayings* Graceful was to  
Grandfather Sacred Manuscripts, {Monastic  
Garden} is to Fírinnegrá, in that for him it is a  
constant source of beauty and a royal diary of  
inspiration."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"Now, on the eight dawn of the month of February,  
and in the third year of his captivity, and with the  
lights of Dubai city brightly shinning in the  
southern near distance, Fírinnegrá lay sleeping in

his lonely tower prison cell in Sharjah; the very same cell that had once held his family captive. And while he sleeping, the lady of great beauty who had visited him in the Far Oriental lands again sought him out in a dream."

***Graceful:***

"Wah!"

***Fragrance:***

"He was so very very delighted, Lovely to meet her again.

And she so pleased to find him still in readiness to do her work, although she was visibly grieved over his present circumstances."

***Graceful:***

"Did she tell him how he might be able to escape his captors, Ummy?"

***Fragrance:***

"Rather she went on to describe for him in detail the outline of the magnificent work that she wanted him to write for her.

And she told him, that she would be with him every step of the way.

In those words, Brightness was the hidden how."

***Graceful:***

"Oh."

***Fragrance:***

"Fírinnegrá woke up, Lovely with a feeling of great serenity, and immediately wrote down all that which had been revealed to him in the dream.

That evening, he had a coded message smuggled out to his wife giving her the great news, and encouraging her and the children to look forward to his imminent escape."

***Graceful:***

"Wah!

How exciting, Ummy."

***Fragrance:***

"In her reply, Lovely which he received some days later, she expressed how truly overjoyed she and the children were with the marvellous news, and so thankful too that it had come just at this very time, for she was beginning to worry greatly over the deteriorating state of his health."



***Graceful:***

“Oh, she and the children must have been so anxious for him, Ummy, mustn’t they?”

***Fragrance:***

“Um, they were, Brightness.

Yet, night be day day be night come the early morning light, they

did pray all in their own way, "Thy word is a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path."

*Reflective silence.*

***Fragrance:***

"Three days, Lovely after receiving his wife's reply, Fírinnegrá in his lonely tower prison cell by the sea, secretly began working on the first draft of the magnificent work."

***Graceful:***

"He was now with a new bravery, Ummy, wasn't he?"

***Fragrance:***

"Um, he surely was, Brightness.

Each completed page was carefully smuggled out to his wife for safekeeping.

This was his life, Lovely for the next four months while all the while he meticulously made plans for a daring escape.

The most difficult and dangerous part of his plan was actually how to get out of his tower cell for it was six floors above ground; too high to jump down from, and yet too low from which to fly out from on any kind of artificial wings.

But eventually, Brightness he could see the 'hidden how' and with it found himself free."

***Graceful:***

"Would that all peoples of the Outside World, and not just a few would be of such a conviction to search for the 'hidden how' and be of the courage to daringly set themselves free from their religionist and non-religionist captivities."

***Fragrance:***

"Oh, Princess!

Oh, Princess!

What profound words are these you have just uttered, for they have not come of you, but through

you?"

***Graceful:***

"What profound words, Ummy?

Which words do you speak of?

For I have been with great attention listening to  
your own words, Ummy, and have uttered naught  
since, 'He was now with a new

bravery, Ummy, wasn't he?"

***Frangrance:***

"Heard you not then, my Precious a few moments afore, these ocean words?

'Would that all peoples of the Outside World, and not just a few would be of such a conviction to search for the 'hidden how' and be of the courage to daringly set themselves free from their religionist and non-religionist captivities.' "

***Graceful:***

"Ummy, this is my first time hearing them. Words of great depth and expanse they seem to be, but I know not what they mean."

Pondering long together in silence. And Her Majesty did come to perceive that the 'ocean words' given through Crown Princess Graceful were from Lady Ave Éire.

***Frangrance:***

"Once away from the tower in Sharjah, Fírinnegrá was able to make his way by night, Lovely to some dhows that were moored in a little port off to the west.

He stowed away in one of them for the next five days before it set sail across the waters for a place called Bandar Al-Lengeh in the Land of Persia."

***Graceful:***

"Wah!"

***Frangrance:***

"From Bandar Al-Lengeh he travelled along by various means the ancient Persian routes through the Zagros Mountains and all the way on and on to the Plateau of Anatolia in eastern Turkey.

There he secured passage on a boat and sailed from the Port of Antalya for the isle of Crete, and then to Malta, and out of the Great White Lagoon by way of the Strait of Gibraltar to follow the

Iberian coastline northwards back to the Land of Ave Éire.

And on the thirteenth day in the month of June, he again set foot back here on the compassionate Land of Ave Éire where he was reunited with his brave wife and patient children.”



Figure 49

~ §~ Sharjah ~§ ~  
 ~ §~ Bandar Al-Lengeh ~§ ~  
 26° 33' 52.834" N 54° 53' 1.558" E  
 Altitude: 15 meters  
 ~ §~ Zagros Mountains ~§ ~  
 ~ §~ Plateau of Anatolia ~§ ~

***Graceful:***

“Oh, how very happy, Umm they must have been to have him back with them again.”

***Fragrance:***

“And he too, Brightness.

A great feast was held in their honour by his parents, brothers and sister, and their families; by neighbours, relatives and friends in the family home in Bóherdairóige.

Some months of healing were to pass before he was able, Lovely to again resume writing the magnificent work requested of him by Lady Ave Éire."



*Figure 50*

~ §~ Port of Antalya ~§ ~  
 36° 52' 21.850" N 30° 42' 57.276" E  
 Altitude: 14 meters  
 ~ §~ Crete ~§ ~  
 ~ §~ Malta ~§ ~  
 ~ §~ Strait of Gibraltar ~§ ~  
 ~ §~ Land of Ave Éire ~§ ~

***Graceful:***

"Oh, Ummy what a wonderful story!  
 Thank you so much."

***Fragrance:***

"You're very welcome, my Beautiful.  
 Let's cross on over the bird's nest bridge to  
 Crescent Moon where we're expected to attend a  
 luncheon celebrating the Blooming of the Lilies in  
 the Valley."

***Graceful:***

“In these lovely days, Ummy, the Valley of the Crescent Moon could well be called the Valley of Sublime Lilies.”



***Fragrance:***

"It surely could, my Beautiful, as rivers return to the sea, sublime lilies the valley treasure be."

***Her Majesty:***

"And that, Aoife will be sufficient unto the moment."

***Aoife:***

"Thank you, Your Majesty for the honour of being able to hear your words, and to be able to write them down in a sweet and gentle language of the hill country of Déisi Mumhan."

***Her Majesty:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire for your willingness and the beauty and richness of your style, Aoife."

***Aoife:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire for Your Majesty."

***Her Majesty:***

"In a few days time, Aoife, yere dear friends from Tripoli of the Levant, will be anchoring their beautiful motoryacht the *Tara Fountaine* in the brightly shimmering waters off Mónatrébun."

***Aoife:***

"Oh, we're all so looking forward to seeing them, Your Majesty."

***Her Majesty:***

"One of the yacht's tenders will be sent to the waiting shore for Rísteárd and yourself, Láfiámór, Róisíneala, Bealtaine and Samhain that ye may, as is yere lovely custom, set out with them on the morning of July 16th for yere annual circumnavigation of the Land of Ave Éire."

***Aoife:***

"Oh! Your Majesty, then I will request of our friends that this year we depart on the following day instead, that I on the sixteenth, a fortnight hence may be here in Aislinge Rú to continue in

joyful earnest our important work.”

***Her Majesty:***

“Thank you, Aoife for your great generosity, but I need you to go and enjoy this yere lovely custom. For the following of beautiful customs; the following of noble traditions is the mainstay of life for all generations.

Our lovely fortnightly custom, Aoife of meeting here in Aislinge

Rú, like all customs is not unyielding for sometimes it will be mutually more convenient to randomly meet.

However, what's of consequence is that we follow this beautiful custom."

Aoife is smiling in full agreement. They are gracefully rising to their feet.

***Her Majesty:***

"Aoife, I'll be returning again in autumnal days. Until then."



*Figure 51*  
~ §~ Mónatrébun ~§ ~

Evanescing is Her Majesty with smiles and waves for Aoife who is waving and smiling in return.

***Aoife:***

"Until then, Your Majesty, adieu."

With Her Majesty's evanescence, Aoife is slowly placing the pages she has written in a white covered folder. Holding the folder to her bosom is she contentedly descending to the inn by way of

the small smooth stoned ravine, and the hazel grove with its nearby well. In she and Rísteárd's cosy bedroom is she placing the folder in a cherry inlaid rosewood arca.

By eventide, she will be bringing forth the precious folder from the arca for Rísteárd to enjoy to read. They will no doubt be chatting happily on its content and themes long into the welcoming night. And who knows, if there is the Moon to be seen, they may very well take a stroll up to the tranquil Ochtach grove, and changing there into sensuous edenwear, recline on the oyster-coloured cushions in the beautiful Aislinge Rú pavilion to admire the celestial lantern's reflection in the Glandhuan, in their cups of spring water, and in each other's smiling eyes.

Aoife is enjoying supper with her noble handsome Rísteárd, and their lovelies Láflamór and Róisíneala.

### **Annotations:**

{Al-Qur'an Al-Kareem}, Surah An-Nur 24:35; English translation by Mohammed Marmaduke Pickthall

*Land of Samcholli Kumsu Kangsan* - the land of three thousand li of golden woven rivers and mountains, namely beautiful Korea.

*All we like sheep did go astray . . .* - from {The Book of Isaiah}, Chapter 53:6.42:1-4

*Is dá mbéinnse i mo sheasamh i gceartlár mo dhaoine d'imeodh an aois díom is bheinn arís óg.* - from the beautiful poem 'Anois teacht an Earraigh' composed by Gaeilge/Irish writer Antaine Ó Reachtabhra (1784-1835)

Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance's interpretation: "If it could be possible for me to once again be back in my beloved Land of Ave Éire amongst my own people; with my family, then my dignity would be completely restored."

{Monastic Garden} - Psalm 119, version: King James.

The Authorized King James Version is an English translation of the Christian Holy Bible composed between 1604 and 1611 on the neighbouring isle of Albion. It is chosen here for the beauty of its literary style; its language being one of reverence and respect. The sincere efforts of its pious translators is greatly appreciated for they have managed to admirably produce fountains of living water for those who thirst for deeper meanings into life.

## Chapter Six

### The request to interpret a collection of ancient Middle Eastern writings

**W**ell into a lovely autumnal night in late September, Aoife dreamt a dream like no other she had ever dreamt. And with waking from it, she turned and gently woke Rísteárd.

**Aoife:**

"I've had a most wondrous dream, my Love."

**Rísteárd:**

"Speak, my Love.

I'm listening very carefully."

**Aoife:**

"In the dream, I'm sitting in the inn garden reading these lines from William Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

*"Hippolyta:*

'Tis strange my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

*Theseus:*

More strange than true: I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen, have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend

More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover and the poet,

Are of imagination all compact:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth  
to heaven;  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy  
nothing  
A local habitation and a name.



Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
That, if it would apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;  
Or in the night, imagining some fear,  
How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

*Hippolyta:*

But all the story of the night told over,  
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,  
More witnesseth than fancy's images,  
And grows to something of great constancy;  
But, howsoever, strange and admirable . . ."

And I'm looking up from the page, and with  
thinking and smiling to myself that strange,  
admirable, and true is the bright local habitation  
himself, the Bard of Avon.

And as I'm with reflecting on along these lines, I'm  
beginning to feel on the left side of my face this  
beautiful soft warm scented breeze from the east.  
With turning my head to look in the direction from  
whence is coming the breeze, I'm seeing to my  
great delight, Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire  
Fragrance strolling towards me in the garden.  
Her Majesty's smiling countenance is so beautifully  
beautiful, and her distinctively charming fragrance  
is already reaching me like it did in this summer  
time, when she came and visited me in Aislinge Rú.  
And we are greeting each other with our familiar  
salutations."

***Aoife:***

"Your Majesty!

Your Majesty!

Oh, it's so lovely to see you again!"

***Her Majesty:***

"So wonderfully delightful to see you too, Aoife!

And how is your noble handsome Rísteárd  
keeping?"

**Aoife:**

“Inn keeping, Your Majesty.  
He is keeping very well, thank you.”

**Her Majesty:**

“Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.

And yere lovelies Láfiamór and Róisíneala?"

**Aoife:**

"They're in the very best of health, Your Majesty.  
Lovely they are, thank you."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.  
Pretty perennials Bealtaine and Samhain?"

**Aoife:**

"As you can see them there, Your Majesty, faithful  
they are.

Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Her Majesty:**

"Indeed.  
Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Aoife:**

"How are the People of Ave Éire keeping, Your  
Majesty?"

**Her Majesty:**

"They are keeping very well, Aoife thank you."

**Aoife:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

**Aoife:**

"Your Majesty come let us go and sit that I may  
serve you a refreshing drink of water from the  
garden spring."

**Her Majesty:**

"That will be most refreshing, Aoife.  
Thank you."

**Aoife:**

"Here you are, Your Majesty.  
Receive and enjoy."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thank you, Aoife."

**Aoife:**

“You’re most welcome, Your Majesty.”

***Her Majesty:***

“Ah, it carries well within it the purity and freshness of the ancient glaciers.

Absolutely miraculous it is, Aoife."

**Aoife:**

"Throughout the seasons, Your Majesty the spring is always welcoming and always refreshing."

**Her Majesty:**

"Aoife, may I teach you how to read Éirelese calligraphy for I wish to make known to you the content of a quantity of our Sublime Emblems?"

**Aoife:**

"Behold the handmaid of Your Majesty; be it done unto me according to your word.

With the loving kindness of Lady Ave Éire will I be able to read Éirelese calligraphy in the name of Your Majesty.

In the name of Your Majesty most Bountiful will I be able to read all that which I know not yet."

**Her Majesty:**

"Thank you Aoife.

Then let us here in this blissful garden, gracious courteous Aoife of the sacred hill country of Déisi Mumhan begin in joyful earnest our preparation for this important work.

Lady Ave Éire be with us."

**Aoife:**

"With us is Lady Ave Éire."

**Her Majesty:**

"With us is Lady Ave Éire."

And Her Majesty is patiently showing me how to read Éirelese calligraphy. And as we are doing so, I'm noticing that the sun is rising and setting many times on the page, yet there are no nights.

**Her Majesty:**

"Your ability, Aoife to read Éirelese calligraphy is of such an extraordinary level that it will be a marvel unto many in the Outside World."

***Aoife:***

“It is Your Majesty who is my teacher.”

***Her Majesty:***

"I will return of day in the near soon, Aoife, and together we will go to the Great Library in Castle Sanctuary."

And now, I'm finding myself, my Love coming out from my dream; waking up from my sleep."

***Rísteárd:***

"Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance it seems is about to request of you, my Love a very special work involving the Sublime Emblems of the People of Ave Éire.

Up to this summer afore, She needed you to write something for Her in a language of the Outside World.

Now it would appear that She is going to request you to do something involving Éirelese calligraphy. And by way of preparation that you may be able to do so with ease, understanding, and insight, She came and taught you in dream time; dream time which can be made up of days only, nights only, nights and days only, and even moments only.

Her Majesty was well pleased with your ability, my Love to read Éirelese calligraphy.

Now of day in the near soon, you will accompany Her Majesty to the Great Library in Castle Sanctuary."

And the sun rose into the welcoming valley with the coming of the dawn, lagooning them away away into the cosiest of sleeps.

Now some days later; that day being the seventh day of October, and about the midday hour, Aoife in warm, ruby wool tweed jacket and full-length skirt, and lovely snug apricot coloured shoes was happily and leisurely strolling along the shore of the shimmering waters of pristine Loch

Lár. A very faint easterly breeze had momentarily begun to play out on the surface of the lake. Looking out, and she was with noticing how the ripples there were with gentle sway. Leisurely she was with strolling, and again a faint easterly breeze had momentarily begun to play on the surface of the lake. Looking out, and she was with noticing how the ripples there were with gentle sway. Leisurely she strolled on along, and with doing so she subtly felt on the right side of her face this beautiful soft warm scented breeze from the east. As she was turning her



head she was noticing to her great surprise and delight that Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire Fragrance was strolling towards her on the shimmering surface of the water.

Her Majesty was wearing a long ochtach green dress that had a gloriously embroidered hem which was touching the rippings all around save down at the front where it revealed as she moved her lovely yellow rose shoes. The linings of its long sleeves were of a lovely rich red and detailed with an abundance of golden pink fleur-de-lis designs. About her waist was a loosely tied salmon spotted girdle of whitest fine linen. And upon her head of golden brown hair, all glistening softly in the sunshine was a delicate crown of rarest gems. In her left hand she was holding a light brown hazel wood staff that had growing nearing its top lovely bright lime-green leaves. With nearing the shore, Aoife was scenting Her Majesty's distinctively charming fragrance. It is mystifying to describe what that delectable scent is quite like. It may be said to be very delicate and fine like that of sweet furze in full spring bloom and fresh lilies of midsummer with that of the faint presence of some kind of herbal scent found somewhere between rosemary and thyme. Anyhow, mystifyingly delectable is that distinctive scent."

**Aoife:**

"Your Majesty!

Your Majesty!

What a delightful surprise!

It's so wonderful to see you again."

**Her Majesty:**

"So wonderfully delightful to see you too, Aoife!

How is your noble handsome Rísteárd keeping?"

**Aoife:**

“Inn keeping, Your Majesty.  
He is keeping very well, thank you.”

***Her Majesty:***

“Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.  
And how about yere lovelies Láflamór and  
Róisíneala?”

***Aoife:***

“They’re in the very best of health, Your Majesty.

Lovely they are, thank you."

***Her Majesty:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.

And the pretty perennials Bealtaine and Samhain?"

***Aoife:***

"Faithful they are, Your Majesty.

Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

***Her Majesty:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

***Aoife:***

"How are the People of Ave Éire keeping, Your Majesty?"

***Her Majesty:***

"They are keeping very well, Aoife thank you."

***Aoife:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire."

***Her Majesty:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire.

In your dream of late, Aoife you learnt how to read Éirelese calligraphy.

Your ability is of such an extraordinary level that it will be a marvel unto many in the Outside World."

***Aoife:***

"It is Your Majesty who is my teacher."

***Her Majesty:***

"My work has been made immensely easier, Aoife by your brightness and attention to detail, nuance, and subtly.

Now I would like you to accompany me by way of worlds about to the Great Library in Castle Sanctuary."

***Aoife:***

"It would be an honour, a privilege, and a joy, Your Majesty."

***Her Majesty:***

"Then place your left hand on my right arm."

In a moment they are away from the shimmering waters of Loch Lár, and are in this place where there are great rich blue mountains of snowy ice rising off to the north and to the south, but in between there are trees of various kinds, ferns and fauna; caverns and most beautiful flowers. They are in the ancestral home of the

People of Ave Éire between the great glaciers before the time that Lady Ave Éire first appeared and walked among their ancestors, the Children of the Snow. The caverns; the thermal caverns are where they dwelt. Beneath their bare feet is soft green grass. It feels warm, and cushy like a carpet. They are bathing their faces over a thermal spring. Its waters feel so good; so silky. The warm springs originally represented Lady Ave Éire's great care for the people in the high altitudes although they were not at first aware of who it was that was doing the caring.

In the sky, Sun, a Crescent Moon, and Nuptial Star have about each a golden aureola. They can see stars twinkling beyond them. A great rainbow is off to the northeast. It is a particular time that is being recalled in the history of the People of Ave Éire; the time when Lady Ave Éire first appeared among the Children of the Snow. It was a day when the Sun, a Crescent Moon, and Nuptial Star were together in the sky, but now they are clothed in raiment of gold. Something special is happening. Even the distant stars are present to witness it. The great rainbow is bountifulness filled up to the sky.

They are turning and looking directly north, and can see a seemingly familiar star. They know it's greeting them. This represents the continuation of this new departure; a recalling of that first event which took place over twenty thousand years ago is complete, and Her Majesty is now being introduced to Her own time, and to the Star of Her Conception. At the time of Her birth this star became the center of the heavens. {The Treatise on Reciprocal Inclination} carries the words, "As is overthere so it is overhere." Her Majesty is to move into center stage to accomplish something very

special; something that is newly coming into existence. Her star is shining with Her, and Aoife is to play a vital role in it. Lady Ave Éire's voice is in their ears, inviting them to come with Her.

Effortlessly, they are now finding themselves being floated up higher and higher to alight on a wispy white cloud in a bright blue sky. A warm breeze is alofting from the Great Stream which flows in the Green Ocean from the Gulf of the Full Moon, and which

keeps the Land of Ave Éire temperate. As in the days of old when Lady Ave Éire showed Her great care for the ancestors of the People of Ave Éire who dwelt in the high altitudes, by providing them with warm springs, She now too continues to show this great care in their own day.

The loving breeze is undulating their wispy white vessel before it eastwards; taking them on a journey along beneath the path of the rising sun from whence comes the awaking of all life. They are passing over two great stretches of glistening waters; the waters of the Great White Lagoon and the Great Red Coral Lagoon by and on over the Sacred Tent of Gold, the Pyramids of the Clouds, the Vessel of the Clouds, and the Great Yellow Lagoon, and on out over the Blue Ocean, and on over between two great landmasses; on out over the glistening waters of the Gulf of the Full Moon, and on over the Green Ocean. Flocks of birds of various kinds are in full graceful flight out front beneath them.



*Figure 52*

~ §~ “. . . by and on over the Sacred Tent of Gold, the Pyramids of the Clouds . . .” ~§ ~

They are now floating in over the most northerly islets of the Land of Ave Éire, and continuing on towards the south. Off to the



east they can see the shimmering waters of the largest lake on the isle. They are passing over a hill that has an Outside World statue standing atop of it. The hill is that of Tara, a royal seat of the Celtí at one time, and the statue thereon is that of Patricius; Sancti Celestini's missionary to the island.

Floating on southwards, and they are coming in over the beautiful hill country of Déisi Mumhan. Her Majesty is smiling as they are coming in very low by a tranquil ochtach grove that contains an astonishingly beautiful yellow roofed pavilion. Aoife is smiling as they pass over it for she is with the happy remembrance of warm summer days returning to it after enjoying swimming in the refreshing Glandhuan, and of sitting therein on the oyster-coloured cushions on the green rug with chatting and writing for Her Majesty.

And now they are coming in over the cosy botháin ósta of southern visage. Here is an inn like no other inn on the isle where a sojourner having enjoyed the bountifulness of its board may come and sit awhile beside its sacred hearth, and in sweet turf scented clime, listen to make vivifying discourse on stories significant; stories significant told through translation and fine elucidation by Rísteárd the Innkeeper. As they are passing over they see Rísteárd, Láfiámór and Róisíneala waving up to them with Bealtaine and Samhain running about in delight. Aoife and Her Majesty are waving down to them.

They are now making an approach to sublime Castle Sanctuary; coming in from the southeast on the first rays of the rising sun, on the morning of the eighth day of December.

It seems like only a few moments ago since they left the shore of Loch Lár, yet if we were to calculate according to Outside World time they have been travelling on high with some sixty-two days.

And with nearing and gradually dropping in altitude they are being floated in their beautiful wispy white vessel up to the Main Entrance. They are alighting, and in an instant, Aoife is finding herself standing next to Her Majesty in the foyer of the Great Library.

***Her Majesty:***

"Welcome, Aoife to Castle Sanctuary."

***Aoife:***

"Thank you Your Majesty.

It's so very good to be here again in this beautiful place; this sacred and beautiful place which is beyond comparison with anything in the Outside World."

From the foyer, they are now entering the Library proper. It has a wondrous fragrance, lighting, and ambiance. There are many enjoying reading and writing; enraptured countenances and refined wrist movements. Aoife is also noticing how exquisite are their costumes. And as she and Her Majesty are passing on along by each and every one they rise to greet them with a warm embrace and blessed words.

Now as they are strolling along the centre aisle, and with Her Majesty talking about different books to Aoife, a bird of many colours with a wide wingspan is gracefully descending from the golden rafters, and with slowly flapping its wings like great fans is hovering above a table. And as they are watching, the bird with its wings outstretched is now translating into the shape of a large opened book.

Aoife and Her Majesty are approaching the table. And as they are approaching the book is beginning to softly glow in various colours. A fragrance redolent of primroses in early spring is bathing their faces. As Aoife is gazing at the two centre pages, she senses that her eyes are opening wider and wider in utter amazement; so awesomely exquisite to her is this chef-d'oeuvre. She wants so much to be able to express what it is that she is

looking at but somehow she can't. Words of description are nowhere to be found in her sanctuary; her tongue has momentarily lost its power for discourse. A scented breeze is lightly brushing the left side of her face and hair, inclining her to look towards a now nocturnal south easterly facing window where she is seeing in it three brightly shining stars.

***Her Majesty:***

"The three stars, Aoife are the nave of the Great Book in the

Heavens that we as children use to affectionately call, {The Butterfly Storybook}.

We have watched it from our storytelling mother's lap rising in the eastern heavens; followed it with delight as it moved along over Strollnfox, Crescent Moon, and Elksnmist, and cried soft missing tears when it went from out of our view in the west.

How we oft envisioned ourselves as we were being carried along through the nights, to be children sitting on Lady Ave Éire's lap while She would be reading many wonderful stories to us from its pages.

And even still, Aoife I am with envisioning myself sitting beside Her, and listening to Her reading from it; reading from it stories that carry my senses; that carry my heart on to dance and play in infinity over the way.

Our ancestors used to refer to {The Butterfly Storybook} as the 'Land of Ave Éire's Reflection in the Heavens' in that it represented for them the shape of the Land of Ave Éire as it looked at the time of the great glaciers.

Each of its four stars they viewed as representing the stave offing of the great glaciers from closing in any further on the Fertile Crescent that flourished there between them.

The three stars in between represented this rich green haven while the little cluster of stars on the verge of the crescent to the left represented the perpetually active warm springs.

Outside the two stars to the left is the brightest star in the heavens, and it represented for them the Sun, and the smaller one next to it the Moon that constantly kept light and warmth on them while they lived in the world between the glaciers.

How beautiful, Aoife are the inner sanctuaries of

the ancestors.”

**Aoife:**

“How beautiful, Your Majesty are the inner sanctuaries of the ancestors, and of their descendants.”

**Her Majesty:**

“Thank you, gracious, Aoife.”

And as Aoife is watching this beautiful scene in the window, a magnificent, rich velvety sapphire doorway is filling the scene.

***Her Majesty:***

“Aoife, this doorway leads down to the Sublime Library wherein is stored the most sacred and precious of all treasures to the People of Ave Éire, namely the Sublime Emblems.

The Sublime Emblems contain narratives composed in exquisite Éirelese calligraphy as they were received directly from the lips of Lady Ave Éire down through the millennia.

And She, Herself confirms that each stroke composed by our calligraphers is an accurate and living representation of Her intentions.

And even in this our own day, Aoife is Lady Ave Éire breathing fragrant narratives for us which in turn our calligraphers lovingly, diligently, and skilfully consign to emblems.

Her words are inspirations sublime for our inner sanctuaries; original wisdom living, and like the rivers and streams are they ever and ever returning spiritual holiness to us.”

*Moments of reflective silence.*

***Her Majesty:***

“Sublime Library, Aoife extends way back northwards under Castle Hill; the scared hill on whose southern visage Castle Sanctuary stands. This will be the first time, Aoife that someone from the Outside world will visit the Sublime Library. Lady Ave Éire has let it be known to me in the stillness my inner sanctuary that She wants you to be the only one.”

They are descending into the Sublime Library. If the Great Library above was beyond comparison with anything in the Outside World, then the Sublime Library is beyond comparison with even the Great Library. One doesn't walk in this library

rather one hovers above the fragrant, wispy clouded sky blue floor. Everywhere neatly standing in shimmering shelves are what appear to be tablets, frames or plates of some kind. These ‘plates’ are all of the same size, about 60cm x 30cm x 3cm.

***Her Majesty:***

“Aoife, the astoundingly beautiful art of Éirelese calligraphy has been taught to us by Lady Ave Éire ever since the time of our



ancient ancestors the Children of the Snow.  
Over these past twenty thousand years, She has  
taught us to date in access of 720,000 characters.  
Each character contains galaxies of meanings unto  
itself, in addition to those found in its original  
context."

**Aoife:**

"Oh, Your Majesty, the characters look so beautiful,  
and feel to my eyes as if they have a life all of their  
own."

**Her Majesty:**

"This in every sense, Aoife is a living language.  
Lady Ave Éire styles it on the harmonious  
translations of the myriad things about us in the  
worlds; on observations of the natural world near,  
far, and beyond, and of the visible and invisible  
worlds, and of the within of times, and the without  
of times.

It may on one level be said to resemble a  
harmonious combination of the Outside World  
languages of Classical Chinese and Arabic  
calligraphy as found in such profound works as  
{The Chuang-Tzu the Radiant} and {The Qur'an  
the Resplendent}.

But ever and anon it is not so in meaning.

In the spoken word, it has no comparison with any  
other known language in the Outside World save  
perhaps Gaeilge in that it dances with the music of  
the birds of the air, flows with the velvet ripples  
of moonlit streams, and is silent like the starry  
heavens of a frosty winter's night.

And like the Gaeilge too, Aoife it is ever so  
wonderfully poetical while all the while a while  
from generation to generation admirably offering a  
fecundity of profoundest reflections."

*Moments of reflective silence.*

***Her Majesty:***

“Aoife, the {Treatise on True Faith} carries the words,

“She knows, whereas we do not yet know.”

Lady Ave Éire will preserve from generation to generation the People of Ave Éire from all harm, along with all the blessings She has bestowed upon them.

This is Her matriarchal promise to us; a leitmotif fragrantly wafting its way throughout our Classics, and is at the very heart of the

Sublime Emblems.”

**Aoife:**

“With listening to your words, Your Majesty, I’m all but without words.”

**Her Majesty:**

“Aoife, would you kindly oblige me by coming here in your dream time, be it in the sleep of night or nap of day to interpret with my help a quantity; a complete set of these Sublime Emblems for the peoples of the Outside World, and to compose in your own lovely prose-poetic language those interpretations?”

**Aoife:**

“Yes, of course, Your Majesty.”

**Her Majesty:**

“Thank you, Aoife.

Always you are so kind and ready to help.

This work will be a bringer of new life; a bringer of good tidings, and of great peace to individuals and peoples opening to newness of heart, goodness of heart, and peacefulness of heart in the Outside World.

In time, it will become for many their original representative Classic, and will serve as a paradigm for others.

For wherever it will be will it be forever bridging cultural serenities.

Your gracious role, Aoife will solely be to compose the interpretations in your beautiful hand.”

**Aoife:**

“Behold the handmaid of Your Majesty; be it done unto me according to your word.

With the loving kindness of Lady Ave Éire will I be able to interpret and compose in the name of Your Majesty.

In the name of Your Majesty most Bountiful will I

be able to interpret and write down all that which I know not yet.”

And after partaking of a wonderful meal with their Majesties Queen Ave Éire Fragrance, and King Ave Éire Signs, and their children Prince Sensibility, who is their eldest, Prince Hospitality, Princess Edification, Prince Attentive, and Crown Princess Graceful who is their youngest, Aoife was returned by Her Majesty to the shore of Loch Lár. Yet, it felt like only a moment ago since

they had been chatting there by the shimmering waters, for the sun was still in the same position as when she had set off to accompany Her Majesty by way of worlds about to the Great Library in Castle Sanctuary.

***Her Majesty:***

"In your dreams, Aoife we will meet."

***Aoife:***

"In my dreams, Your Majesty we will meet."

Evanescent above the shimmering waters of the lake is Her Majesty with smiles and waves for Aoife who is waving and smiling in return.

***Aoife:***

"Until then, Your Majesty, adieu."

With Her Majesty's evanescence, Aoife with many wonderful memories is strolling her way back to the inn. She will be telling Rísteárd and their Lovelies all about the great adventure she had with Her Majesty, and of Her Majesty's special request.

Now in the snow blanketed early predawn of the eighth day of December, Aoife who is snuggled in cosily to Rísteárd is having a halcyon dream in which she is visiting the Sublime Library of Castle Sanctuary.

***Her Majesty:***

"Oh, welcome, welcome Aoife!

How delighted I am that Lady Ave Éire has made this all possible."

***Aoife:***

"Lady Ave Éire is most welcome; Your Majesty is most welcome."

***Her Majesty:***

"Then let us here in this sacred and precious library, gracious courteous Aoife of the sacred hill

country of Déisi Mumhan begin in joyful earnest  
our important work.

Lady Ave Éire be with us.”

**Aoife:**

“With us is Lady Ave Éire.”

**Her Majesty:**

“With us is Lady Ave Éire.”

The Sublime Library has several different compartments including the following which has inscribed over the entrance in beautiful Éirelese and Eblalese these words: “The Sacred Narratives of Her Majesty Queen Ebla Praiseworthy of the Queendom of Ebla.” Aoife is reading them.

***Her Majesty:***

“Our work, Aoife will concentrate solely on Emblems in this compartment. And as we proceed you will be coming to learn more and more about the profound insights of Her Majesty Queen Ebla Praiseworthy.”

***Aoife:***

“Thank you, Your Majesty.  
I’m already looking forward to it.”

***Her Majesty:***

“You’re most welcome, Aoife.”

Her Majesty is effortlessly removing a Sublime Emblem from one of the shimmering shelves therein, and is now placing it on a special stand on a table before Aoife.

***Her Majesty:***

“Aoife, be with reading, and to your ability be with knowing.”

Over the next few hours, Aoife will with Her Majesty’s help interpret the Emblem, and with meticulous attention to detail will compose in her own words that which she and Her Majesty have discussed, and agreed upon to be the closest approximation in meaning to the original.

***Her Majesty:***

“Aoife the Gifted, although your wondrous work is not meant to be infallible for only the original here may be considered to be infallible, it brilliantly

presents the essence.

And that is a marvellous achievement, Aoife.

Bless your brightness; bless your skill."

**Aoife:**

"By Lady Ave Éire is it so, Your Majesty; is it so in the name of Your Majesty."



*Reflective moments of silence.*

Each letter of each and every word which Aoife has composed; each word of each and every sentence, and each sentence of each and every paragraph appears to be like unto that of a sunray meeting with some gently floating haze o'er a midsummer morning's stream, for so exquisitely all in one are they written.

***Her Majesty:***

"And that, Aoife completes our work on the first Emblem."

***Aoife:***

"Thank you, Your Majesty for the honour of I being here; for being able to read even to a certain degree the awesome calligraphy, and by your grace to be able to hear and know your interpretations, and in turn to be able to compose them in my own language."

***Her Majesty:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire for your willingness and the beauty and richness of your style, Aoife."

***Aoife:***

"Thanks be to Lady Ave Éire for Your Majesty."

Aoife is very carefully placing in a white covered folder the pages she has written.

***Her Majesty:***

"In your dreams, Aoife we will meet."

***Aoife:***

"In my dreams, Your Majesty we will meet."

With holding the folder to her bosom, she is evanescing from out of the presence of Her Majesty.

***Her Majesty:***

"In your dreams, Aoife we will meet. Adieu."

**Aoife:**

“In my dreams, Your Majesty.”

In she and Rísteárd’s cosy bedroom is she placing the folder in the cherry inlaid rosewood arca. And by the coming of the new day, she will be bringing forth the precious folder from the arca for Rísteárd to enjoy reading it. They will no doubt be chatting happily

on its content and themes for many a day and night. And with such thoughts she is finding herself waking from out of her sleep. She is turning and gently waking Rísteárd.

**Aoife:**

"I've been in my dream time, my Love to the Sublime Library in Castle Sanctuary to compose from a Sublime Emblem.

It's in the cherry inlaid rosewood arca over by the window.

With the welcoming of the new day we can begin to enjoy chatting on its content and themes."

**Rísteárd:**

"Blessed be, my Love Aoife, and greatly pleased must Her Majesty be with your beautiful work."

**Aoife:**

"Blessed be, my Love Rísteárd, and greatly pleased must everyone be who is privileged to hear his words by hearth; along by meandering rivers and streams, and shimmering lake waters."

They joyfully went up by the mountains and down by the valleys on their lagoonish way to the dawning of the day.



## PART II

**Dating from the autumn of 2009 to the spring  
of 2010  
in the village of Tallow, in Éire with having  
the Middle East; specifically the Levant,  
Anatolia,  
and Arabia as its setting.**



# Pearls of Queen Ebla Praiseworthy

**A collection of 400 highly creative short narratives on a whole array of topics, for instance wisdom, philosophy, mythology, dream, religion, history, heritage, lineage, love, aesthetics, prevision, and language.**

# Beloved Reader

## By Aoife Gléslí Brídóir Ní hAimsiri

In the days of long long a long ago, when queens were graceful, and their peoples honest, bright, and delighting in the wonderment of their own innocence, there lived here in the Outside World such a queen.

Her Majesty Queen Ebla Praiseworthy of the Queendom of Ebla was born in the Royal Palace, in the Royal City of Ebla on the seventeenth day of July, in the year 2154 BCE. She succeeded her mother to the throne in the year 2132 BCE at the age of twenty-two.

The Queendom of Ebla or more commonly known at the time by such names as the Garden of Ebla, the Isle of Ebla, and the Land of Ebla covered what we would know today as Anatolia, the Levant, and the Arabian Peninsula including numerous offshore isles such as Giresun in the Black Sea; the Marmaras in the Marmara Sea; a number of the Greek Isles such as Lesvos, Chios, Samos, Patmos, Kos, and Rhodes as well as the isle of Cyprus, the Farasans of the Red Sea, and Bahrain, Failaka, and Bubiyan of the Persia-Arabian Gulf.

The Isle of Ebla was shored in the north by the Black Sea; in the west by the Bosphorus Strait, the Marmara, the Aegean, the Mediterranean, the Marshlands, and the Red Sea; in the south by the Arabian Sea, and in the east by the Persia-Arabian Gulf, the Euphrates River, and the Coruh River. Many different peoples inhabited the isle, and not alone were they all found to be living in harmony



with each other, but also with their neighbours near and far beyond these boundary waters.

The isle may be viewed as having been the meeting place of three continents: the continent to its west beyond the Sinai marshlands which we today call Africa, the one to its north beyond the Bosphorus gorge which we call Europe, and the one to its east

beyond the Zagros mountains which we call Asia. Thus, in this beautiful island garden happily converged and harmoniously did meet the worlds of the peoples to its west, its north, and its east.

Renowned was it for its welcome to all; exemplary its hospitality. And for sure, there was no one ever departed its shores that wasn't in some way enriched and humbled by the profound wisdom, beauty, and love of its peoples; the profound wisdom, beauty, and love of its Royal House; of its queens.

It is important, Beloved Reader to keep in mind that the landscape and climate of four millennia ago which is being presented here within is not exactly the same as we would know it today, in that there was a lot more greenery, animals, streams, rivers, lakes and marshlands albeit vast areas as is now was very much desert.

The emblems are taken from a five-year period during Her Majesty Queen Ebla Praiseworthy's reign, namely the years 2100-2095 in which she went on a great tour of the queendom with her chief confidant who was also her chief scribe.

The primary focus is on the narratives (ahadith) themselves rather than on describing the actual tour. Intonation, pace, pause, and voice colour play a very important role in how the queen said something, and how she meant it to be perceived, understood, and acted upon. The reader at all times needs to take this into account.

Specific dates with reference to when the queen was in a particular place, and how long she sojourned there are not included. And for the most part, neither is the place names themselves given. Yet, let it be an understanding in your mind,

Beloved Reader that all dates, times, and place names would have been accurately recorded by the scribe, and authenticated, and sealed by the queen. Sufficient it is for the needs of this work to say, that during those five years the queen's journeying was extensive throughout the queendom, and this includes its offshore isles.

With the loving kindness of Lady Ave Éire, and in the name of Her Majesty Queen Ave Éire  
Fragrance of the People of Ave Éire; in the contentment of my beloved husband Rísteárd, our

beloved children Láfiámór and Róisíneala, and our charming pets Bealtaine and Samhain have I endeavoured to the best of my ability to interpret and compose in a lovely prose-poetic style the content of my dreams, namely the interpretation of the Sublime Emblems.

May my interpretation of them serve as sound, and profound bridges of wisdom, beauty, love, and prevision linking isles of cultural diversity.

With serenity, gratitude, joy, and well being, dear  
Reader,

**Aoife Gléslí Brídóir Ní hAimsiri**

The Inn

Hill Country of Déisi Mumhan

Isle of Éire

Queen of the South Day



## Sublime Emblem 1

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty Queen Ebla Praiseworthy (Serenity, and Joy is upon her -abbreviated to Sj) having just turned fifty-four years of age, and in the thirty-second year of her reign had a dream in which she felt called upon to go on a great tour of the queendom to enjoy listening to her peoples, and generously sharing with them her insights on life; generously sharing her wisdom with them, and with whomsoever she happened to meet along the way. In addition to a handful of attendants she was to be accompanied on her travels by me her chief confidant and chief scribe.

Herein is a record of some of her sayings spoken while on tour. I would inscribe them verbatim as I heard them spoken by Her Majesty (Sj). And each night, and before retiring, she would carefully read through what had been written, and confirm it to be accurate and true to what she had spoken in that place. And she would authenticate each record with her seal.

And besides these sayings, there were many other profound things spoken by Her Majesty (Sj) while on tour, and in places not mentioned here, which if they were all to be written down would take volumes to contain.

### **Chief Confidant & Chief Scribe Trustworthy**

37th year of Her Majesty's reign

Great Library

Royal Palace at Ebla

Queendom of Ebla  
A Garden of the Worlds

**Queen Ebla Praiseworthy**

22:30, 17th July 2095  
Authenticated & Sealed

## Sublime Emblem 2

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

In the Royal Palace at Ebla, and in the dawn of the eighteenth day of July, in the year 2100, and in the thirty-second year of her reign, when she was fifty-four, Her Majesty (Sj) woke from a dream like no other she had previously dreamt. She summoned me to the breakfast table where she told me about it, and asked me to record it for posterity. Her Majesty (Sj) told how that in the dream she was sitting in a fragrant blossoming orchard of many different kinds of trees, when her attention was directed to the sun shining through the blossoms of an apple tree. And with gazing through the blossoms she knew in her heart the sun to be speaking to her, and inviting her to go on a tour of the queendom to enjoy listening to her peoples, and generously sharing with them, and with whomsoever she happened to meet along the way her insights into life; generously sharing her wisdom. And eight days to the day, on the morn of the twenty-sixth of July, and with great excitement, Her Majesty (Sj), a handful of her attendants, and I set out on the great tour of the queendom. It was a glorious morning for such a great adventure.



## Sublime Emblem 3

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*



*Figure 53*

~ §~ The Queendom of Ebla: A Garden of the Worlds ~§ ~

## Sublime Emblem 4

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Fish Bird asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what’s the biggest fish; the biggest bird you’ve ever seen?”

“In the far north, beyond the Abundant Mountains, and in the Golden Sea lived a fish that was truly huge.

She was so huge that her length went on for some five hundred meters.

Now, of a dawn something quite extraordinary happened.”

“What; what happened, Your Majesty?”

“She transformed into a huge bird!

Oh, she was so huge that the width of her back must have been close on three hundred meters.”

“Did she live on the waters or in the nearby countryside?”

“At times on the waters, but mostly in the nearby countryside.

One day she said to herself that she would like to go on a great journey.

So she began to stretch out her mighty wings like this, and began to beat them as she ran along the surface of the waters of the sea.

Her wings looked like great clouds drooping down on either side of the horizon.

With beating them in great wave movements as she ran along the surface of the waters, she in no time at all, and with the greatest of ease became airborne.

The flapping down on the waters caused great

waves to rise, roll, and thunder towards the shore.  
And with volumes of wind amassing beneath her  
she steadily rose higher and higher into the sky, till  
she reached an altitude whereby she could begin to  
glide effortlessly along with the travelling wind  
currents that she found there."

"Was she as high as the wispy white clouds, Your  
Majesty?"

"Oh, much, much higher than even the wispy white  
clouds.

And like all great birds with finding themselves at  
great heights did

she float along carefreely on the soft, powerful wind streams.”

“Where did she fly to?”

“She flew south down over many the mountaintop, valley, plain, stream, riverlet, lake, and forest until she reached the Jade Sea.

And it was then that I saw her way off in the distance there for the first time.



Figure 54

~ §~ Golden Sea, Abundant Mountains, Jade Sea ~§ ~

I was only a little girl, and I was standing out there on that promontory next to my father holding his right hand.

She slowly began to make her descent as she approached the welcoming waters.

She passed in over out there, and as she did so she was blocking out a large section of the morning sky.”

“Did she see you, Your Majesty?”

“Maybe, but she seemed to be having her gaze very much directed way out in front of her as if she was viewing up a spot to alight on the waters.  
Her approach was with the greatest of ease as she gently came to

rest upon the welcoming waters while causing only the slightest of ripples in the beautiful jade shimmerings.”

## Sublime Emblem 5

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Autumnal Leaves asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty do you think the ducks there ever imagine to themselves what it would be like to have long legs like that of the heron there or that the heron ever imagines to himself what it would be like to have the short webbed feet of the duck? Might the stream be imagining what it would be like if it were a bunch of autumnal leaves or the autumnal leaves there on the grove floor are imagining to themselves what it would be like for them to be a stream?”

“Yes, I imagine they may be, and that they could even be including we in their imaginings.”

## Sublime Emblem 6

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Refer To asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty why do you refer to we women as ‘the daughters of the heavens of night’, and to the men as ‘the sons of the sky of day’?”

“It’s out of a tremendous respect and admiration I have for our ancestors.

To me, we women are deep like the far off starry

heavens of night; most charming like unto a waxing  
be it full or waning moonlit night we be.

To me, men are eminent like the high blue sky of  
day; most charming like unto a rising be it zenith  
or setting sunlit day they be.

Yet, I would have you know that we women are of  
the day as much as we are of the night, and the  
men of the night as much as they are of the day.

And it's good it is so; so very very good that it's so."

## Sublime Emblem 7

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said, "When we are with imagining we experience no need within us to harm another be it with our eyes, ears, nose, tongue, skin or brain.

Our eyes look lovingly on all, our ears listen lovingly, nose scents, tongue savours, skin feels, and our brain thinks lovingly.

Our demeanour, countenance, and voice gestures are of the embodiment of our senses."

Her Majesty (Sj) whenever and wherever would only speak to a small group of people, and never to a large group as she greatly valued the need both she and the people have for eye contact and the reading of facial gestures when conversing.

## Sublime Emblem 8

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Sky Blue asked Her Majesty (Sj). "Your Majesty is the blueness of the sky's blue really a colour?"

"When high up on a great mountain, and we look down at the valley, even the valley seems to have that same blueness be it in a shade of greenness. Perhaps it's the great distance to the high above or to the deep below that creates the phenomenon of



blueness, and greenness.  
Sometimes, I see blue as green, and green as blue.  
Would that we could paint with this blueness of the  
sky's blue, and with the greenness of the valley's  
green."

## **Sublime Emblem 9**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Effected By The Way asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how are the fishes of the waters, the birds of the air, and the lights of the day sky, and the night heavens effected by the way we use our senses, in particular our sense of thought?

How are the rabbits, foxes, and sheep of the valleys and hills effected; the donkeys, horses, and camels of the desert?”

“When we elevate our sense of thought from merely knowing to imagining there is no confusion experienced among the fishes of the waters, the birds of the air or the lights on high.

They happily go about their lives; about their ways.

There is no uneasiness experienced among the rabbits, foxes, and sheep of the valleys and hills.

They contentedly go about their lives.

There is no heaviness experienced among the donkeys, horses, and camels of the desert.

They comfortably go about their lives.

If thought were left to remain merely at the level of a knowing based on thought, then all of these would experience the greatest of unhappiness, discontentment, and discomfort.

And that overall uneasiness would not confine itself solely to these, but also to we of the caravans, villages, and cities.

Whenever such uneasiness appears we can be sure that the cause can be traced to thought not having been left to fulfil its rightful and natural destiny, namely to become an imagining.”

## Sublime Emblem 10

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“Let you be with greeting whosoever you meet, for  
to greet one another is a quality of life.”

## Sublime Emblem 11

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Why Can't asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
"Your Majesty why can't a small brook support a great boat?"

With hearing this seemingly silly question everyone laughed save Her Majesty (Sj).

And she did smilingly give answer, saying,

"The water in the brook is not deep enough to be able to support a great boat.

If however, you take some water from that same brook in your hands like this, you will be able to float a tiny seed in it, because the water is deep enough to be able to support the weight of the seed.

Also we can say, that the seed is not too heavy for such a depth of water.

When it comes to our imaginings it's like this too, in that if we allow our heart its fathomless depths we will be able to support great imaginings.

Howsoever, little imaginings can enjoy floating even in lovely shimmering brooks."

## **Sublime Emblem 12**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Best Search asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty how may I best search for true knowledge, for I have not been able to find it? And already, I have reached well into my middle years."

"How have you been searching for it all along?"

"Through the process of knowing; knowing to knowing, yet without ever reaching.

I'm so tired; so very tired of the search I am."

“True knowledge be it profoundest imagination is  
not to be sought.  
It’s to be imagined.  
There’s no process involved or a need for any kind  
of an endless searching.  
Profound imagining is fully experienced in the  
imagining itself.  
Courageously and with joyful anticipation be with  
ascending from

your knowing; from all what you know to imagining, and straightaway your tiredness will leave you, and will have no need of ever returning to you."

## Sublime Emblem 13

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Viewing A Curving Sand Dune said to Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty may I cover you with some raiment?"

"Oft it is my delight to be showing my unapparelled beauty to the hills and the valleys, and to the curving sand dunes, and the waving oases, and fragrant orchards; to the clear sun drenched sky of day, and to the pure starry heavens of night."

"Oh, Beauteous Majesty, I'm but a sensual man, and if upon a saffron eve I with viewing a curving sand dune were to be reminded of the beauty sublime of all women, should I not cover over the sand dune?"

And a woman named Viewing a Swaying Date Palm asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"And I, oh, Elegant Majesty am but a sensual woman, and if upon a golden dawn I with viewing a swaying date palm were to be reminded of the handsomeness sublime of all men, should I not cover over the date palm?"

"For a moment there, I thought you were both serious when you spoke of covering over the sand dune and the date palm.

Why would you want to cover them?

How came the beauty of the sand dune to be

exposed to your eyes; the handsomeness of the  
date palm to your eyes?

How came an eye for such beauty and  
handsomeness to be in your hearts in the first  
place?

How came the ability to compare the curving sand  
dune to the tremendous beauty of women, and the  
swaying of date palm to the tremendous  
handsomeness of men?

Imagination excels, and it seems greatly delights in  
making beauty and handsomeness the sign-nature  
in all imaginings."

“But Your Majesty how otherwise than to cover it can I control my desire with seeing such a charming reminder of the beauty of all women?”

“And I, Your Majesty so perhaps with seeing such a splendid reminder of the handsomeness of all men?”

“Rather than trying to cast a tent-covering or the like over the sand dune; over the entire desert of sand dunes or over the date palm; over the countless oases of date palms be of a sensuality of goodness.

If, however the sublimity of the occasion is tending to overwhelm you, then turn your eyes away with gratitude for such a wonder filling reminder of beauty and handsomeness, and be on your way with the lovely memory of the clearness of the sand dune, and the purity of the date palm.”

## **Sublime Emblem 14**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said, “Let your harmony to the goodness and to the love of Imagination become dearer to you than anything else.

This is the greatest of delights; the sweetest of qualities.”

## **Sublime Emblem 15**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Can Small Reach To Great asked



Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty can small imaginings reach to great imaginings?”

“A small bird rises quickly to reach a nearby tree. Sometimes she will make it in the first go.

More often than not she will give herself a brief rest along the way, and then continue onwards.

Now, if the tree is a little too far she may even take a rest two or

three times before eventually reaching the tree.”

## Sublime Emblem 16

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Travel Near Far asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty I have seen so much upheaval of one kind or another in many lands that I’ve visited for my work.

Why is this so; why aren’t they serene and harmonious like our precious Queendom of Ebla?”

“They prefer knowing to imagining.

When knowing is prevented from transforming and transfiguring itself into imagining, then seeds are deprived of flowers and gardens of butterflies.

And when this infatuation is allowed to become extreme, even mountains and hills are toppled and levelled into the rivers and streams; the seasons are all pushed out of their natural sequences, and the sky of day, and the heavens of night are no longer in their shinning delight.

The dignity of life is abandoned way out of sight.”

## Sublime Emblem 17

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Always A Good Word said to Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty you’re a balm, and a comfort unto all.”

“I’m but following my heart.”

## Sublime Emblem 18

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Best Of Qualities asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what is the best of qualities to have in life?”

“To acknowledge Imagination; to harmonize with Imagination, and live according to the noble ways of Imagination.  
This is the best of qualities to have.”

## **Sublime Emblem 19**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Seed Tree Life requested Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty speak to us of the rising seeds of spring.”

“The rising seeds of spring can imagine and reach their flowers of summer; the flowers of summer their fadings of autumn; the fadings of autumn their resting of winter, and their resting of winter their rising seeds of spring.”

“And what of great trees, Your Majesty?”

“On the beautiful snowy slopes of Mount Dignified there are trees whose spring amounts to five hundred years.

And in their spring years are they too with imagining and reaching the flowerings, fadings, restings, and risings of all their other seasons.”

“And what of our life, Your Majesty?”

“Like tiny seeds, and great trees are we in our happy imaginings and reachings of seasons without end.”

## **Sublime Emblem 20**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Difference Between asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what is the difference between knowing, and imagining?”

“Knowing and imagining are not two.

Knowing alone would let the caterpillar feel that he was only meant to be a caterpillar.

But when he elevates his knowing to the dizzy heights of imagining he will come to realise that there will be more to him than being a

caterpillar; that his cocoon is a passageway in forming.

Imagining is a prevision on transformations and transfigurations, and is also the means.”



Figure 55  
~ §~ Mount Dignified ~§ ~  
33°24' 45.0"N 35°51' 32.4"E  
Altitude: 2814 meters

## Sublime Emblem 21

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named What Are The Signs asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what are the signs of those who live their lives according to the noble ways of Imagination?”

“Whenever they speak, they tell a truth, and live according to that truth.  
Whenever they promise, they admirably always keep to their promise.

When you trust your word or something belonging to you to them, they keep it to themselves; they keep it safe, and will return it to you as it was given to them."

## Sublime Emblem 22

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Ride Upon The Winds asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty is it possible to ride upon the winds of our imaginings?"

"When we let our imaginings be light, it's possible."

"And how, Your Majesty do we cause our imaginings to be light?"

"Be with imagining it to be so, and so it will be. Sometimes, you will only be able to ride upon the winds of your imaginings for just a few moments, while at other times a whole morning or even an entire afternoon or a whole length of days, and nights.

And, if you become skilled enough at lightening your imaginings you can even do so for years."

"Could I live my entire life, Your Majesty riding upon the winds of my imaginings?"

"Be with imagining it to be so, and so it will be. And what is it to ride upon the winds of our imaginings but to travel with and through the seasons, and to be with intimately imagining them."



## Sublime Emblem 23

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Source Of Wisdom asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what’s the source of your wisdom?”

“The desert would be, and besides, but to mention a few, the valleys, sea, rivers, humankind, fields, terraces, lifeforms of all kind, hills, mountains, the sky of day, and the heavens of night would be.”

“And beyond these what would be?”

“Imagination would be; Imagination is the ultimate source of my wisdom.”

## **Sublime Emblem 24**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“With living your life according to the noble ways of Imagination, of a noble, gracious, and amorous mien will you be.”

## **Sublime Emblem 25**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named What May We Say asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what may we say of the remarkable few who are truly skilled at making their imagination light?”

“We may say of them that they let us feel that they are the embodiment of Imagination for so effortless are they in all their doings.

And their name is a blessing and a joy upon us all.”

“Joy and Blessing is in our midst this day; yes, Your Majesty is in our midst this day, and for this we are truly glad.”

## **Sublime Emblem 26**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“Living according to the noble ways of Imagination  
is light; is warm light.”

**Sublime Emblem 27**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Speak Heart asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how may we speak of our heart; what is our heart?”

“Our heart is in similitude to the highest of mountains, and the deepest of gorges; like the sky of day is it in its near farness, and the heavens of night in its farthest without ending.

It’s as clear and fresh as an oases spring; as clear and as fresh as the brooks, lakes, and rivers throughout the land, and as soothing as the rhythmic waving waters of the Jade.

The body with its myriad senses, but in particular the senses of sight, hearing, scent, savouring, feeling, and thought all have their origin in the heart.

It’s from the heart that they willingly go forth to manifest the imaginings of the heart, and it is to the heart that they happily return with blessings in abundance.

The heart is the centre of who we are; Imagination’s dwelling place within each of us.”

## **Sublime Emblem 28**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said, “In my walking style I like to be as gently swaying rushes of a stream serene.”

## Sublime Emblem 29

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Often Should I asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how often should I be with imagining?”

“Ideally, there should be no time when you aren’t being with imagining.”

## Sublime Emblem 30

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“With the sun of imagination is in your skies, let go  
of the torches of knowledge for their light has  
become ineffective.

When the rains of imagination are softly  
descending upon your fields, cease from pouring  
vessels of knowledge on to them for they are  
powerless, and would in truth only hinder the sky-  
heavenly refreshment of your crops.

When with finding yourself beneath the shade of  
great trees of imagination, erect not tents of  
knowledge there for they would but deny you the  
joy and the wonderment of being cooled by these  
arching waving fountains.

Yet, should you be finding yourself in the desert by  
night, then rest well in the warmth of your tents,  
for oft extremely cold can the desert night air be.”

## Sublime Emblem 31

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Ruby Precious said to Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty once when journeying in the  
Abundant Mountains, I lost a ruby precious to me.  
I searched and searched for it here there and  
everywhere back along the ways that I had come,  
but it was all to no avail.

I was so distraught for without my ruby I felt I  
could do nothing.  
Then I happened to meet a man called  
Knowledgeable, and he assured me that in no time  
at all he would be able to find my ruby for me.  
Although he searched for it and with the greatest  
of care for several days he was unable to find it.  
And then I happened to meet a man called Diviner  
for Lost Things who like Knowledgeable assured  
me that in no time at all he would

be able to find it.

However, just as in the case of Knowledgeable he too was unable to find it.

Then of a glorious morning, I happened to meet a woman called It's Right There.



Figure 56

~ §~ Abundant Mountains ~§ ~

And with the telling of my story to her of how I'd lost my precious ruby, and had searched and searched for it to no avail, and how Knowledgeable and Diviner for Lost Things with every good intention had both thoroughly searched for it, she gently stretched out her right hand, and softly placed it here on my bosom, and with smiling said, 'Ah, there it is; your ruby has been in your bosom all the while.'

And in that moment, I could know that my precious ruby was where I always keep it; yes, in my heart." "Very nice."



“Your Majesty how did it happen that I had felt for sure that I had lost my precious ruby?

And how was it too that Knowledgeable, and Diviner for Lost Things couldn't find it, yet, It's Right There knew it to be not lost at all, but to be right here in my bosom; in my heart all along?" "We are conceived with the ability to imagine. And this precious ability is always and everywhere with us.

Now if for some reason we even momentarily deny its presence we will be given over to feeling that we don't have it anymore; that we have lost it. This is what most likely happened to you when you were journeying in the mountains.

Your Knowledgeable, and Your Diviner of Lost Things naturally couldn't find your ability to imagine for you as it was never really lost in the first place.

Your It's Right There recognized what had happened to you, and so right away could bring you back to yourself."

## Sublime Emblem 32

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Intentions Be asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty when I am with imagining, how should my intentions be?"

"Of goodness; of goodness, and of goodness."

## Sublime Emblem 33

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Space Food asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how much is enough space in which to build my house; how much is enough food to feed my family?”

“The birds of the air only choose one branch on which to build their nests.

And when they sip from the stream they drink only enough to quench their thirst.”

## Sublime Emblem 34

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“When you use your eyes to be with imagining  
you’ll be able to clearly view flight tracks left in the  
sky by birds; floating tracks left there by the  
dandelion seeds being carried along by the  
breezes, and be able to view the delicate stream  
left there by clouds being moved along by the wind.  
All these and more will you be able to see; you’ll be  
able to see the wind and its lovely veiling tracks.  
All such tracks and many the more besides show  
patterns; all patterns are signs and sources of  
inspiration for the free-hearted: the lovers of  
wisdom.”

## Sublime Emblem 35

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“To the butterfly there’s nothing besides  
momentary blisses; fully enjoying momentary  
blisses is the way of the butterfly.”

## Sublime Emblem 36

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,

“Sincerity and truth are to be found in living according to the noble ways of Imagination.”

### **Sublime Emblem 37**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) told this story.

"I once heard a traveller of the ways speak words that were truly wondrous.

He told me that deep into the desert way off to the east there dwells a woman; a Bedouin woman who is pure imagination.

Her skin is as dark as night, and the whites of her eyes as the fresh snows on Mount Dignified while her long wavy hair is as richly amber and auburn hued as a sunset in the Jade Sea.

She is of a gentleness like that unto a few days old gazelle calf.

She doesn't eat any of the food that we would normally eat or drink of the oases pools.

Rather she sips of the early morning dews, and eats of the first rays of sun to appear above the horizon.

In a moment, she is in the sky enjoying floating along with the clouds, and rolling carefreely with the winds.

And there are times when she ascends so high into the blueness of the sky that she disappears out of our view, and it can be days again before she descends into our view.

Wherever she goes she brings wholesomeness and joy; listening with attentiveness, and speaking with wisdom profound."

## **Sublime Emblem 38**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Holding Goodness Of Heart asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what things are harmful for us to look at, to listen to, to scent, to savour, to feel, and to think?

How are they harmful to our hearts?”

“Look with your goodness; look with your heart.

And what is it to be looking with your heart?

It’s to be looking with imagining eyes; looking with the light, warmth, and love of the sun.

Listen with your heart, scent with your heart, savour with your heart, feel with your heart, and think with your heart.”



Figure 57  
 ~ §~ Mount Dignified, Jade Sea ~§ ~

## Sublime Emblem 39

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Concern For All asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty are your words meant exclusively for we the peoples of the Queendom of Ebla or are they also meant for the peoples beyond her?”

“My words are meant for all those who have listening ears be they of the Queendom of Ebla or beyond her.”

## Sublime Emblem 40

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*



***Narrated:***

A man named Greatest Among asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty with respect to the greatest among things, which for instance from among the trees is the greatest?”

“There is no tree that is greater than another tree. Great is the date palm of the desert oases, the oak of the valleys, the olive of the slopes, and the cedar of the snowy altitudes.

And no woman is there greater than a man; no man is there greater than a woman.

Great are the women and men of the desert oases, the women and men of the valleys, the women and the men of the slopes, and the women and men of the snowy altitudes.

Be it near, be it far, great be women and men; great be men and women.”

## **Sublime Emblem 41**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A merchant named Blessings In Abundance asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty while on a visit to a foreign land I was once given a gift of five seeds, and advised to plant them when I would return home.

And I was told that they would be a double blessing; one of the inside and the other of the outside.

Upon my return, I carefully planted them and daily attended to them.

And in time they became enormous muskmelons.

With my family and our village enjoying their contents, I felt I had no longer any use for them.

Had I filled them with water they would have been way too heavy to lift, and besides the pressure of the water on their walls might have caused them to crack and break open.

Had I cut them and shaped them to float on the

nearby river or lake they would have most likely sunk.

What should I do with them, Your Majesty that we may avail of the second blessing?

For I am of a mind to smash them to pieces, and forget all about them.”

“Sometimes we are quite at a loss as to know what to do with great blessings, and that feeling can pass down from generation to

generation without anyone in the family ever coming to know how to handle great blessings. Here is a story I would have you to listen to. There was once a village man who had a great blessing, and that blessing had been with his family for generations.

Now one day, a humble poet happened to be coming through the village on his way to the palace in Ebla when he stopped to chat with the man of the great blessing.

The man told the poet many stories of his village, and of the people who lived there, and of the great blessing that had been bestowed on one of his ancestors by the then reigning queen.

Being greatly moved in his heart by the story of the blessing that had been bestowed on the village, and in particular on the man's family, he asked if it might be possible for him to see it.

The village man was happy to show the great blessing to the poet.

And he went down into a room in his house, and returned with a small gold chest that had been wrapped in old rags.

And when he opened the small chest for the humble poet it revealed a softly glowing yellow coloured ball comparable in size to that of an olive.

The village man spoke of how an ancestor of his, who had been a physician, had been given the gift by the queen of the day for restoring one of her beloved court attendants to good health.

However, there was one problem in that the village man's ancestor with bringing the blessing home didn't know what it was, and as such didn't know what to with it.

So he had wrapped it away, and kept it safe for his children, and they did do the same with it for their

children, and for their descendants.

And so eventually it found itself in the hands of this descendant.

The humble poet with immediately recognising what the blessing was, and how it was to be used offered in exchange for it to mend the roof of the village man's all but dilapidated abode.

Later that day, the village man with having had supper with his elderly parents, his wife, and children told of the man he had met during the day, and how he had offered to mend the roof in exchange for the great blessing of the chest.

And he said like this,  
“We have had this great blessing now in our family  
for these passed five hundred years, and the only  
thing we’ve been able to do with it is to hand it on  
down from one generation to the next.  
If it’s acceptable by you Honourable Father and  
Honourable Mother, let’s give it to the stranger,  
and with the coming of winter we can enjoy the  
comfort of a well mended roof.”  
And the family happily decided to let the great  
blessing go into the hands of the humble poet.



Figure 58  
~ §~ Royal City of Ebla ~§ ~

The next day, the poet again dropped by, and was  
delighted to learn that the family had unanimously  
agreed to give him the chest containing the  
glowing ball in exchange for he mending their roof.  
And both sides were well satisfied with the  
arrangement. Now some two weeks later, and

having done a most impressive job on the roof the poet carried on with his journeying into the distant hills.

And with opening the chest he then took pen and paper and began to compose a most wondrous batch of poems in the presence of

the softly glowing yellow coloured ball.  
And as time went by these poems and many more  
of his besides were greatly beloved by all peoples  
throughout the Isle of Ebla, and even beyond its  
shores to the east, north, west and south.  
And the Queen of Ebla too being greatly impressed  
by his poems invited him to come visit her in the  
Royal Palace at Ebla.  
And she did bestow upon him for life the honour of  
Chief Court Poet, and Poet Laureate of the  
Queendom of Ebla.  
And the poet did humbly accept, and went on to  
compose an abundance of marvellous poems.  
Know therefore your blessings, and truly blessed  
will you be."

## **Sublime Emblem 42**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
"Imagination imagines without beginning or  
ending."

## **Sublime Emblem 43**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
"Let the sweetness of your words be your name  
unto the night, and unto the day."



## Sublime Emblem 44

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named What Is It To Be asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what is it to be with the wisdom of imagining?”

“Be with imagining, and the answer itself will be revealing itself to you.”

## Sublime Emblem 45

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Just Me asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty I have a huge old oak tree on my land.

It’s so gnarled that a number of children could easily hide themselves in its massive grooves.

There isn’t a carpenter who would look twice at it.

For all the world, I would have to say that it’s quite useless; it has no practical use whatsoever.

If you don’t mind me saying so, Your Majesty, Your Majesty’s words too though vast in themselves, and reaching all the way to the Honeycomb Galaxy do sound, at least in my ears to be of little or no use.

Or is that just me, Your Majesty?”

“You’re most welcome.

And I will ask, are you the only one in this region who has not noticed how the ever-faithful mighty camel that can walk for days without water cannot fly like the hawk?

Now, you have this wondrously formed majestic tree on your land; a tree that is probably hundreds of years old, and your only worry is how you can make use of it.

Why not plant your thoughts in a place where such concerns can no longer occupy you?

And in that vast place, where that great tree can know no inquiry, go and sit in the shade of its ever-welcoming gently waving branches.

There be with enjoying reflecting on the ways you’ve been looking at life; looking at life throughout your life.”

## Sublime Emblem 46

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A young woman named Admiring Goodness asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how come you’re so calm and collected; so serene?”

“Serenity comes with making imagining be our sole way of life.”

**Sublime Emblem 47**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “Be grateful and rejoice in each other’s beauty; beauty of the body, beauty of the senses, and beauty of the heart.

These three are one, and it’s of their oneness that you rejoice in and are grateful.”

**Sublime Emblem 48**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named I With Finding asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty where may I be with finding the noble ways of Imagination?”

“Read for them there in the living books profound found all round.

Listen for them there in the songs and laughter of the children, and the singing of the streamlet and the birds.

Scent for them there in the myriad fragrances.

Savour for them there in the fruit and grains.

Feel for them there in the gentle breeze, and in the  
countenance of another.  
Think for them there in the transformation of the  
sky of day, and the heavens of night.”

## **Sublime Emblem 49**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Eyes For Wonder asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty tell us again how the wind plays.”

“Oh, the wind in the high, high sky has its home in the beyond and the beyond; a home without walls or confinement of any sort.

At times it floats the mighty clouds about, at times it tumbles them into shapes of faces most beautiful, oases grand, and tents sublime.

It dances with the birds of the air and at times tosses them this way and that to their great delight.

It swishes along through the leaves and branches of the trees, and it provides the shimmerings on the waters of streams, lakes, rivers, and sea.

It gathers up sand from the slopes and ridges of sand dunes and carries them all the way even as far as to deposit them in the Jade Sea.

It visits our gardens in spring to gently wake the seeds, and waves wafts about us on warm summer days the myriad fragrances.

Come autumn it drifts down the leaves from the trees and sweeps them along the lanes.

And in winter days it ushers down the snows from the high places to rest the cosy seeds and roots till the coming of spring.

Yes, like water does the wind delight ever so much in everywhere being harmonious.”

## **Sublime Emblem 50**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named What Is It asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what is it, to be with imagining?”  
“It’s to be sun in the family; sun in the Garden, and  
beyond in the larger world.  
It’s everywhere to be the light, warmth, and love of  
sun.”

## **Sublime Emblem 51**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "Be passionate in your lovemaking that the remembrance of it will be as a balmy light upon your countenance; a bright prospect upon your heart."

## **Sublime Emblem 52**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Understand Properly asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty why don't you ever say anything more than once?

If you were to repeat your words two, three, four or more times we could understand them properly."

"The sun per day travels but once across the sky."

## **Sublime Emblem 53**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Knowing Differences Exist asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty how small or great is the difference that exists between being with mightily thinking, and being with minutely imagining?"

"Vast is that difference, in that even being with minutely imagining, no limits or boundaries whatsoever are set, and no safety nets are used. On the other hand, before even being with mightily thinking, thick-meshed safety nets have already



been put in place, and then only easily reached limits and boundaries of thinking are considered.”

## **Sublime Emblem 54**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“Imagining is the serenity and joy of the heart.”

**Sublime Emblem 55**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Ways Besides asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty whose noble ways besides the noble ways of Imagination would you recommend I follow?”

“I follow the noble ways of Imagination.”

**Sublime Emblem 56**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Great words aren’t waffle; yet, even waffling words can someday learn how to become great.”

**Sublime Emblem 57**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named More Powerful asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty is there anything more powerful in the universe than Imagination; anything that created Imagination?”

“Imagination is all there is.”

## Sublime Emblem 58

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named I Hear Much asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty I hear many sayings; many  
narratives from you, but

somehow I keep forgetting them.

Why is this?"

"See to the starry heavens there?

Well wear it as flowing garment, and there will be no words that you won't be able to be with remembering."

## Sublime Emblem 59

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Pleasure Sensuality asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty where does our sense of pleasure, and sensuality come from?"

"They come from our heart."

"How should we control them?"

"Let your heart decide; your heart knows best."

## Sublime Emblem 60

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Of an afternoon as Her Majesty (Sj) was laying down on her back on the grass, and attentively and serenely looking up at a sky of blue having in it an abundance of white clouds, a young man named Notices Much put this question to her.

"Your Majesty how come you are looking up at the sky so attentively, and serenely?"

"I'm enjoying reading its stories, narratives, and poems, and viewing it's wondrous forms and shapes.

When I'm in the valleys I enjoy reading the clouds,

and winds o'er and about the mountains, and in the mountains the hazes, and the mists along the valleys.

And when in the desert by night, I read the lights in the heavens, and come in dawn the dew and the first rays of sunlight upon it.

When by the seashore, I read the waves and the shimmerings; when in a boat I read the furrows, and the cliffs on shore."

## Sublime Emblem 61

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“We daughters of the heavens of night recline and rest from our works upon musk scenting rugs, and by day in the shade of fragrant oases, groves, and orchards.

And a young woman named Heart Of Brimming Love asked,

“And what, Your Majesty of the sons of the sky of day?”

“Oh, the sons of the sky of day recline and rest from their works in the shade of fragrant oases, groves, and orchards, and by night upon musk scenting rugs.”

## Sublime Emblem 62

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“To be with imagining is to be always of serenity found.”

## Sublime Emblem 63

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) delighted in oft, saying,

“The sun and we are of the same origin, and that origin is Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 64

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Is It The Way asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty is it the way that heavens there is moving above us and perhaps below us or is it that we’re moving in the heavens?”

And the same way come the sky of day, is it the way that the sun and the sky's blueness is about us or perhaps is it that we're moving about them?  
What makes it so to be so?  
Why does the moon appear and wax its way to fullness, and then wane to emptiness, and out of sight?  
Why doesn't the sun behave in the same way or the moon in the same way as the sun?  
Where does the light of the moon come from?  
Does it come from within itself or in some mysterious way could it be the reflection of sunlight on it?  
Why doesn't the sun ever rise in the north, the west or the south?  
What makes it so to be so?  
Rain and snow falls from the clouds, but where do the clouds come from?  
Why doesn't the Jade fill up and overflow considering all the rivers and streams that are constantly flowing into it?  
What makes it so to be so?  
Wind sometimes arises in the east, in the north, in the west, and in the south, and in the many different directions betwixt and between.  
At times it blows as gales and storms, and then as a gentle breeze.  
Where does the wind come from?  
Is there wind about the moon or the sun?  
Is the warmth of the sun carried on a great wind to us which when reaching becomes as a warm breeze?  
What makes it so to be so?  
Why is it that we are born with a nature of goodness, and not with a nature of badness?  
Then why is it that a smattering of people say and



do things contrary to goodness?

Why is it that some of us sense that our eternal life is not limited by being born or dying; that our life within the womb, and without it, and all the meandering way to death is just an experience within our eternal existence?

What makes it so to be so; what makes all these things, and the myriads more besides to be so?"

“Imagination makes it so to be so; Imagination makes all these things, and the myriads more besides to be so.

Be with imagining that we’re moving in the heavens; we’re moving about the sun and sky’s blueness.

Imagining be that the light of the moon is somehow a reflection of sunlight.

Imagining be that we’re moving, call it floating about sun in this direction, therefore the sun appears to be rising in the east, travelling along on high, and then setting in the west.

Imagining be that vapours rising from the land, and the waters including the sea form clouds, and that the clouds in someway make rain or snow, perhaps and depending on the altitude of the clouds.

I imagine that the consistent rising of vapours from the sea is one of the ways of keeping it from overflowing.

Imagining be that the wind comes from the valleys and the hills; from the caverns and dunes.

And there are times too when I imagine that it comes from the moon, and the sun, and then again from the starry heavens, from beyond the Honeycomb Galaxy.

Imagination is goodness.

And those who would act contrary to this nature of goodness also act contrary to the goodness that is Imagination.

Day-nightly enjoy culturing your personal relationship with Imagination, and never will you find yourself acting contrary to the goodness that is Imagination.

I imagine like you too that our eternal life is not interrupted or limited in any way by we having been born or dying here in this a world of the

myriad worlds; that the conception, birth, life to death experience of here is merely another marvellous adventure provided for us by Imagination.

We are eternal as Imagination imagines us to be, and that has always been very acceptable by me. Imagination makes it so to be so; Imagination makes all these things, including we, and the myriads more besides to be so. And be so they be.”

## Sublime Emblem 65

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Encompass asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty what waters encompass the Isle of Ebla; the Garden of Ebla?”

“In the north the Golden Sea, in the west the Jade Sea, the Skyblue Marshlands, and the Ruby Sea, in the south the Turquoise Sea, and in the east the Sapphire Sea.

Into the Golden flows the Rhapsody River, and the Ancient of Grace River into the Sapphire.



*Figure 59*

~ §~ Waters encompassing the Isle of Ebla ~§ ~

And I would have you know this marvel too that in the depths of the Abundant Mountains betwixt the

furthest reaches of the Ancient of Grace, and that  
of the Rhapsody is a single massive fountainhead  
whose generous brimming over gives rises to  
streams,

these streams to riverlets, and these riverlets with the rounding of many bends become the two great rivers to seas of the Garden of Ebla, namely, these be the Ancient of Grace, and the Rhapsody.”

## Sublime Emblem 66

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Number Of Senses asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how many in number are our senses?”

“They are too numerous to count.

Yet, for our everyday conversations we can highlight six.

There is the sight of seeing, the sound of hearing, the scent of scenting, the taste of tasting, the feel of feeling, and the thought of thinking.

Among these there is no one who is the least no more than is there one who is the greatest.

The heart alone is the sovereign of who we are; the numerous senses to it do give their allegiance.”

## Sublime Emblem 67

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said, “When you want to journey far on the Jade or the Turquoise there is no better means of transport than to ride on a ship.

However, when you want to journey far in the Great Treasury there is no better means of

transport than to ride on a camel.

Now while ships, boats, and rafts are the best means of transport for journeying by sea, river or on lake, they are of no use for journeying in the desert.

In the same way, while camels, donkeys, and horses are the best means of transport for journeying by desert or in the hills, and along the valleys, they are of no use for journeying by water. If we were to try and make a camel carry our loads and us across the Jade or the Turquoise she would hardly be able to get out past the first

shoring waves.

Or if we were to load our goods on a ship, and then try with all our might to push it through the desert we would hardly be able to budge it a foot in our lifetime.

If we compare the vastness of the waters of the Jade or the Turquoise, and the sands of the Great Treasury to the vastness of our imaginings, and the strength of the ships, boats, rafts, camels, donkeys, and horses to the power of our knowledge we can see that making the appropriate choice is paramount for the success of our endeavours. Approach imagination with appropriate knowledge.



Figure 60

~ §~ Turquoise Sea, Great Treasury Desert ~§ ~

A time will come in days of far faraway; I see it already there before my eyes in the high, when our humankind will be able to journey in the sky of day, and the heavens of night, and even way beyond to



at least as far as the Honeycomb Galaxy.  
At that time, our descendants will need to approach  
the vastness of air and space with the appropriate  
powerful means of

transportation.

Like we, they too will need to approach imagination with appropriate knowledge."

## **Sublime Emblem 68**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "Take good care of your beauty, and your handsomeness as the sky and the heavens take the very best care of the beauty and handsomeness of the land and waters.

Like these, be ever diligent in the taking of good care of yourself."

## **Sublime Emblem 69**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Would Compare asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty if you were to describe imaginings what would you compare them to?"

"They are as the delights of shimmering waters, the sounds of breezes, the fragrances of rarest musk, the flavours of finest honey, the touches of the first rays of the rising sun, and they are as the thoughts of a profoundly wise person."

## **Sublime Emblem 70**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) would from time to time refrain from providing all in an answer, rather she would instead let her words be a guidance for further reflection through which an answer may be reached in one's own time, and in a place that it wishes to reveal itself.

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "From the moment we are conceived, and our human form takes

on its wondrous shape we are on a great journey,  
and we travel at a pace that is most comfortable  
and pleasant.

At times it feels as if we're galloping like a steed  
along a shoreline; a bird gliding carefreely o'er the  
valleys; a snail happily carrying her tent along on  
her back or a gazelle sipping of a shimmering early  
morning oasis pool.

Aren't all these, and much more besides delightful  
to contemplate?

Always and everywhere we're happily returning to  
our origin.

And our origin is always and everywhere with us.  
There's no time, and there is no place in which we  
aren't happily returning to our origin."

A woman named Purpose Of Life, asked,  
"Your Majesty we with knowing that we're always  
and everywhere happily returning to our origin,  
then what shall we say is the purpose of our life?  
Can we say that the returning itself is the  
purpose?"

"Being original; being original is the purpose of our  
life, for by doing so we're being fully true to our  
beginnings."

## **Sublime Emblem 71**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
"When at harvest time chaff happens to get in our  
eyes we momentarily lose sight of where we are  
for our eyes have all welled up with tears.  
But if we remain calm, and patient we will come to  
know that those very tears have appeared there to

wash away the discomfort to our vision.  
It's like this too when irreverent words happen to  
get in our ears.  
We momentarily lose hearing of where we are for  
our ears have all become covered with eardrum.  
But if we remain calm, and patient we will come to  
know that that very drum has appeared to feather  
away the discomfort to our hearing.  
And there are distractions in like mould and  
fashion also that cause

us to momentarily loose scent of where we are;  
loose savour, feeling, and thought of where we  
are.”

## Sublime Emblem 72

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Daughters of the heavens, let your body be  
exclusively for your beloved, but your senses and  
your heart be not alone for him, but for everyone.  
Sons of the sky, let your body be exclusively for  
your beloved, but your senses and our heart be not  
alone for her, but for everyone.”

## Sublime Emblem 73

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Ideal Time asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty when isn’t it an ideal time; a good  
time for one to be with imagining?”  
“Always be with imagining.  
There’s no time that isn’t an ideal time; no time  
that isn’t a good time for being with imagining.”

## Sublime Emblem 74

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) reclining in a desert oasis was  
with saying to those who were reclining there

about; and who were greatly enjoying listening to her words,

“Our heart is our first teacher.”

A woman named May We Say Then, asked,

“Your Majesty who may we say then is our heart’s teacher?”

“Look about you, and be with knowing the Great Teacher of

Hearts.

See you not there the teachings in the gently swaying of the trees, the welling forth of the glistening spring, and the weave and flow patterns of the flock of birds there in flight o'er the date palms?

See you not there the teaching in the seemingly effortless gliding of the sun into the dizzy heights of the sky?

And I would have you know that the person; that the family, the community, and the queendom that accepts and knows this to be the Great Teacher of Hearts, and admirably lives accordingly are also our teachers for today, tomorrow, and for the generations."

## Sublime Emblem 75

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Wondrously Maintain asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty how are the valleys and hills, the rivers and streams, the shoreline and the sea; the desert, the air, the sky, and the heavens all able to so wondrously maintain their harmonious states of transformation and transfiguration sunup sundown, and seasons in seasons out?"

"By contentedly letting themselves be of the munificence of Imagination."

## Sublime Emblem 76

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*



***Narrated:***

A man named Yet While asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty my beloved she delights from time to time in wearing some jewellery.

Yet while the jewellery is very nice, and looks really pretty on her, I don’t think she needs to be wearing it for already she’s exceptionally beautiful.”

“My breasts here, as you can them clearly see are voluptuously beautiful.

And I love them as they are in their completeness of beauty, as I do every part of my body.  
Yet, if a butterfly or two were now to come about, and to momentarily alight upon them, I would feel that their beauty is in some way enriched; enriched to bless, and blessed to enrich.  
And as a woman, that's a feeling that sits very well with me.  
I like from time to time having such a feeling, for the beauty that is me, and of me is a beauty that loves beauty."

## Sublime Emblem 77

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Do The Does asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
"Your Majesty do the clouds know when they will rain?

Do the date palms know when they will blossom; when they will produce fruit?

Does today know what will be tonight, and tonight know what will be the morrow?"

"Forming clouds are contented being forming clouds, and when with raining they are contented with being raining clouds.

Date palms are contented blossoming, and when with producing fruit they are contented with producing fruit.

Today is contented with being today, night the night, and the morrow will the morrow.

The desire to know is of thinking found and bound. Being contented in the given; the given of the moment and the place is the way of imagining.

A forming cloud may imagine that it will become a

hill or a valley; date palm blossoms fountlets of  
sweet water, and today an enriching poem.”

## **Sublime Emblem 78**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Any Different From asked Her  
Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what are our words?”

“The words that we usher forth from our mouths are more than merely wind and sounds.

Words are the imaginings of our hearts presented to the air; presented to those who are listening for such imaginings with a listening ear, and who plant and tend them with loving care in their hearts.”

“Are our wordings any different from the chirpings of those birds in the trees there?”

“Chirpings are the imaginings of their hearts presented to the air; presented to those birds and even to we who are listening for such imaginings with a listening ear, and who plant and tend them with loving care in their hearts.”

## Sublime Emblem 79

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Before I Respond asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how should I be before I respond to anything?”

“Sense, pause, and then respond.

Sense with your eyes, ears, nose, tongue, skin, and brain, but respond with your heart.

Should there be a response without a pause to consider what’s being seen, heard, scented, savoured, felt or thought, then it’s only the senses that are responding, and not the heart.

The myriad senses of which the primary six I have just made mention are all merely functionaries of the heart.”

## Sublime Emblem 80

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Like unto the rising sun that delights in visiting  
the sleepy, yet welcoming valley does my beloved  
delight in visiting me; delights he in visiting me his  
fragrant valley.”

## Sublime Emblem 81

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Or Is It asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty is it the way that the sun is travelling over us or is it that we are travelling under the sun or that the sun is travelling about us or we about the sun?”  
“It’s not a case of or, but rather that most likely all are possibly true in their own wondrous way.”

## Sublime Emblem 82

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“The sky of day, and the heavens of night’s loving presence never hide themselves from out of our view; desert’s strength from beneath our feet; valley’s lushness from our open hands, and sea’s bountifulness from our sail-hoisting arms.  
With gratefulness and brightness of heart, let us be day-nightly knowing that such in kind is the love, strength, lushness, and bountifulness that is always and everywhere present unto us.”

## Sublime Emblem 83

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Live According To asked Her Majesty

(Sj).

“Your Majesty what is it to live according to the ways of Imagination?”

“With gratitude and joyfulness of heart it’s to instil everything you sense, speak, and do with the simplicity of greatness.”

## Sublime Emblem 84

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“When you’re with seeing a rain cloud form in the sky over the desert rejoice, and be with waiting its coming that you may sing and dance in its cool refreshing rain.

But when you feel a certain breeze that has in it a distinctive scent of sand then hurriedly take shelter for a sandstorm is on its way.

Know the way of the sky, and the heavens; know the ways of the land, and the waters.”

## Sublime Emblem 85

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named I Free Myself asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty if I may, I would like to say that everywhere I look I see a ‘this’ and a ‘that’, a ‘that’ and a ‘this’ endlessly.

How can I free myself of such a problematic way of viewing things; of viewing life?”

“Why not take the position sun or even moon takes, that of seeing things as revolving; never differentiating anything in their view?

They excel in seeing everything roundly.

This is the constant wisdom of sun and moon.”



## Sublime Emblem 86

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named In Which There Is asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty is there any time or place in which there is no use for imagining?”

“There’s no time or place when there isn’t use for imagining.

To be is to be imagining.”

## Sublime Emblem 87

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Teach And Learn asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty my beloved she frequently speaks to me in prose-poetic, but I’ve difficulty understanding her, for I’ve never been taught or even learnt how to speak and listen in prose-poetic.”

“Be with the patience of a waxing moon.

Let yourself be taught by her on how to speak and listen in prose-poetic, and soon all will become harmonious for you both.”

## Sublime Emblem 88

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “When you recite your poems, and tell your stories never lampoon, but instead always have a good phrase to recite, and a wholesome word to tell.”

## Sublime Emblem 89

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “The eagle gliding along carefreely upon the caressing currents o’er snowy summits has no

need; has no use for the pathways of the valleys far far beneath her, for her journeying needs are always and ever into the greater spaces.”

## **Sublime Emblem 90**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A frown knotted traveller to the queendom named  
Why Is It That

who we happened to meet along the way, and who with attempting to conceal unwholesome intentions towards it did put this odd question to Her Majesty (Sj), and saying disrespectfully,

“Queen, why is it that you don’t have any ambitions for your peoples to expand the Queendom of Ebla?”  
“Serenity is the way of Imagination.

When a wandering stranger, a wandering tribe or even tribes proudly live with serenity, gratitude, respect, honour, and joy in a place; with dignity sojourns or dwells in a place of goodness such as the Garden of Ebla, that very place itself and its peoples wholeheartedly accept them as being one of their own, and greatly delight in making them feel very much at home.

For oft in ancestral days weren’t we too to be found as lone journeyers of either the sands or the foam.

And glad we must have been surely to be with finding ourselves in such places of courtesy.

Precious indeed to we is the noble heritage of roaming and extending hospitality.”

And with hearing such words the man’s forehead at once became completely clear of knots; his eyes bright with honesty, and his words sound and profound.

And for the rest of the day did he enjoy journeying with us along the way.

## **Sublime Emblem 91**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Read asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how should we read the Great Book; the sky of day, and the heavens of night, and the

carpet of land, and the flowing of waters?"

"Slowly, and with reflection for the secrets of this great text; be it texts are only revealed by means of reflection.

Yet, I would have you to reflect as you breathe; remaining but a moment with each reflection.

To try to hold on to a reflection is only putting yourself under

pressure.

However, never read without reflecting on what you've read.

## Sublime Emblem 92

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Is there A Limit asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty how far can our imaginings reach? Is there an ultimate limit; a maximum or terminal they reach?"

"The beauty, and the nature of our imaginings are that they have their dwelling external to ultimates, maximums, and terminals.

Our imaginings are of Imagination given."

## Sublime Emblem 93

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "Day-nightly be with imagining, and everything will shine clear and bright for you."

## Sublime Emblem 94

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "Let your smile; let your lips, and your words be of the fragrance of fresh lilies."

## Sublime Emblem 95

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

On an eastern promontory of the Meeting of the Waters Strait; overlooking where the Golden enters to current its way south to

meet up in swirls and eddies here and there along the way with the Jade.

And a mother named From Whence Comes, and she who of no more than twenty-five years of age with warmly receiving that beauteous scene into her heart did praiseworthy ask Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty from whence comes, and how comes your great beauty?

The brightness in your countenance and word; the tone and texture of your skin, and your reclining and walking style are all so amazingly youthful, fresh, and fragrant.”

“Beautiful woman; beautiful mother, a direct correspondence there is between the beauty of our heart, the beauty of our senses, our word, our body, and we being with imagining.

The more we culture ourselves to be with imagining the greater in beauty becomes our heart, our senses, our word, our body and its movement. What you’re seeing in me, and I in you, and in your two lovelies there over the way contentedly playing away with your beloved their daddy is this correspondence delightfully at work.

The beauty of a five-day old babe is not comparable to that of the beauty of a five-year old child; a five-year old child to that of a twenty-five year old woman; a twenty-five year old woman to that of a fifty-five year old, and I cannot compare my beauty to that of a ninety-five year old woman.

And the same is true for a man if he in like wisdom is with culturing himself from the womb to be with imagining.

And such a wise man is my faithful confidant and scribe, Trustworthy here.

Routinely eat sufficiently of the goodness of the Garden, and with gratitude, and joyfulness of heart



be with knowing that the imaginings of Imagination  
are beauties ever becoming more beautiful.”



Figure 61  
 ~ §~ Meeting of the Waters Strait ~§ ~

## Sublime Emblem 96

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "I can be with knowing a petal of this little purple flower here at my elbow to be the biggest thing in the whole place here about, and beautiful snow-mantled Mount Dignified over there in the distance to be the smallest.

And in like playfulness of my imaginings, the distance from the summit of Mount Dignified to the root of the little flower to be greater than the distance from here to the Honeycomb Galaxy."

## Sublime Emblem 97

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*



Figure 62  
~ §~ Mount Dignified ~§ ~

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Be with culturing imagining and you’ll never feel  
the desire to hurt yourself; to hurt anyone else or  
anything.

And neither will anyone else or anything find in you  
a reason to want to hurt you.

Culture imagining within your families; culture the  
Garden of Ebla to be with imagining, and never will  
they nor it feel the desire to hurt its own or to hurt  
any of its neighbours or anything.

Behold, the marvels of culturing imagining!

Rivers and streams in their generosity flow  
throughout the land on their way to the welcoming  
lakes, and seas.

Wind in its generosity shifts and reshapes the  
mighty sand dunes.

And look there, how sun most generously shares  
her light, warmth, and life on all without making  
any distinctions.

And such in kin, and even to a greater extent is the  
generosity of the heavens of night with its  
abundance of darkness and light.”

## Sublime Emblem 98

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named I Shouldn't I asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
"Your Majesty is there any imagining that I shouldn't imagine?"

"Should you find yourself imagining that Imagination must be an imagining of something else, then you'll know that you have reached the imagining that you shouldn't have imagined."

"Your Majesty if I may be so bold to ask, why shouldn't I imagine that Imagination is an imagining of something else?"

"Imagining stops at Imagination.

To try and push imagining beyond Imagination is to cause your imagining to immediately rebound back to the state of thinking.

And this will always happen whenever you try to imagine Imagination must be an imagining of something else."

## Sublime Emblem 99

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
"Be with delighting in savouring the fresh fragrant fruit of your beloved, and by your beloved delight in being savoured."

## Sublime Emblem 100

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“The desert and we do simultaneously day-nightly  
come into existence; day-nightly the valleys, rivers,  
fields, caressing seas, waving oceans, and we  
together are born anew.

Ah, the blue sky of day, and the black heavens of  
night are the deserts above where we too roam  
with great delight.

And there therein, and there therein see valleys,  
rivers, fields,

caressing seas, and waving oceans in which we're as much at home in as we are here. Verily, all and we are always and everywhere simultaneously being born anew."

## Sublime Emblem 101

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Greatly Value asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty there are three things which I greatly value in my life.

The first of these is long life; the second honour, and the third wealth.

In addition to these, are there any other values that I should hold dear to me?"

"Yes, long life, honour, and wealth are indeed admirable values to hold.

However, to them I would recommend that you add the value of their safe transmission to your children, grandchildren, and descendants for generations and generations.

Life is given to be lived fully; to be lived fully in accordance with the noble ways of Imagination. Honour is bestowed upon you by your family, the community, and the Queendom of Ebla because of your efforts to live a life of quality, and significance for yourself, and for all.

And wealth is given to you by them to the extent that you know how to be compassionate and generous with it for the well being of all, but especially for the well being of those in your immediate vicinity."



## Sublime Emblem 102

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named This Marvel said to Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty you are the best among persons; the best among

women, the best among mothers, the best among teachers, and the best among the leaders of this our own day or of any of the queendoms or kingdoms for distances and distances in any and all directions.

How came this marvel to be, Your Majesty?"

"Imagination is imagining it to be, and be it is.

I'm merely following Imagination; following my heart am I."

### **Sublime Emblem 103**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Where Does asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty where does imagination come from?"

"Imagination comes from the bountifulness of Imagination."

"Do flowers have imagination?"

"Flowers, surely imagine us to have it too."

"What of the sea?"

"Assuredly."

### **Sublime Emblem 104**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Happy asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty what makes you to be so very happy in your day to night, your night to day life?"

"Lovely scenes, sounds, scents, flavours, sensations, and thoughts.

And these lovelies are not limited to merely looking

at a beautiful mountain, listening to the singing of birds, scenting garden flowers, savouring courtly foods, feeling a fresh breeze upon my skin, and thinking about the moment that be.

I love also day-nightly to be looking at the beauty of another person; to be listening to their voice, scenting their fragrant presence, savouring the dateness, oliveness, and appleness of their smiles, feeling my hands touching theirs and theirs touching mine,

and to be with welcoming and appreciating their thoughts.”

## Sublime Emblem 105

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Most Welcome Greatly Honoured said to Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty your lovely countenance is of the brightness of the sun in the high blue sky of day, and of the moon and stars in the near be faraway darkness of the heavens of night.

“With a great delight and deep gratitude of heart am I with warmly receiving your words.”

“You’re most welcome, Your Majesty and I greatly honoured.”

“Of Imagination we all be in integrity, and serenity.”

## Sublime Emblem 106

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named How Best said to Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty speak to us of how we should best use our knowledge.”

“Our knowledge is being used at its finest when self-cultured to accept its noble destiny, namely that of being a handmaiden of our imaginings.”

## Sublime Emblem 107

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Anything Ever asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty has anything ever saddened you; anything ever almost deprived you of your courage?”

“Once, and only once ever did it happen, that I in a strange dream be it somewhere in the past or in the future I could not say, did I

find myself coming upon a village; a village that in truth would be nowhere to be found within the Garden of Ebla, where the entire inhabitants both women, and men, old and young had of a morning with the complete eclipse of the sun unanimously decided to completely cover their bodies with ashes to all touch, shut their eyes to see, block their ears to listen and their noses to scent, benumb their tongues to savour, and clog their brains to think. In the presence of such a pitiful community, I began at first to cascade tears, for I felt almost helpless as to what to do. But then, when with gathering the courage of my heart, and the light of the sun, I let extend my warm gaze to each and very person in the village that it may be with bathing their bodies, opening their eyes, unblocking their ears and noses, freshening their tongues, and unclogging their brains. And they with great joyfulness of heart did find themselves to be once again wholesome. And with not wanting me to leave from out of their celebratory presence without first having enjoyed their hospitality, they did prepare for me a tasty and most generous meal from the little that they had."

## Sublime Emblem 108

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "Of eloquence, etiquette, character, and joy are those who live their life according to the noble ways of Imagination."

## Sublime Emblem 109

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named How Do I Know What I Know asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how do I know what I know about things is not really so, and what I don’t know about things may very well be so?”

“If with finding yourself way south of the Abundant Mountains there, and at night you sleep out in the open desert without any covering on you, you will if you survive the cold be with pains all over come the dawn.

Would this also be true for the camel?

If you were to try to live out there in the watery depths of the Golden, especially when it’s all but frozen over you would surely drown.

Would this also be true for the fishes therein?

The fishes, camel, and yourself all know what is best according to your respective formations.



Figure 63

~ §~ Abundant Mountains ~§ ~

The same holds true when it comes to your tastes in eating, sight in seeing, sounds in listening, scents in scenting, and thoughts in thinking.”



## Sublime Emblem 110

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Why Not Stop At Thinking asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty why not stop at thinking rather than continuing on to be with imagining?

For I find, thinking on its own to be easy, and also quite sufficient for all my needs.

Then why; why do I need to be with imagining?”

“Advance beyond thinking to be with imagining, and in no time will you be coming to appreciate the marvels that Imagination has in store for you.

Once you have seen and experienced such marvels you will never again be contented with just remaining at the stage of thinking.”

## Sublime Emblem 111

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

An old woman named Be Unlike said to Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty your hands are lovely, warm, and silky, and the fragrance of your body most rare; it be unlike any perfume I’ve ever scented.”

“And in like beauty of word are your hands lovely, warm, and silky, and the fragrance of your body most rare; it be unlike any perfume I’ve ever scented.”

## Sublime Emblem 112

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“When we stroll as beauty and love there is no one  
of a gracious heart who will not want to be our  
friend; will not want to learn of their own beauty  
and love from us.

As we stroll along the way the birds of the air will come and alight on the nearby branches, and upon our shoulders or playfully in joyful melodies skip along beside us.

The gazelles of the oases will contentedly rest in our company, so too the fishes of the streams and rivers as we recline upon the banks.

Even the stars of the night will shine a little more brightly with receiving our gaze.

Such are some of the wondrous happenings in kind for those who stroll as beauty and love.”

### **Sublime Emblem 113**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Differentiate asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty can imagining help me to differentiate between good and bad?”

“When it comes to being with imagining there’s no bad; only there’s good, for to be with imagining is to be with goodness.

Imagination is goodness.”

### **Sublime Emblem 114**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“A grain of imagining is of greater weight than a mountain of thinking.”

## Sublime Emblem 115

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named What Is It Like asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what is it like when we reach the level of high

imagining?”

“Oh, I imagine we’ll be as Queen Shinehood and Mirror Moon is in how we look at everything, and care for everything.

And, how infinitely more so we will be I imagine when we reach levels such as attained by those of the distance stars and galaxies.”

## **Sublime Emblem 116**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “The heavens of night, the sky of day; the land about, including we are joyfully imagining away harmoniously.”

## **Sublime Emblem 117**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A married woman named How Much For asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how much of my lovemaking with my husband should be for our pleasure, and how much purely for procreation?”

“Let your lovemaking always purely be for pleasure; the taking root of a seed of your pleasure is the pleasure of Imagination.”

## **Sublime Emblem 118**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named How To Understand said to Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty teach us how to understand the knowledge carried in the Great Book.

For instance knowledge of the sky of day, the heavens of night; the carpeting land, and the rolling waters, and of all living things besides, including ourselves and each other.”

“Be with imagining and understandings of the knowledge carried in the Great Book will reveal themselves to you.

And know too that these understandings will lead you to an understanding of the marvellous ways of Imagination, for the Great Book is an imagining of Imagination.”

## **Sublime Emblem 119**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “With beginning with self, marvel the marvels of Imagination.”

## **Sublime Emblem 120**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named In The Within In The Without asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty we are conceived in the within, and born into the without, but did we exist before we were conceived, and will we exist after we die?”

“Before and after are only with reference to our existence between conception and death.

However, who we are is not confined within these parameters.

The conception to death experience is merely an experience within our greater, broader, and profounder eternal experience of existence.

We are an imagining of Imagination, and as Imagination imagines us so we are; so we are in transformation and transfiguration.”

## Sublime Emblem 121

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A newly wedded couple.

And the bride asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty when is the best time for beloveds like we to be with



lovemaking?”

“When the flowers in the gardens of your senses are in fragrant bloom; the birds of the air, and the fishes of the waters there are in playful ways, and the warm gentle breezes are softly brushing down o’er your hills and valley, and up about your date palm.”

## Sublime Emblem 122

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Consign To Writings said to Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty would that I could consign even in part the Great Book to writings.”

“What need is there to consign that which is already written in a form highly legible, and in a beauty of style that has no comparison?

The Great Book whose author is Imagination is the fragrant vessel of the noble ways of Imagination. It’s a joy-filling guidance to be read, reflected upon, and lived with a gracious and noble style.”

## Sublime Emblem 123

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named How Can I Tell asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how can we tell if the pleasure we feel for life is not in fact some kind of a misunderstanding or that the displeasure we feel for death is not also in fact some kind of a

misunderstanding?”

“Feeling pleasure for life is no more of a misunderstanding than is feeling displeasure for death.

For life to be life it needs to be pleasurable; death to be death displeasurable.

From the perspective of life, death is life unknown, and from death, life is death unknown.

Be with imagining therefore beyond the known and the unknown, and be with finding that life and death are not two but one.”

## Sublime Emblem 124

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Is It Possible with happening upon a tiny fossil in a rock face, asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty is it possible that this tiny fossil here was an ancestor of mine or even my original ancestor, in that as the seasons came and went its descendants kept changing in form until they changed into me?

And if that’s the case, am I now too changing, and in seasons and seasons to come will I have changed into something else?”

“You’re looking at things from the opposite direction. Your ancestor is not to be found in the past, but in the future.

And if there is a single ancestor from which you are descended, then that primordial ancestor is most likely to be found in the future, and not in the past. That tiny fossil there or one even smaller still may very well be the last descendant of that original ancestor.”

## Sublime Emblem 125

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“Everything is imaginable except Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 126

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Just One Big Dream said to Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty sometimes I think life is just one big dream, yet, I don’t know whose dream it is.”

“Life is an imagining imagined by Imagination.”

“Who is Imagination, Your Majesty?”

“Be with imagining, and you will come to know,  
and with coming to know will you come to dream.  
And in your dreaming, Imagination will be present  
to you; when with waking will you marvel.”

## Sublime Emblem 127

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named What Do I Do asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty what do I do when I find myself  
being with imagining?”

“Culture yourself to follow with it, and to hold it  
once it makes its appearance.

When imagining moves, slowly move with it.

The key is to let it move at its own pace, and in its  
own direction.

However, be alert as the slightest distraction can  
cause it to give up on going ahead.

But should you find yourself being distracted, wait  
until the distraction passes, and, then if you can,  
continue with the imagining.

This will not always be possible as certain  
distractions can be quite overpowering; even  
blocking any advancement for a return to  
imagining, at least for the time being.”

## Sublime Emblem 128

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named How Should I Be When asked Her  
Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how should I be, when be it for a

morn, a day, an overnight or longer my beloved he is not in my presence?"

"Let you countenance, voice, demeanour, poise, and fragrances be as if he will soon be with coming into your vision."

## Sublime Emblem 129

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “To be with imagining is to be with a solemnity sound; a joyfulness and calmness round, and a pride and well being profound.”

## Sublime Emblem 130

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) told of the following wondrous experience to a small group of people.

“Once of a delightful summer’s afternoon, while reclining by a shimmering pool in the palace garden, I began to be with imagining myself to be a most beautiful butterfly happily fluttering about therein the garden, and enjoying the warmth.

I had given up thinking of myself to be the Queen of Ebla.

I could scent the flowers in a new way, and enjoy their hidden flavours.

Then, for a moment there, I was so blissfully being of my imaginings that I wasn’t able to say for sure whether I was a butterfly who was imagining a human reclining in the garden or a human in the garden imagining that she was a butterfly happily fluttering about therein scenting the flowers, and enjoying the warmth of the sun upon her wings.

Then I found myself playing with the possibility of I being simultaneously both.

And who is to say, I said to myself; who is to say that I wasn't also simultaneously imagining that I was the garden or me the garden imagining myself to be simultaneously a butterfly, and a human in me the garden?

And I heard a bird sweetly chirping in a nearby tree, and I wondered.

With gazing beyond the mellifluous voice in the tree, I saw some



white wispy clouds gently sailing along in the high blue sky, and I did wonder on and on some more.”

## Sublime Emblem 131

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Find And Store asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty where do you find, and where do you store your imaginings?”

“I store them for the time being in the same places that I find them in.

When my imaginings take place while reclining on the bank of a river or with crossing a stream, I store those imaginings by the river, and o’er the stream.

When strolling along the foothills or on the ridges, I store those for the time being in the foothills, and on the ridges.

And when with sitting by a crackling scented campfire in the desert by night, I store those imaginings for the time being in the flames, in the desert, and in the starry heavens.

And come another time when with reclining on a river bank, crossing a stream, strolling along foothills, and on ridges or sitting by a campfire by night, those imaginings will again present themselves to me for further consideration.

Yet, I would have you know, that all my imaginings come forth from my heart, and are in my heart stored.

And when I find myself to be with imagining, even that river and stream, those foothills and ridges, the campfire, the desert, and the starry heavens

are all within my heart as imaginings.  
And it's within my heart that all are stored."

## **Sublime Emblem 132**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,

“Without sensuality there’s no reality, for reality to be reality it has to be sensual.  
And that sensuality is a sensuality of goodness.”

## Sublime Emblem 133

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A traveller named Meaning To Affront, and he having been but an hour in the queendom asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty not meaning to affront you or anything, but in all the lands that I have ever visited, I have never been to a queendom before. Yours is the first.

Wouldn’t it be better to hand over the rule of the land to a man, for surely a people ruled by a woman will never be successful?”

“Serenity is the way of Imagination.

With making the Queendom of Ebla your dwelling place, you will within the space of a waxing moon come to fully appreciate that the words you have just spoken here this morn are as ridiculous as ever a ridiculous word was ever spoken be it by a man or a woman.”

## Sublime Emblem 134

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Span Of Limits asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty our span of life; my span of life is limited whereas my imaginings are seemingly

without limits.

With my life as it is having its limits, isn't it rather a waste of my time to be concerning myself with that which is seemingly without limits, namely my imaginings?"

"Our life: your life is an imagining of Imagination. Be with fully concerning yourself with imagining, for therein you'll come to appreciate the limitless and boundless marvel that is your life."

## Sublime Emblem 135

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named How Can I Stay asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how can I stay with my imaginings; have my imaginings stay with me?”

“It requires practice.

Begin with small imaginings, and for very short durations.

When you’ve mastered holding such imaginings for the durations move on to bigger imaginings, and stretch them for longer durations.

And when you’ve mastered holding such imaginings for the durations move on to greater imaginings, and extend them for greater durations.

When you’re with imagining only be with imagining; don’t let yourself be sidetracked or backtracked into thinking.

Should you find yourself thinking while imagining then you’re no longer imagining, rather your thinking, and thinking is not imagining.

Yet, at times thinking precedes imagining, and even acts as a signpost for it.

Imagining however is not dependent upon the sense of thinking or on any of the other senses for its commencement.

Imagining begins with imagining, continues with imagining, and ends with imagining.”

## Sublime Emblem 136

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Considering Possession asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“ Your Majesty is my beloved my possession or am I her possession or are we both meant to be the possessions of each other?”

“Should you recognise in yourself signs, words, and actions of possessing your beloved or she shows such signs in her words and

actions towards you or by some unexpressed mutual consent you are both showing signs of possessing each other, then you are no longer beloveds.

It's better that you leave from out of each other's presence for a duration until you both have had an opportunity to rediscover the beauty and respect that originally attracted you to each other.

But if after that time, and sadly you have not been able to rediscover that original beauty and respect, then it's better that you not live in each other's company, but at a distance, yet, if possible remain friends."

"And, Your Majesty what should become of our children?"

"Go!

Quickly go home to your beloved, and as you go cast from your heart those words, and actions that are tending towards a possession by you of your beloved.

Your children are the beloved fruit of your love for each other.

Return and be unto your beloved that which she first found to be most attractive and admirable in you.

Don't waste another moment talking here.

Be; be on your way!"

## **Sublime Emblem 137**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Find And Learn asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty where may I find and learn of the

noble ways of Imagination?”

“They are written here and here; there and there,  
there near and there far, and over and beyond.  
Every chapter of this Great Book here all about,  
over and beyond vessels them.”

## **Sublime Emblem 138**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*



***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“The Royal Painter of Palaces was one day painting  
the interior of a newly built palace library.

He moved his brushes with such grace and  
swiftness that it almost appeared to the admirers  
that he wasn’t moving them at all.

Yet, the beauty, depth, and accuracy in the detail of  
his paintings awed all who beheld them.

Now of a dawn, when he was painting a large  
illustrated map of the Queendom of Ebla onto the  
eastern wall of the library, I happened as was my  
pleasure to stroll by to see how the work was  
coming along.

Amazed with the pleasantness of his countenance;  
the suppleness of his composure, and the ease of  
his hand movements as he seamlessly switched  
from one to other, did I during his break approach  
him to enquired what was the secret of his  
pleasantness and skill.

And this is how he answered.”

“There’s no special secret, Your Majesty.

Merely, I love what I do.

I enjoy culturing my eyes and hands to select  
colours, and move the brushes in harmony with my  
heart; in harmony with Imagination.

When I was but a toddler, my parents and I became  
aware that I had an ability to manifest the  
promptings of Imagination in the world about me.  
They patiently and greatly encouraged me to  
practice it.

I would trace images in the sand with my fingers,  
and in time culture myself to paint on stones,  
hardened clay, and plaster.

Merely, I’ve been happily culturing this given  
ability all along, Your Majesty.”

And with picking up his brushes; brushes that appeared to be as if ever in their state of newness, he with pleasantness of countenance, and suppleness of composure did continue on with his marvellous work."

## Sublime Emblem 139

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Can't Tell Whether I'm asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty how may I be good at imagining? For I can't tell whether I'm thinking very interestingly or imagining very poorly."

"When a camel she happens to step on your foot whose fault is it; hers or yours?"

"It has to be my own fault surely, Your Majesty."

## Sublime Emblem 140

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named What Is The asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty what is the Truth?"

"Imagination; Imagination is the Truth.

And to be with imagining is to be of a knowledge of the Truth."

## Sublime Emblem 141

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "Our imaginings may be compared to birds who with alighting on the ground peck up something and eat every few paces or so, and with every so

many paces to then fly off to sip a drink of water if none is to be found in their immediate vicinity.

Living life this way is not always easy for one reason or another, but assuredly, birds prefer this lifestyle by far to being locked up in a Silver Cage of Certainties.

Our imaginings are alike unto happy carefree birds of the ways.”

## Sublime Emblem 142

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Everywhere we’re in the presence of Imagination;  
everywhere enjoying being with imagining.”

## Sublime Emblem 143

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

First, a woman named Can Another Woman, and  
then, a man named Can Another Man asked Her  
Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty can another woman be a love in my  
life, and even for my life?”

“And I too, Your Majesty would ask, can another  
man be a love in my life, and even for my life?”

“Love is what decides who one’s love is.

Your love may of course be another woman, and  
yours another man.

But no woman must treat another woman as she  
would a man, and no man must treat another man  
as he would a woman.

A human being; be they a woman or a man or those  
who genuinely feel, see, and know themselves not  
to be woman but more man; not to be man but  
more woman or to be neither man or woman must  
not be without the love of another human being.  
Yet, howsoever they be, they must not in any  
circumstances whatsoever violate the physical  
sanctity of another human being.

Neither must anyone; anyone at all ever violate the physical sanctity of the youth, the stranger or the animals of the enclosure, the fields or the sands. Let no one at all do anything impolite, inappropriate or indecent to herself or himself or to anyone else nor permit anyone else to do anything impolite, inappropriate or indecent to oneself or to another.

In all relationships, let there be a sensuality of goodness.”

## Sublime Emblem 144

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said, “Delight in learning of the Great Book, and enjoy courteously sharing your findings with each other, and whosoever you happen to meet.

Yet, let your sharing be by natural consent; like unto the day does to the night, and the night unto the day.”

## Sublime Emblem 145

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) would oft say, “With gratitude of heart live fully the sky of a given day; the heavens of a given night, and with senses cultured follow through with great delight.”

## Sublime Emblem 146

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Debating asked Her Majesty (Sj). “Your Majesty why is it that when debating is based solely on thinking it inevitably tends towards confrontation, whereas when based on imagining it’s always harmonious?”

“When in the early morning haze, while you’re on your own in a small boat happily fishing away there on the river, another small boat suddenly appears from out of the mist with having no one on board, and partially slams into your boat causing it to rock, and almost tossing you into the water as it continues on passed you.  
Now, however relaxed and at ease you had been up to then, you



now feel somewhat upset, but will quickly settle down to contentedly fishing again, if there hasn't been any damage done to your boat. On the other hand, if a small boat had suddenly appeared out of the mist with having someone on board, and with seeing you in yours, skilfully avoided a collision, and who with finding you to be there on your own stopped and chatted awhile, you would be very happy, and you would both delight in sharing stories with each other about fishing, the ways of the river, and the beauty of the haze. Thinking is merely an empty boat on a river, whereas imagining has someone on board; has a skilled and able-bodied navigator on board. Thinking inevitably tends to be indifferent to everything about it, and is only concerned with getting somewhere or being in somewhere it knows not where it is."

## Sublime Emblem 147

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Cape Aromautis of Florafauna Diversity Peninsula on the western side of the Isle of Lily.

And a man named Designs And Patterns said to Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty your garments are exquisite; are of the loveliest designs and patterns, and with your strolling their fragrance fills the air."

"The wearing of garments or not the wearing of garments is for two main purposes.

The first is that we wear them to enable us to be in harmony with seasons of a morn, an afternoon, an eve or a night.

Over the way in the high altitudes of the Abundant Mountains we need to dress accordingly for the temperatures up there would be way too much for us to bear.

Yet, when with reclining in a fragrant orchard of a warm summer's day we're more comfortable with being without any attire whatsoever.

The second purpose being that the wearing of beautiful garments

allows us to feel that our beauty is enriched, and making us that little bit more attractive to the eyes of others.

This feeling is very personal; is very precious, and has be to be given expression.”



*Figure 64*

~ §~ Isle of Lily showing Cape Aromautis ~§ ~

And a woman named The Wearing Or Not The Wearing said,

“Ah, but sometimes, Your Majesty the wearing or not the wearing of garments can attract too much attention, especially from some men who have got other things on their mind.”

“Such men, even such women I have not found in any of my travels throughout the Isle of Ebla. And I have been as much apparelled as I have been unapparelled.

I wear or not wear my garments as I would a butterfly having alighted upon a sunny place; respectfully, gracefully, and contentedly closing

and opening my wings at will in the full sight of all.”

And Her Majesty (Sj) did gracefully arise, and with letting her garments flow free from her did enter into the welcoming white foaming jade waters.

## Sublime Emblem 148

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“Let your voice be charming and beauty filling; like unto a delicious and fragrant fruit have it be.”

## Sublime Emblem 149

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Where Within asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty where within me dwells Imagination?”

“Imagination has its dwelling place in your heart, and from your heart does it find its expression in your myriad senses.”

## Sublime Emblem 150

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Astound said to Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty the breath, depth, and height of your imaginings astound me; astound us all.”

“Astonishment at the wonders of Imagination is the natural way to be; is the way to be with gratitude, and joy.

## Sublime Emblem 151

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“There’s no greater name; no greater word for  
Imagination than Imagination.

Imagination is the greatest name; the greatest  
word for Imagination.

Imagination has no hidden names; Imagination is Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 152

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Save For Me asked Her Majesty (Sj). “Your Majesty the birth, the life, and the death of others are surely big things for most people, save for me, for I’ve managed to culture myself to be quite indifferent to such happenings.

I’m neither concerned nor am I moved by them, for I’ve been able to successfully keep myself from being unchanged by them.

Neither do I feel joyful about the birth, and the life of others or sadness about their death.

Yet, when I come to consider the birth, the life and the death of myself, I can’t achieve that same level of comfortable indifference.

Why might this be so?”

“To be concerned and moved; moved and concerned by the birth, the life, and the death of others is the true level of comfortable indifference; the true level of comfortable indifference being the natural way to be.

To be concerned and moved; moved and concerned by the birth, the life, and the death of yourself is most natural.

And, to be with this naturalness is to be living the true level of comfortable indifference.”

## Sublime Emblem 153

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Let the sun, moon, and stars be the light in your words; the mists, rain, and snow their refreshment, and the desert, mountains, and valleys their strength.”



## Sublime Emblem 154

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Daughters of the heavens, and sons of the sky be  
of beloved fragrances in the presence of your  
beloved.

Let there be no time when you’re not scenting of  
fragrances greatly beloved of your beloved.”

## Sublime Emblem 155

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Imagination gives blessings and prosperity in  
abundance to all imaginings without showing any  
disparity whatsoever.”

## Sublime Emblem 156

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named So Different From Another asked  
Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty why is one thing so different from  
another thing; one mountain so different from  
another mountain?

Why are rivers different from lakes, and birds from  
fishes?”

“Why not view everything from the point of view of

their sameness?”

“Now we have two positions, Your Majesty on viewing that are different from each other. There’s no end to the difference between things. To say that everything is the same is to deny the most obvious, namely that everything is different from everything else.”

“What then shall we say of sameness?”

“Sameness, Your Majesty is difference of a kind.”

“Could we then not also say that difference is sameness of a kind?”

“I suppose so; yes, I suppose we could.”

“Now try thinking of something that would appear not to be the same as something else, yet it could be viewed to be.”

“Well I could say a camel is the same as an ant, and a date palm the same as an olive tree, but that sameness would only have its existence in my imaginings.”

“Yes, in the place where it really matters.

If we can imagine the camel, ant, date palm, and the olive tree to be the same in difference, then isn't it quite possible that in truth they are to be of a sameness found?

“Taking our imaginings, Your Majesty to be the source of truth, then I would have to concur.”

“I have found that when I give my full attention to the sameness in difference the greater the increase in harmony, than say the other way round, focusing on the difference.

Focusing on the difference in difference the greater the decrease in harmony.

Therefore, the more do I love to focus on the sameness in difference; enjoying being at home with a bountifulness of harmony.”

“Yes, Your Majesty, yes, I like that idea.

Yes, to look at the sameness in difference rather the difference in difference for the former brings about the greater the increase in harmony.”

## **Sublime Emblem 157**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Delight In Movement asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty we may say that imaginings delight in movement; delight in currenting along.

Then what may we say of thinking?”

“Thinking delights in attempting to bring their movement to a virtual standstill; to block their natural flow.

For at times, thinking is a of a propensity as to want to stagnate

with the view to subjugating them.”

## Sublime Emblem 158

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

An engaged to be married young woman named Very Much In Love asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty if I may, please tell us something of your beloved one; your husband.”

“Ah, love upon the countenance; in the eyes, and in the words is a most beautiful and charming thing to behold.

Thank you, Very Much In Love.

Blessed assuredly will be your love he.”

“Thank you so much, Your Majesty.”

“My beloved he’s golden, and power filling as the sun of day, and as gentle and sublime as the stars of the heavens of night.

His use of his wisdom is most admirable.

And when we are with lovemaking he is truly altogether lovely.

My beloved he’s simply sensuous, and sensually passionate with his imaginings.

My beloved he’s of a sensuality of goodness that has no comparison throughout the Land of Ebla, and who knows even beyond her.

My beloved he is a most caring and exemplary father to our lovelies; a son who greatly honours and loves ours beloved parents, and one highly trustable by all who know him.

My beloved’s countenance, voice, demeanour, poise, and fragrances are on a magnitude of beauty that tends to surpass definition.

This beloved one is my beloved husband, beloved

father to our bright lovelies, and my best friend in whom I am always abundantly pleased.”  
“Thank you; thank you so much, Your Majesty.”

## Sublime Emblem 159

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Imagination there is; Imagination alone.  
Besides Imagination there is no other.”

## Sublime Emblem 160

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) would oft say,  
“There is nothing still or moving that isn’t my mirror.  
When I look into the fast flowing stream, the still lake or waves on the shore, I myself in these do see.  
When I look into the groves, forests, mountain slopes, and the desert oases and dunes; into the flights of birds, and the playfulness of insects; into the dawn of morn, the high blue sky of day, the hued golden of eve, and the stars bedecked velvety heavens of night, do I myself see in all of these, and in numerous other places besides.  
And I like what I see therein of me, in these myriad mirroring things.”

## Sublime Emblem 161

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Disposition Of Heart asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what disposition of heart do I need to have in order to be able to be with imagining according to the ways of Imagination?”

“Imagining necessitates simplicity.

However it doesn’t require you to be simplistic.”



## Sublime Emblem 162

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“In the blue sky of day there is but one sun; one sun alone.  
And in the dark heavens of night there is but one basket of lights; one basket alone.”

## Sublime Emblem 163

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

On a slope of Mount Dignified while watching snow falling a woman named Forever Green Fresh And Fragrant asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty why are the noble cedars; the profusion of noble cedars here on the snowy slopes, and for distances and distances off in either direction there given to remain forever green, fresh, and fragrant?”  
“They are given to remain forever green, fresh, and fragrant so that the vast ever brimming reservoir of snows here about remain forever white, pure, and yielding to the valleys.”

## Sublime Emblem 164

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Seeking Renown asked Her Majesty

(Sj).

“Your Majesty is renowned for her profound wisdom throughout the Isle of Ebla, and wholeheartedly beloved for your caring heart, and generous hand.

I, and we here about, Your Majesty greatly desire that the worlds beyond the queendom should also know of you; know of your profound wisdom, caring heart, and generous hand.

Why not seek renown in the worlds, Your Majesty?”

"I did not seek renown rather renown found me.  
To be the best kind of person I can be; to be a  
queen admired by my ancestors, and worthy of you,  
that we together may leave a civilization nonpareil  
for the generations following when it comes to  
living our lives according to the noble ways of  
Imagination is what I try to be, and want us to be."

## Sublime Emblem 165

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With watching the flowing of a stream, Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
"I am wherever I'm going; wherever I am is where  
I'm coming from."

## Sublime Emblem 166

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named In Order To asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
"Your Majesty what do I have to do or what do I  
have to have in order to be able to move my senses;  
my thinking to be with imagining?"  
"It's our wisdom that encourages us to move our  
senses; to move our thinking to be with imagining."  
"Your Majesty but, what is wisdom?"  
"Wisdom is your heart talking to you.  
The heart is always in a state of goodness,  
fragrance, warmth, and passion; the goodness,  
fragrance, warmth, and passion of Imagination.  
Be at all times in the blessed company of your  
wisdom; in the blessed presence of your heart

talking to you.

And with listening to the voice of your heart will  
you be with moving your senses; moving your  
thinking to be with imagining.

And being with imagining all good things will come  
to you;

wholesomeness in abundance.”

## Sublime Emblem 167

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Oh, look; look to there in those clouds!  
See you one standing by a wavy shore in the  
company of birds in playful flight?”  
“We see but the clouds, Your Majesty.”

## Sublime Emblem 168

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named By What Means asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty by what means may we come to see,  
and know the beginnings of things?”  
“By means of their endings.  
Day-nightly the endings of things appear before us.  
They are our way to our beginnings.  
With reaching the dawn we are at the ending of a  
day.”  
“At the ‘ending’ of a day, Your Majesty?”  
“Yes, with reaching the dawn we are at the ending  
of a day.  
And from this ending we are lead to the beginning  
of that day, namely to the setting of the sun.  
The setting of the sun which in turn is the ending  
of the new night, and the beginning of that new  
night is to be found with reaching the dawn.  
The dawn being the ending of the new day.”

“And following on from this sui generis way of thinking, Your Majesty what shall we say of the seasons?”

“The spring is winter’s beginning, summer spring’s, autumn summer’s, and winter autumn’s beginning.

A seeker of beginnings am I; a knower of endings I am.”

## Sublime Emblem 169

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

On a rock salt hill southwest of Salt Basin.  
And a woman named Knowledge Based On asked  
Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what’s the difference between  
knowledge based on knowing, and knowledge  
based on imagining?”

“Flapping your wings with the greatest of ease;  
gliding, and soaring in the high blue sky of gentle  
breezes is to be gathering knowledge based on  
imagining.

Frantically trying to flap your wings; attempting to  
glide, and soar in lashing rain or in driving snow is  
to be gathering knowledge based on knowing.

Shelter and rest while it rains and snows; emerge  
only when the skies are clear, and the wind blows  
with the greatest of ease.”

“Your Majesty but I have a great liking for being in  
storms.”

“It’s the nature of storms to clean up, uproot, and  
to remove anything it can that happens to be in its  
pathway.

Like and respect them from a place of shelter and  
safety for the storms of the sky, desert, and waters  
can at times be of a power, and ferocity that could  
cause you serious bodily injury, if not something  
even far worse.”

“Then, Your Majesty isn’t there any knowledge  
based on imagining when it comes to storms,  
floods, earthquakes, volcanoes, and the various  
forces that must have given rise to the basin there

below and the hills here about?"

"Yes, there is of course knowledge based on imagining when it comes to these and the like, but it's best gathered while you are in places of shelter and safety.

Respect here for such powerful forces is at the heart of the matter."

## **Sublime Emblem 170**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*



***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“In the pure, joyful simplicity of your imaginings  
will you come to know the goodness of Imagination.  
And of that very same goodness are we each and  
every one of us.”



Figure 65  
~ §~ Salt Basin ~§ ~

**Sublime Emblem 171**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,

“Imagination is the source of all serenity;  
Imagination is our serenity.”

## Sublime Emblem 172

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said,  
“I’m beholding in a vision an astonishingly  
beautiful octagonal wooden pavilion; an exquisite  
yellow roofed pavilion.

There’s a woman fully attired in her own  
naturalness emerging from out of a gently flowing  
river, and is strolling towards the pavilion.”

## Sublime Emblem 173

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Is It To Be asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what is it to be?”

“Imagining; it is to be with imagining.”

“What about in our dreams?”

“Imagining; it is to be with imagining whether we  
are fully asleep, napping, between sleeping and  
waking or fully awake.”

## Sublime Emblem 174

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Learn And Teach asked Her  
Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty who is your teacher?”

“Imagination; Imagination is my great teacher.”

“Is Imagination female or male?”

“My Great Teacher cannot be spoken of as being either female or male for such categories of gender and the like have no meaning when it comes to saying what Imagination is, and what Imagination is not.

Imagination is Imagination.”

“And, what Your Majesty has Imagination been teaching you?”

“From the cosiness of the womb to my first night ‘neath the

starlight, and to my first day 'neath the sun bright  
has Imagination been teaching me how to look with  
imagining eyes, listen with imagining ears, scent  
with imagining nose, savour with imagining  
tongue, feel with imagining skin, and to think with  
imagining brain."

"Behold, Your Majesty is the countenance, the  
word, and the demeanour of her great teacher."

## **Sublime Emblem 175**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
"Imagination is my provider; provides me day-  
nightly with everything of the heart, of the senses,  
and of the physical that I need to live according to  
the noble ways of Imagination."

## **Sublime Emblem 176**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A worried looking man named Often Do I Of Late  
asked, Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty is there anything; is there anything  
at all that can persuade, separate or remove from  
our hearts Imagination's love, faith, beauty, and  
strength?

For more often do I of late find myself becoming  
anxious about this."

"That which Imagination has placed in our hearts  
remains forever secure in our hearts.

Therefore, be wholeheartedly assured that there is

nothing; there is nothing at all that can persuade,  
separate or remove from our hearts Imagination's  
love, faith, beauty, and strength.

Be of a gratitude and joy, for truly marvellous are  
the ways of Imagination."

## Sublime Emblem 177

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named In Truth Can I Do asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what in truth can I do with my imaginings?

For oft I have looked upon them as being a complete nuisance.”

“When over time we patiently learn how to use our imaginings very effectively, we can enjoy standing attired only in the lightest of raiment atop a snowy summit and experience no vertigo; no freezing or be removed from there by any prevailing strong crosswinds.

In the height of summer days we can enjoy strolling upon the refreshing waters of the Ancient of Grace, and yet not sink there into its depths; not even sink to the depth of an inch.

We can enjoy sitting in the rising sun hearth, and remain comfortably sitting therein throughout the day till it sets in the eve, and never experience any singeing to our eyebrows and hair or burning to our skin.

Neither will any blindness come to our eyes or shortness of breath to our lungs.

And by night we can enjoy being of the shinning of a star while simultaneously sitting here enjoying looking over at that very same star.”

## Sublime Emblem 178

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“When I heart the marvellous imaginings of  
Imagination, I want to sing and dance; to dance  
and sing about a fragrant desert campfire by night  
or along all along the lovely Jade shore at dawn,  
and come afternoon to slumber in the gently  
shading groves of the valleys and hills of the  
inland.”



## Sublime Emblem 179

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "Benevolent is the voice of the heart; benevolent is its wisdom."

## Sublime Emblem 180

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said, "Imagination is majestic; showing majesty in the myriad upon myriads of imaginings."

## Sublime Emblem 181

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "To sleep or to nap with imagination is to dream with imagination; to dream with imagination is to awake with imagination.

The greatest activity of the heart is imagining; the greatest activity of the senses is in manifesting the imaginings of the heart."

## Sublime Emblem 182

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Concerned asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty who is the most pitiful of persons?”

“Those who despite having the good word sown in their senses with respect to living life according to the noble ways of Imagination, prevent its roots from ever reaching, and receiving the nourishment of their hearts.

Such a person is indeed most pitiful.”

## Sublime Emblem 183

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “Always and everywhere be attentive to the voice of your heart.

Let your eyes, ears, nose, tongue, skin, and brain be attentive to the truth of your heart.”

## Sublime Emblem 184

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “Imagination in Imagination’s own style imagines everything; imagines everything including we, and provides everything imagined with the knowledge that they are of, and by Imagination imagined. And be with knowing that this imagining, and the knowledge being provided is ongoing; it’s happening even as I breathe forth these very words, and you them are welcoming into your hearts.”

## Sublime Emblem 185

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “When we look with imagining eyes there is nothing that we cannot see; with imagining ears

nothing we cannot hear, with nose nothing we cannot scent, with tongue nothing we cannot savour, with skin nothing we cannot feel, and when we think with imagining brains there is nothing we cannot think.”

## **Sublime Emblem 186**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named In Need Of asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty do you think the sky of day is in need of greater height, the heavens of the night greater distance; the valleys in need of more depth, and the towering sand dunes a levelling to lower? Do you think the sun, and the moon are in need of dimness?”

“This day, and according to its own way the sky is a of a height sufficient unto its own needs, the heavens distance, the valleys depth, the sand dunes low, and the sun, and the moon dim.

And come the new day with the new night all will be with making themselves sufficient unto their own needs; needs that never exceed themselves or want for more than what is necessary.”

**Sublime Emblem 187**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Imagination imagines in style, beauty, proportion and extent the fashions of the myriad imaginings.”

**Sublime Emblem 188**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Always So Much To Say said to Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty I feel I’ve always so much to say on whatever the subject, but whenever I speak, as you can now well hear tell, my breath gets in the way,

thus causing my words to be always bunched up and knotted together like so many broken tree branches on a fast flowing flooded river that comes to colliding into and blocking up the archways of bridges found in its rolling and tumbling way.”  
“When we breathe imagination our breaths slowly ascend from the soles of our feet, thereby allowing our speaking to be of the greatest of ease, clarity, and charm.”

## Sublime Emblem 189

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named How Can We Come To Know asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how can we come to know Imagination?

Can we ever Imagination completely know?”

“Through being with imagining we can come to know; we can come to know through being with imagining eyes, ears, nose, tongue, skin, and brain. The way to know is by way of the myriad senses; only the six primary ones have I mentioned here. Knowing is of the heart.

Yet, completely knowing when it comes to speaking of Imagination has no meaning, for we can only know Imagination to the extent of our own imaginings, and that for us is completely sufficient.”

## Sublime Emblem 190

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A dull impassive much wrinkled elderly man named I Feel My Life asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty although I’m advanced in years, I feel my life to have been very short and ever so tedious.

Now, even at this late stage is there no remedy for this tediousness?”

“Be with imagining.”

“Your Majesty imagining?

What good is there in imagining?”

“The goodness of living a life that has no need for tediousness; a life that’s perpetual passion, joy, and serenity.”

“And, how, Your Majesty may I be with imagining for thinking is all I know how to do?”

“Simply, move your thinking from what it has been used to doing



to be with imagining.

Instantly, you will begin to notice the difference; the tediousness will lift off you as frost on a roof with experiencing the warming rays of a new day's sun.

A brightness will be appearing in your countenance and word; the tone and texture of your skin, and your reclining and walking style will begin to be of an amazing youthfulness, freshness, and fragrance."

And instantly, he and all of us there began to notice the differences coming to him.

## **Sublime Emblem 191**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Problems And Obstacles asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty why do I experience problems in my life; why do I encounter obstacles in trying to live my life according to the noble ways of Imagination?"

"When Imagination is even momentarily forgotten about, there will be a tendency to view your experiences in life as problems; what you encounter to be obstacles.

But when at all times we are with keeping before us that we are always and everywhere in Imagination, then nothing experienced is a problem, and anything encountered is no obstacle."

## Sublime Emblem 192

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said,  
“Trustworthy, can you scent that fragrance in the air?”

“Do you mean the fragrance of the orange grove,  
Your Majesty?”

“Besides, that fragrance there is another; a  
distinctly charming fragrance somewhere between  
rosemary and thyme.

Mystifyingly delectable is that distinctive scent.”

“I can only scent that of the orange grove Your  
Majesty.”

## Sublime Emblem 193

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Not Sure asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty I’ve never been taught how to look on my living life as a pleasure or my dying death as something I should be displeased about.

Sometimes, I’m not even sure if I’m dying life and living death.”

“There’s only living life; living life that’s of the visible universes, and of the invisible universes. Yet, be with well knowing, visible life is indeed a pleasure while invisible life can initially give displeasure, and even for quite some time afterwards to those who with loving memories are still living in the visible.

In other words, those who have gone over into the invisible are greatly missed by those who are left behind in the visible.

Yet, those who have gone over into the invisible are always present and nearby to those in the visible; lovingly caring for them.

Those living life in the invisible, we can imagine are as we are in their pleasure with living, but are also as we in their displeasure after their beloved ones have entered living life in the visible.

In other words, those who have gone over into the visible are greatly missed by those who are left behind in the invisible.

Yet, those who have gone over into the visible are always present and nearby to those in the invisible; lovingly caring for them.

There’s only living life; living life that’s of the

visible universes, and of the invisible universes.”

“Your Majesty is the invisible dark?”

“It surely must be as bright as any moonlit or starlit night, and as clear as any a sunlit sky of day.”

“How can you know all this to be surely so, Your Majesty?”

“My imaginings which have their source in Imagination let me to know it to be so.”

## Sublime Emblem 194

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A visitor to the Garden; a man named Might It Not Also, and he with sitting in a group of listeners asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty earlier you told us how the myriad things, including ourselves are all imaginings of Imagination.

Yet, might it not also be quite possible that we ourselves, the myriad things, and even Imagination are of your own imaginings, Your Majesty or of any of these people here about?”

“If you can imagine Imagination you’re only talking about what you can imagine.

What you can imagine to be Imagination is not Imagination.

Imagining is only the means for us to come to know something of Imagination.”

“But, Your Majesty if I may be so forward, how can you be certain that Imagination is not only another one of your own imaginings albeit I must admit the most impressive of them all?”

“Move beyond the brain; move beyond thinking to be with imagining.

Remember the brain is but one of our myriad senses, and its elementary activity is thinking.

The heart does the imagining.

Without seeing with imagining eyes we can’t see the truth, listening with imagining ears we can’t hear it; imagining noses we can’t scent it, imagining tongues we can’t savour it, imagining skin we can’t feel it, and without imagining brains

we can't think it."

"And, Your Majesty what is the truth?"

"The truth is Imagination.

Move beyond thinking to be with imagining; use your brain to be with the imaginings of your heart, beyond feeling to using your skin to be with the imaginings of your heart, beyond savouring to using your tongue, beyond scenting to using your nose, beyond listening to using your ears, beyond seeing to using your eyes.

Move your myriad senses beyond their customary selves to be with

imagining; to using your myriad senses to be with the imaginings of your heart.

And by doing so, will you come naturally to appreciate that what you spoke of here this day, was of a time when you knew not yet the how and the ways for you to be with profoundly using your senses to be with the imaginings of your heart."

## **Sublime Emblem 195**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "Imagination is joy, and in our day-nightly joy are we with knowing Imagination; knowing Imagination to be joy."

## **Sublime Emblem 196**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Of an after sunset, and a woman named More Tangible asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty where do we come from?"

"With absolute certainty marvellous imaginings of Imagination are we."

"Yes, I apprehend and accept this to be so, Your Majesty but what about in a more tangible sense?"

"One possibility from the many streams of possibilities that my heart from time to time and in places of places delights in presenting to me is the possibility that we come from our parents."

"Only it's a possibility, Your Majesty?"

Well all right, then, besides from our parents

where do we come from?"

"Our ancestors."

"Besides our ancestors?"

"From the nature about."

"Besides the nature about?"

"From that newly arising huge bright planet there."



"Besides that huge planet?"

"From the sun."

"Besides the sun?"

"From the distant heavens."

"Besides the distant heavens?"

"From the seventy-seventh heavens."

"Besides the seventy-seventh heavens?"

"There's no place where we don't originate from, and no place to where we aren't returning."

"Are these our possible origins, Your Majesty to be found behind us or in front of us?"

"They're to be found in the over there.

Yet, be with knowing that there is no over there nor is there any place that isn't in and of Imagination."

## Sublime Emblem 197

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,

"The heavens, sky, land, and waters all as one speak to us of their beauty and goodness.

Our speaking of beauty and goodness is not less than that of the tiniest seeds or insects nor is it any greater than that of the sun or the Honeycomb Galaxy.

For they, we, and everything speaks of the beauty and goodness that is according to each of our abilities; our own ever-developing and ever-evolving abilities.

May we faithfully speak of the beauty and goodness that is; the beauty and goodness that is itself also ever-developing, and ever-evolving."

## Sublime Emblem 198

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said,

“I’m beholding in a vision a queen, and a young girl; yes, a queen, and her daughter.  
The queen is delighting in telling a story to the princess who appears to be equally as happy.  
I seem to be seeing a horse, and a tiger, but I’m not sure if they are nearby the queen and the princess or if they are in the queen’s own story.  
Oh, and there’s a man walking along who is wearing a satchel over his right shoulder.  
He’s now sitting down, and is taking a book from the satchel, and is contentedly reading it.”

## Sublime Emblem 199

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A deeply concerned poet named Who Shall Have Remembrance asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty who shall have remembrance that we have ever been; who shall have remembrance of the Queendom of Ebla; of the Garden of Ebla?  
And who shall have remembrance of Your Majesty’s precious words?”

“Those who will be with lovingly, and reflectively reading our sacred texts, particularly our narratives, poems, and histories.

And not alone lovingly, and reflectively reading them, but giving to them a life anew in their own day, and in their own way.

In the splendid newness of their own day will we be again given a life.”

## Sublime Emblem 200

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“There’s no imagining of Imagination that isn’t  
with dignity found.

And as such, there is no woman, man or child to be  
found that isn’t

to be treated with dignity and respect.  
To be living with dignity and respect for oneself,  
and all others is a tent peg of our life.  
And in living accordingly are we being in harmony  
with Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 201

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Of a lovely refreshing summer’s morn, and sitting  
in the shade of a sycamore tree by a shimmering  
river that meanders along the base of a high  
mountain in the southern region of Queen  
Shinehood’s Peninsula.



Figure 66

~ § ~ Cloud Carpet of Queen Shinehood’s Peninsula ~ § ~

And a mirthful woman named Harmoniously Yield;  
a baker of delicious breads from the local village of

Cloud Carpet, asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty is there anything that doesn’t  
harmoniously yield

something of itself; harmoniously yield even its whole self to something else or to someone else?"

"There is no imagining of Imagination that doesn't in some way or another harmoniously yield to another imagining of Imagination.

Like change, yielding is naturally everywhere.

We can say that changing is yielding, and yielding is the way of change.

Yielding is inherent in everything; inherent in all imaginings.

Yielding allows everything to exist in harmony.

The heavens of the night yield to the sky of day, and the sky of day to the heavens of night.

The flower yields to the bee, the clouds to the wind, the rivers to the sea, and we to each other in our conversations, in our walking, and in our reclining spaces, and in numerous other ways.

Yielding for harmony is the natural inclination of everything."

"Your Majesty might it be possible to institutionalise harmonious yielding, for I've heard that beyond the queendom there are peoples who have attempted to do so?"

"It's possible, but that would be like putting fetters on a camel, a great load on her back with you sitting atop, and now asking her to run very fast. Yielding is best served when both camel, and rider are free of fetters and loads that are way too heavy to carry.

The camel she senses the rider's gentleness, and knowledge of where they're headed, and so naturally yields.

And the rider in like sense and wisdom the camel's strength, and knowledge that she can make the journey, and thus naturally yields.

Living in harmonious coexistence; in harmonious

serenity is the way to be.

And when we are with living in harmonious  
serenity with each other, and with everything  
about us we are living in harmony with  
Imagination.

To be living in harmony with Imagination is the  
way we, and every imagining of Imagination is  
meant to be.

Enjoy naturally yielding to be, for to be is to see  
and know the love, the faith, the beauty, and the  
strength of Imagination beginning with we.”



And with gazing out beneath the gently swaying sycamore branches to the near and far beyond mountain peaks, Her Majesty (Sj) said, "Upon every mountaintop; in every caverned slope, and in every valley deep does Queen Shine find, a delightful way, to me to speak."

## Sublime Emblem 202

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With gazing into a shallow pool on the bend of a riverlet a painter of beautiful scenery named Admirable Wondrous said to Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty isn't it most admirable how the fishes therein are quite indifferent towards each other as they carefreely swim about?

And, isn't it wondrous how the birds of the air as they felicitously fly about here and there are also quite indifferent towards each other?"

"The fishes therein, and the birds of the air there have all mastered the ability of showing such awe inspiring respect and care for each other that they only appear to be quite indifferent.

To be a fish, however is to fully care for your fellow fishes; to be a bird to happily respect each other's space."

## Sublime Emblem 203

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said, "By dawn and twilight do the great sky of day, and

the mighty heavens of night harmoniously delight  
in taking with each other both the initiative and the  
reservative; nimble are they in their easygoingness,  
and easygoing in their nimbleness are they.”

## **Sublime Emblem 204**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "Subtlety is the way of Imagination, and that subtlety, delicacy, and refinement is present in all imaginings without exception; is present in the trees, flowers, insects, birds, streams, and in breezes, and in each one of us is that same refinement, delicacy, and subtlety to be found in great abundance."

**Sublime Emblem 205**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named What Are asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
"Your Majesty what are we?"  
"We're a delightful human form having wondrous life."

**Sublime Emblem 206**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "Consider everything including yourself from the perspective of the heavens, the sky, the land, and the waters.  
By doing so there will be no time when you won't feel at home with your imaginings; at home with yourself, everyone, and everything about you."

## Sublime Emblem 207

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Respect And Honour asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty to whom should we extend our respect and honour?”

“There is no one you shouldn’t respect, and honour. Yet, above all respect and honour your aged parents, and those in

your locality who are advanced in years.  
For the words of the aged are a treasure unto the day, and a remembrance, and a guidance unto the morrow."

## Sublime Emblem 208

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "Gratefully welcome an imagining when it comes to you; enjoy its presence while it's with you, and wish it well when it leaves from you to go somewhere else.

In similitude, gratefully welcome the coming of the sun; enjoy its presences throughout its stay, and wish it well when it leaves from you as it has somewhere else to go.

There is nothing that isn't an imagining; the hills and valleys are imaginings of Imagination, so too the desert and the fields, the rivers and the sea, the sky of day and the heavens of night.

And we each of us are imaginings of Imagination."

## Sublime Emblem 209

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said, "I'm beholding in a vision a woman; a most beautiful woman.

Somehow she seems familiar to me as if I have seen her somewhere before; yes, in another vision. She's in a bedroom chamber, and is carefully

placing something white in a cherry inlaid box of some kind.”

## **Sublime Emblem 210**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj), said reflectively,

“A valley in a valley, and a mountain in a mountain;  
the desert in the desert, and the sky and the  
heavens in the sky and the heavens.  
All wondrous, truly.”

## **Sublime Emblem 211**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“By way of imagining do we reach to the roots of  
everything, including ourselves, and the roots of  
everything including ourselves are to be found in  
Imagination.”

## **Sublime Emblem 212**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Imagination is the sustainer of the myriad  
imaginings, including the sustainer of our own  
imaginings however great or small they be,  
however long or short they be, Imagination  
sustains them; sustains we.”

## **Sublime Emblem 213**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Or Is It The Way asked Her  
Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty are the forms about us such as the

mountains, valleys, trees, flowers, rivers and streams contented with their forms or is it the way that we humans alone are discontented with our forms?"

"Each and every form is unto itself contented with its form, for no form is without experiencing ongoing transformation.

It's this certainty of transformation that gives contentment.

Be with knowing your transformation, and certainly great will be



your contentment.”

## Sublime Emblem 214

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“There’s nothing that doesn’t exist.

When of any given moment, with having reached  
the farthest limits of your imaginings, you will  
come to appreciate the awesome and boundless  
ocean of what there is that exists.”

## Sublime Emblem 215

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“When you’re with imagining be as a boat that  
confidently moves through the waters; your only  
concern being with enjoying journeying in the  
welcoming unknown.”

## Sublime Emblem 216

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Sublime are the imaginings of Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 217

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Speak To Us asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty speak to us of Imagination.”

“Do I not speak of ought else but of the marvellous imaginings and ways of Imagination?”

Imagination imagines, and its imaginings are all to be trusted.

There is nothing that Imagination imagines that isn't good; that can't be fully trusted.

Imagination, if you can imagine it to be so, imagines effortlessly.

Almost we can say, that it imagines without imagining; yet, imagining surely it does.

It imagines the starry heavens, the high blue sky, the lush green hills and valleys, the golden desert, the meandering streams, and the wavy shore.

Imagination has imagined you and me.

There is nowhere that imaginings of Imagination can't be found; the visible and the invisible themselves being imaginings of Imagination."

"Was there ever, Your Majesty a 'before'

Imagination; will there ever be an 'after'

Imagination?"

"To speak of a 'before' or an 'after' Imagination is the power of Imagination working in you.

Go a little further with such wondrous imagining, and you will find that the 'before' and the 'after' will be taking you to imagining myriads of 'befores' and 'afters' without ever reaching an end.

And, if we were to stop to see just how far we have come with such a line of imagining, we would be pleasantly surprised to learn that imagining befores and afters with respect to Imagination is but the playfulness of Imagination being with us. For if there is one characteristic or attribute that we can speak of with respect to Imagination it would have to be its playfulness.

Imagination by its very nature is playful, and that playfulness is of the innocence, purity, and joy of the baby in the cradle."

"Is Imagination, Your Majesty external to

everything it imagines or internal to everything it imagines?”

“There’s no external to be external in nor no internal to be internal in.

To try and look with our eyes for Imagination we won’t be able to see it.

To try and listen with our ears we won’t be able to hear it. To try and scent with our nose we won’t be able to scent it.

To try and savour with our tongue we won’t be able to savour it.

To try and feel with our skin we won't be able to feel it.

To try and think with our brain we won't be able to know it.

Imagination is the nonpareil presence in residence in our heart.

And this presence in residence is personal to each one of us.

Therein, do we personally come to realize what Imagination is; therein do we marvel with gratitude and joy at the tremendous well being Imagination has for us; has for all its imaginings from the tinniest to the largest. Imagination is pure well being."

## **Sublime Emblem 218**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Style And Finesse asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty how can I be with imagining in style and finesse?"

"Look about you, and you will quickly come to see how Imagination imagines.

Listen about you; scent, savour, feel, and think, and you will come to appreciate a style and a finesse of imagining which is without any comparison.

Be in the style and the finesse of Imagination."

## **Sublime Emblem 219**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“Love the radiance, the warmth, and the life of  
your heart speaking to you.”

**Sublime Emblem 220**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“The generosity of Imagination is without end.

See about you the abundance and the sheer variety of imaginings.

Everywhere we look, listen, scent, savour, feel, and think are the marvellous imaginings of Imagination to be found."

## **Sublime Emblem 221**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Beautiful Charming Complexion asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty how does Queen Shinehood keep her complexion always looking so beautiful, and charming?"

"In the predawn she bathes in the clear waters of the Ancient of Grace, and at noon naps in the fragrant Zenith Gardens; in the twilight she bathes in the relaxing waters of the Jade, and come night she soundly sleeps in the soft cosy bed of Dark Silkiness."

## **Sublime Emblem 222**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A tender of terraces named How Did Where From asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty how did water come to the planet; how is there water?

From where did the first rains come from?"

"In this serene place of ascending terraces am I given to say like this, that long long a long ago, so long long a long ago that it be in the future,

condensation from the sun formed on the surface of the planet.

Some of that condensation became the streams and rivers, however most of it became the seas.

And the waters of the streams and rivers was sweet to the taste while those of the seas salty.”

“And is that the same, Your Majesty on the other planets here close about us?”

“There was but one huge planet having the sun as its origin.



In time, all of the other planets, including our moon, and all the moons, and the bits and pieces of rocks that we can catch glimpses of from time to time broke away from the one planet.

And as in the case of our own planet it's most likely that all of the others have some quantities of water in them too from the condensation formed on them."

"Your Majesty how much of the huge planet still remains?"

"Oh, a huge amount.

Look over there at Bright Shades of Colour.

Bright Shades of Colour was the original huge planet, and is still bigger by far than all of the other planets taken together."

"Your Majesty has Bright Shades of Colour and all of the other planets life on them too?"

"There's no place in the sky of day or in the near and far heavens of night where there isn't life.

But life as we experience it, and know it here on this lovely planet may not be the same on the other planets, yet, life it will be assuredly."

"Your Majesty how; how has it come about that you know all these wonders of which you speak to be?"

"Merely in this serene place of ascending terraces have I been with listening attentively to one of the many possibilities on such matters that my heart enjoys presenting to me; enjoys from time to time and in places of places revealing to me."

## Sublime Emblem 223

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said,

“I’m beholding in a vision a little girl, and she’s envisioning herself to be contentedly sleeping in the clouds of a blue sky day and floating along above a splendid building; a building like unto a palace.

The little girl seems familiar to me; yes, I’ve seen her in another vision with her mother.”

## Sublime Emblem 224

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Is It Possible asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty is it possible to fly our imaginings into the past, and if so from there to fly them into the future; into the present?”

“It’s possible to revision the past, and to prevision the future.

Revisioning of the past, and previsioning of the future comes only to those who have cultured their eyes to recognize in the given moment something as being either in the past or in the future; something that is clearly not of the present.

And the same is true when we culture our ears, nose, tongue, skin, and brain.

We recognize in the given moment some sound, scent, flavour, feeling, and thought as being either in the past or in the future, and definitely not of the present.”

## Sublime Emblem 225

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named By Far Which One Is asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty of all Imagination’s imaginings by far which one is the greatest?

Surely, we humankind are the greatest, are we not?”

“Assign greatness to no individual imagining.  
However, if you needs be assign greatness to  
Imagination.  
Yet, know that Imagination is beyond what we  
would consider great.  
And that is in any and all definitions or synonyms of  
great.”

## **Sublime Emblem 226**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named How May I Be asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how may I be with imagining as you imagine?

For my imagining is not providing me with the kind of joyfulness that I see in you, and hear in your words.”

“Come the dawns of the days arise with the awareness of Imagination in your heart; throughout the days manifest Imagination with your senses, and come the starry, be they moonlit heavens of the nights, let Imagination dream your dreams, with delight.”



*Figure 67*

~ §~ Mount Dignified, Great Treasury ~§ ~

**Sublime Emblem 227**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Heart Like asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty what is our heart like?”  
“It’s pure, fragrant, and beautiful as the richly  
cedar forested slopes

of Mount Dignified; as far reaching and concealing  
as the Great Treasury, and as deep and ever deep  
as the beyond of the Honeycomb Galaxy.”

## **Sublime Emblem 228**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Heart Listening asked Her  
Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty who is our heart listening to?”

“The heart is the fountain of Imagination welling  
up within us.

Be with joyfully drinking of this life-giving fountain;  
joyfully drinking of the goodness that is  
Imagination.”

## **Sublime Emblem 229**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Imagination always takes the initiative while we  
are meant to always be responsive to the initiatives  
of Imagination.”

## **Sublime Emblem 230**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Be with the moment, and following through with

the place; be with the day, be with the night, and following through with your surroundings.”

## **Sublime Emblem 231**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

With gazing up at the heavens, Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group,



said,

“The velvety darkness of the heavens, the soft illumination of the moon, and planets, the radiance of the stars, the faint glow of the galaxies, and we here floating along delightfully are not six, but one. And as one are we a wondrous imagining of Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 232

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said, “I’m beholding in a vision a strolling fox along a hillside, and over here on another hillside I see a very large deer with wide antlers who is contentedly grazing.

And in between the fox, and the great deer is a valley in which nestles a beautiful village.”

## Sublime Emblem 233

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Wisdom Apply asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty does wisdom apply to Imagination?”

“Rather it’s more appropriate to say that there is so much wisdom to be found in the imaginings of Imagination.

For wisdom itself is only an imagining of Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 234

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named How May I Put Right asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty often do I feel that I’ve no ability whatsoever to imagine, and as such I don’t view my life as being at all interesting.

How may I put this situation right?”

“Begin by letting your senses dance with your surroundings, and see

what happens.

When you happen upon a tree having an exceptionally beautiful form, be with viewing it as if it were an exceptionally beautiful woman, and she all fully clothed in her natural attire.

Now, be with viewing her being clothed and unclothed by gentle breezes.

When you hear her speak, hear the voice of a dewy dawn in her words.

When you scent her body, scent the fragrance of a rarest flower.

When you savour her smiling lips, savour the finest of honey.

When you touch her body with your body, be with touching the body of a beautiful woman.

When you know her thoughts, know the handsomeness that is you.

Thinking, seeing, listening, scenting, savouring, and feeling are the beginnings of imagining.

Begin, and you will soon come to know that the words just spoken to you here this day are in truth to be so."

## Sublime Emblem 235

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Only To Conclude said to Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty with birds flying about, I oft tried to observe if they leave any traces in the air of their flight paths and patterns, but I've never been able to see such traces.

I've thus only to conclude that they don't leave any traces."

“Try culturing yourself to observe with imagining eyes rather than with seeing eyes.

I assure you, you’ll be pleasantly surprised by what you will be able to see.

Our imaginings also leave traces, and although an imagining itself has flown away we can see its traces; we can recall something of it from its residual presence.”

“Then, Your Majesty what of the imaginings of Imagination do they leave traces that we can see, hear, scent, savour, feel, and think?”

“The bird flying about in the air is an imagining of Imagination.”

“What of the imaginings of Imagination such as the desert here about us, the sky, and the heavens; the sun, moon, and the myriad stars?

Do these also have traces?”

“There’s no imagining, be it done by you or me, and ultimately by Imagination that doesn’t have even a momentary residual presence.

But when it comes to speaking of such enormities in sizes as the desert, the sky, the heavens, the sun, moon, and the myriad stars it’s not always possible to observe such traces.

Imagination doesn’t need hundreds, thousands, and billions upon billions of years to imagine everything that is or as we might say was, and will be.

Only we’re able to see such mighty traces to the extent that we have cultured ourselves to be with imagining.

And that extent will be different for everyone, considering that it’s predicated on how dedicated we are in culturing ourselves to see with imagining eyes; to sense with imagining senses.”

## Sublime Emblem 236

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With talking in the heart of a village, Her Majesty (Sj), said,

“As unbelievable as it may sound in your ears, a time thrice will come when many will forget the noble ways of Imagination; will forget Imagination. They will forget the blessings of the sky of day, and the heavens of night.

They will forget the blessings of the sun, moon, stars, and the Honeycomb Galaxy; they will forget

the blessings of the valleys, hills, rivers, seas,  
fields, groves, oases, and the desert.  
And most pitiful of all, they will forget the blessings  
of each other.”

A man named Truth Of The Heart, and he being the  
oldest man in the village, and in tears of sadness  
brimming over said,

“Your Majesty how can this be; how could such  
things ever come to be?”

“When the noble ways of Imagination are not  
adhered to, and there

is no living of one's life according to the noble ways it can very easily happen.

And such a happening can occur very quickly; so quickly that it could happen even overnight."

"Your Majesty if people forget the noble ways of Imagination; forget Imagination then who or in what will they place their trust?

For is not trusting in Imagination, and living according to the noble ways the very best way to be?"

"It is most assuredly.

They will thrice subjugate Imagination to what they will refer to as 'the One', to 'the One' above their gods, above all their gods.

And in 'the One' they will have full belief, and follow diligently."

"And what name, Your Majesty will they give to the One above all their Gods?"

"They will give no name for they will not know what name is most suitable."

"Your Majesty then we are of a blessed age, for it has been given to us to know of the noble ways of Imagination; to know Imagination."

"Your heart has spoken this truth.

Blessed are we surely to be of this age.

And blessed are they surely who in the ages to come will be of this same truth in heart as we though the world about them be as if caught out in a mighty sandstorm."

And he in tears of joyfulness brimming over, said, "Your Majesty may the peoples of the world beyond the time of thrice forgetfulness be as we in gratefully and joyfully living their life according to the beautiful noble ways of Imagination; come to know Imagination."

“As you have said noble one so eloquently, it will be, most assuredly.”

## **Sublime Emblem 237**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Responsibility asked Her Majesty (Sj).



“Your Majesty whose responsibility is my relationship with Imagination?  
Is it Imagination’s, my parents’, my friends’, the  
Queendom of Ebla’s responsibility or mine?  
Could it possibly be Your Majesty’s responsibility?”  
“It’s entirely your own responsibility as is my own  
relationship with Imagination entirely mine.  
This personal sense of personal responsibility for  
this precious relationship is the day-nightly joy of  
my life.  
Wholeheartedly do I contentedly know the  
profound faithfulness, the tremendous loveliness,  
and the marvellous beautifulness that Imagination  
has for me.  
And, I do so very contentedly in my own childlike  
trusting way live that faith, that love, and that  
beauty wherever I am.  
There’s no time when I’m not taking the every best  
of personal care of this precious personal  
relationship.”

## Sublime Emblem 238

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

On a bank of the Ancient of Grace, a maker of  
baskets named True Knowledge asked Her Majesty  
(Sj).

“Your Majesty what is true knowledge?”

“It’s in knowing that the flight of that large bird  
there in the high blue sky, the play of that otter  
there among the gently swaying reeds, the graceful  
currenting along of the waters, and we sitting here  
on the bank contentedly reflecting and chatting on

all these things including ourselves is not entirely of our own accord.”

## **Sublime Emblem 239**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A reader of manifold writings named Of All Truths asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty is Imagination the Truth of all truths?”

“Imagination is the Truth beyond what might be considered to be the Truth of all truths.”

## Sublime Emblem 240

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said, “I’m beholding in a vision a crescent moon, a very bright star, and the sun all rising together between limpid blue glaciers.

A woman dressed in purest white linen with a mantel of vivid green upon her shoulders, and a veil of golden mist laying lightly upon her head of golden brown hair has appeared before a small group of people.”

## Sublime Emblem 241

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “To be living your life with imagining is to be living it to the very best; to be living your life to the very best is to be of the well being of Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 242

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Does Dwell asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty where does Imagination dwell?”

“Be with imagining and you will be given to know.  
Your heart already knows as the high blue sky of  
day knows where the sun is, and distant dark  
heavens of night each and every star.  
Culture your senses to be with the imaginings of  
your heart.”

## Sublime Emblem 243

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Home Within asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty I hear your words, but somehow I’m unable to give them a home within me.

It feels as if someone has all but blocked up my ears, and placed a seal on my heart.

Why would anyone have done such a deplorable thing to me?”

“No one save yourself has all but blocked up your ears or placed a seal on your heart.”

## Sublime Emblem 244

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Become Possible asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how has it become possible that you’re always so joyful?”

“I day-nightly culture my senses to manifest the imaginings of my heart.”

## Sublime Emblem 245

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named What Keeps asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what keeps the starry heavens about

and above us?

What keeps the desert here about and beneath us?  
And in the distance off that way, and out of sight,  
what keeps the waters of the Ancient of Grace  
continuously flowing into the Sapphire, and the  
Rhapsody into the Golden?"

"Imagination imagines it so, and so it is so."

"Could Imagination just as well imagine the starry  
heavens to be about and beneath us, and the desert  
about an above us?

And in the distance, just as well imagine that the waters of the Ancient of Grace flow northwards, and the Rhapsody southwards?”

“Imagination imagines, and the heavens is about and beneath us, the desert about and above us, and the waters of the Ancient of Grace is flowing northwards, and the Rhapsody southwards. Imagination imagines, and so it is whatever is imagined.



Figure 68

~ §~ The Ancient of Grace and Rhapsody rivers ~§~

There is nothing; nothing at all that Imagination cannot imagine, and that it can't or won't be. Imagination imagines it to be, and be it is.”

## Sublime Emblem 246

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Perhaps Be asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty if wisdom is our heart talking to us,  
what shall we say of the heart?”



To whom or to what does the heart listen to?  
Could it perhaps be only listening to itself?"  
"Always the heart is with listening to Imagination;  
Imagination to the heart speaks.  
Everyone; be every living thing, and even  
everything that we might consider to be non-living  
such as the blueness of the sky there above or the  
rock here beside us all listen to their own heart;  
their own heart listening to Imagination.  
Between Imagination and our heart no mediator is  
required, and so also is there none required  
between our heart and our myriad senses.  
Wisdom is our heart listening to Imagination, and  
that same wisdom is also our heart talking to us of  
the noble ways of Imagination.  
Be with knowing that the noble ways are of the  
goodness that is Imagination, and that in them not  
a single iota of badness exists.  
Marvellous is the goodness of Imagination.  
Be with always attentively listening to your heart;  
your heart that is always attentively listening to  
Imagination."

## **Sublime Emblem 247**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
"Imagination is the originator, and the sustainer of  
all imaginings; is the originator, and sustainer of all  
that was, is, and ever will be."

## Sublime Emblem 248

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named I Learn To Be asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how may I learn to be with imagining?”

“Metaphorically, be it imaginatively, stroll with Imagination, and there along the way to be with observing how Imagination gives wings to the ordinary every day night things: elevating them to

extraordinary levels.

Elevation by Imagination imbues the ordinary with the extraordinary.”

## **Sublime Emblem 249**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“To be with imagining is to be with knowing  
Imagination.

All the thinking of a day, a night, a month, a year,  
and even of an entire lifetime will not bring you to  
a knowledge of the noble ways of Imagination  
unless you have day-nightly, monthly, yearly, and  
throughout your life cultured yourself to move your  
thinking on to be with imagining.

Be conversant with the noble ways of Imagination.”

## **Sublime Emblem 250**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Spontaneously Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of  
people said,

“See to there to that curling, meandering,  
elongated wispy white cloud.

In such stranding clouds are essentials of life to be  
found.”

## **Sublime Emblem 251**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said,  
“I’m beholding in a vision a house in a village; yet,  
a village that is not of the Queendom of Ebla, and  
even not of this time.

There’s a plaque over the doorway, and although  
it’s inscribed in a language I know not, I know its  
meaning to be ‘I am with you (always).’”

## Sublime Emblem 252

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“When we’re with imagining we are with knowing  
Imagination.  
And that knowing is forever changing as are our  
imaginings; as are the imaginings of Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 253

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

On a shore of the Turquoise Sea, Her Majesty (Sj)  
to a small group said,  
“Imagination is goodness and nobility, and noble  
and good are the ways of Imagination.”  
And a man named Goodness And Nobility, asked,  
“Your Majesty how may we grow in the goodness  
and the nobility of Imagination?”  
“Live your day-nightly life in accordance with the  
limpid ways of Imagination as found in the Great  
Book.  
There’s no place where its limpid ways either can’t  
be found or can’t be lived.  
And know this too that the Great Book has its  
pages always open; always welcoming us to come  
and delight in delving therein that we may come to  
appreciate and activate the power of its living word  
in our own lives.  
See here all about within its living pages is living  
guidance for the living.

Oh, joy!

Let us be fully alive, and read by this shimmering sea; reading with attention to detail let us be.”

## Sublime Emblem 254

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Senses To Be asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how should I use my senses to be with imagining?”

“Our numerous senses; only six of which will I make mention here are the means by which the heart imagines.

Follow with the goodness of all that you see, hear, scent, savour, feel, and think.

By doing so will you be keeping clear the primary passageways by which your heart imagines.”

## Sublime Emblem 255

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Imply That asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty does discussion of the noble ways of Imagination imply that one personally knows them?”

“No one from the heart can speak of the noble ways of Imagination without they having an ongoing personal relationship with them; an ongoing personal relationship with Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 256

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“The joy of your life is to be found in living your life  
according to the noble ways of Imagination.  
There’s no greater wealth than this, for this is the  
wealth of the ages.”



## Sublime Emblem 257

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said, “Munificent and beneficent are the noble ways of Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 258

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “Everything about us, including we ourselves is day-nightly being imbued with the light, warmth, and life of the sun, moon, and stars.

In this do we find ourselves at home, and at ease with everyone, and everything.

Herein are we given to know, that we are of an Imagination caring paradigm that is in an ever near proximity to us, and for which our hearts are ever grateful.”

## Sublime Emblem 259

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said, “I’m beholding in a vision a herd of white camels in the high blue sky; a herd of white she camels, and they’re strolling along one following behind the other.

Upon each of their backs is an emerald adorned scroll.  
And walking along next to the lead camel is a little girl.  
I know her; yes, for I've seen her in another vision.  
And she's nearing me, and with a most beautiful smiling face is coming and whispering in my ear the number of camels.  
She's telling me that they are one hundred and seventy-eight she camels in total with each carrying a scroll; each carrying a treatise on their back."

## Sublime Emblem 260

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Love For Discussing asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty I have a great love for discussing anything under the sun.

Yet, when it comes to discussing Imagination, I find myself quite unable to say anything that makes senses, not alone to myself, but also to others; my words have no coherency, and little or no span of life.

Why is this so?”

“Imagination is not under the sun.

When it comes to speaking about Imagination we speak with imagining, and all our words come easily, and make perfect sense, not alone to ourselves, but to those who are with listening to them with imagining ears.

Our words have coherency, and they are eternal.”

## Sublime Emblem 261

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Of an early morn, and with sitting at the base of an immense golden sand dune, and talking to a small group of people, Her Majesty (Sj), said,

“Last night while sleeping in my tent, I saw myself in a dream, yet, I was there within not as you see me here now.

I was as an old man; yes, I was an old man of some

eighty years or more, and at the same time a young woman of some twenty or more.

I was dreaming.

And in that dream within my dream there appeared a flat rock on which was prostrated face down a young man of no more than twelve or thirteen years of age.

And, I as the young woman, yet, at the same time the old man, and

with my eyes full of tears, I was firmly clasping a dagger in my hands, and was about to bring it down on the young man.

Now for some unknown reason, I was about to bring the young man's life to an abrupt end.

But in a moment of eternity, didn't the young man begin to slowly turn his head sideways towards me, and was with gently smiling.

And immediately, I knew him to be my son; our son, and he to be of our own strong will and resolve in kind.

And, I as the old man did toss the dagger into a nearby bush.

And, I as the young woman did embrace my son; did hold our beloved son to my bosom."

## **Sublime Emblem 262**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "There's unique, and there is unique, and then there is beyond unique.

And this 'there is beyond unique' I call Imagination. There is unique, and there is unique, and then there is within unique.

And this 'there is within unique' I call Imagination. Whether here within or there beyond; whether here beyond or there within Imagination is."

## **Sublime Emblem 263**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named No Need For Such Talk asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty in my extensive travels down through the years throughout many lands beyond the Garden of Ebla; beyond to its east, its north, and to its west beyond the Jade, I’ve found there to be much talk about among merchants and among the ordinary people on the issue of governing. It’s so popular in some places that it’s used as a form of greeting.

For instance, 'How's governing with you today?' which may receive the reply, 'Ah, the seat of power is upon me.'

Then how come here in the Garden, Your Majesty we have no need for such talk; such concerns?"

"Parents don't govern rather they embody and carefully transmit to their children and descendants the goodness of their parents and ancestors.

And in their own way they too take on the responsibility of creating goodness in their own day and place.

Such is the marvellous parenting ways of Imagination.

It is our joy being fully attentive to the parenting ways of Imagination.

And as you travel beyond this serene Garden, proudly be in your speaking of our noble parenting ways, that all who see them to be true in your eyes will warmly welcome your good words into their heart, and will come to know such ways to be a most honourable source of their prosperity."

## **Sublime Emblem 264**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named How May I asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty how may I possess Imagination?"

"Imagination is beyond possession as is the vast and rolling desert here about us is beyond the possession of the otherwise clever desert fox."

## Sublime Emblem 265

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Your heart speaking to you is also a word that can  
be transmitted down through the generations.  
Tell of the words of your heart to your beloved, to  
your children, and to your grandchildren, and to all  
who are ready and willing to



receive them.

Our understandings of the noble ways of Imagination can, and needs to be shared, though never should they be allowed to stagnate or turn to grit or grim.

The transmitted must be ever refreshed, and spoken of with gratitude, and warm remembrance. Naturally, not all that is transmitted will continue to be transmitted, for it may not have a relevancy unto the moment, and the day.

And that's quite well, and most natural."

## **Sublime Emblem 266**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Experience And Know asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty how can I experience and know of the presence of Imagination?"

"That you are, immediately and personally lets you experience and know of the presence of Imagination.

Everything you see, hear, scent, savour, feel, and think is an imagining of Imagination.

The presence of Imagination is to be experienced and known in the myriad imaginings of Imagination, of which you too are one."

## **Sublime Emblem 267**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said,

“I’m beholding in a vision the words ‘Ancient of days’ floating upon a gentle breeze o’er a shaded hillside of beautiful ferns.”

## **Sublime Emblem 268**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“When you’ve been with imagining something,  
don’t be trying to hold on to it.  
Let it be, and it will come and find you again,  
presently.”

**Sublime Emblem 269**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Are Like asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty what are your imaginings like?”  
“Deep, deep as the valleys and seas they be; high,  
high as the mountains and the heavens they be,  
and without any of the beginnings and endings of  
the thinking way they be.”

**Sublime Emblem 270**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Where Hidden asked Her Majesty  
(Sj).  
“Your Majesty where is Imagination hidden?”  
“See with imagining eyes, listen with imagining  
ears, scent with imagining nose, savour with  
imagining tongue, feel with imagining skin, and  
think with imagining brain and you will come to  
appreciate how very much in the open Imagination  
is.”

## Sublime Emblem 271

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“A story I’ve oft heard told as a child, tells of how  
once with an exceptional melting of the snows  
having come to the heights of the Abundant  
Mountains, that all the streams cascaded and  
rushed their way down into the myriad riverlets,  
and the myriad riverlets in turn

thundered on down into the Ancient of Grace, while those of the northern slopes including the Rhapsody rushed and danced their way on down into the Golden Sea.

Now, the mighty flood of water overflowed the banks of the Ancient of Grace.

And this expanse of water was so massive that it was quite impossible to distinguish anything beyond the opposite bank.

Camels appeared as if they were sheep, and sheep bushes or the like.

In this given situation of great expanse the shimmerings on the waters were delighted.

These particular shimmerings had never experienced such a gathering of water; had never experienced such an expanse of water.

Happily they shimmered along on the currenting waters until they reached the estuary.



*Figure 69*

~ §~ Abundant Mountains ~§ ~

There, they were awed by the even greater expanse  
of the Sapphire Sea, and the abundance of other  
shimmerings dwelling on its

surface.

Joining up with them, they all happily flowed along until after quite some time they found themselves way out in an even greater expanse that of the Turquoise Sea.

And with happily joining up with the huge amount of shimmerings found there, they spoke among themselves as follows.

‘How can we talk of this wondrous scene with the shimmerings on the pools, streams, lakes, riverlets, and rivers back in the Garden of Ebla?

How can we ever explain to them the vastness of waters such as is here about us?

Let’s by sun return and tell them of it.’

And so by sun did they return back to the pools, streams, lakes, riverlets, and rivers of the Garden of Ebla to tell of all what they had seen and experienced.

And the shimmerings of pools, streams, lakes, riverlets, and rivers of the Garden had no difficulty whatsoever accepting their words to be entirely true.”

## Sublime Emblem 272

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Of an afternoon, and with waking from a nap in the shade of a date palm, and talking to a small group of people, Her Majesty (Sj), said,

“I was dreaming, and in that dream I was not as you see me here now.

Instead, I was an extremely old woman, and was lovingly holding a baby against my bosom; affectionately holding my son.

And there appeared a man at least as old as myself,  
and he was in the company of a young woman.  
Walking between them was a young man of some  
fourteen years of age.  
And in their faces I could see great happiness.  
And I knew the man to be my beloved; the father of  
the baby upon my bosom, and the young woman  
like me to be a beloved of his, and the young man  
to be my son; my stepson.



And the young man with lovely smiling eyes did kiss me on the forehead, and lovingly and gently did take his younger brother into his welcoming embrace.  
And we five there were as one; as one very happy family."

### **Sublime Emblem 273**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
"Delight is at the heart of imagining.  
When you're with imagining, salt never loses its saltiness, cream is creaminess, dates their dateness, and olives their oliveness."

### **Sublime Emblem 274**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Right Path asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
"Your Majesty is there a right path in life?  
And if so, what for you would that path be?"  
"Living my life according to the noble ways of Imagination is for me the right path; is the right path for me."

### **Sublime Emblem 275**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

With strolling along, and with viewing a rainbow

Her Majesty (Sj) to me said,  
“I’m beholding in a vision a most beautiful woman  
standing upon the rainbow.  
Her smile is truly glorious.  
Next to her contentedly sitting are two lovely white  
donkeys.  
And within the arc of the rainbow contentedly  
flying along is a flock of swans of a golden hue.”

## Sublime Emblem 276

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Be With asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty do the sky of day, and the heavens of night be with imagining; do the desert, fields, and waters be with imagining, and do the birds of the air, and the animals of the forests, and the insects of the grasses be with imagining?

Or is it the case that we humankind alone are the only ones who are with imagining, and trying to lead their lives according to the noble ways of Imagination?”

“There is nothing that isn’t with imagining.

The sky and the heavens are with imagining, so too the desert, fields and waters; the birds of the air there, and the animals of the forests beyond, and the insects there in the grasses are all like we; yes, are all like we with imagining away quite contentedly.”

## Sublime Emblem 277

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Liken Patience asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what may we liken our patience unto?”

“Let it be like unto the forming of majestic sand dunes.

Let it be like unto the returning to the seas of the

snows of the Abundant Mountains.

Let it be like unto the ascending and descending of the sun.

Let it be like unto the waxing and the waning of the moon.

And let it be like unto our floating here along contentedly 'neath the vastness of the Honeycomb Galaxy."

## **Sublime Emblem 278**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Reclusive On The Move; a gatherer and sower of rarest seeds asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty with over seventy years I’ve been travelling the length and the breadth of our beautiful Isle of Ebla.

And in all that time, I’ve never once met or heard tell of the existence of recluses on the Isle.

Yet, I’ve heard that in many other lands recluses are quite numerous.

Why aren’t there any to be found on the Isle, Your Majesty?”

“While we the peoples of the beautiful Isle of Ebla love all the natural beauty about us, we love by far the precious company of each other; greatly enjoying the support, the encouragement, and the song and the dance of each other as we be with living according to the noble ways.

Day-nightly do we fully appreciate growing in the wisdom, beauty, and love of each other in the near be it far sight of each other’s softly glowing campfires or lantern adorned doorways.”

## **Sublime Emblem 279**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Virtuous asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how may I live a more virtuous life?”

“To be with imagining is to be living virtuously, for the ways of virtue is dependent upon whether or not we are with imagining.”

“Throughout my life, Your Majesty I’ve cultured myself to believe that to be with thinking is enough

to help me to live virtuously; virtue being solely of thinking found.”

“Thinking is a prelude to the dawning of a new day; the sun rising above the Great Treasury floor and floating its way up on and way on down to set in the waters of the Jade Sea is imagining.

Thinking is the prelude to the evening of a new night; the stars, moon, planets, and galaxies rising above the Great Treasury floor and floating way on up and way on down to set in the waters of the Jade is imagining.

Know this too, that thinking is but one of the preludes to the dawning of a new day; one of the preludes to the evening of a new night. Seeing, listening, scenting, savouring, and feeling are also preludes to the dawns and the evenings. Virtue is of the heart; the heart being the origin of virtue.

## Sublime Emblem 280

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group, said, "Whosoever can fully appreciate the value, significance, and power of a single drop of dew; yes, the value, significance, and power of a single drop of imagining over a lifetime of torrential thinking will I with my arms outstretched warmly welcome her or him into my friendship. And my friendship is a friendship for life." Many of us are blessed truly with that most fragrant of friendships. And as many again is Her Majesty (Sj) discovering there to be with we touring about his beautiful garden isle of shimmering seas.

## Sublime Emblem 281

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Of an afternoon, on a lovely isle in the Ruby Sea within view of the Melody Mountains, and with waking from a nap, and talking to a small group of

people, Her Majesty (Sj), said,  
“I had a dream, and in that dream I was as a man  
in his middle to late years.  
And I was talking to a large group of people;  
exhorting them to be ever remembering with  
gratitude the numerous blessings of the days of  
yore; the days that now be with them, and of those  
of yet to come.  
With a great happiness of heart, I was exhorting  
them to be forever appreciative of the least as well  
as the greatest of blessings, and this



to their children in their intention, by their word, and in their actions to safely transmit down for the generations."

## Sublime Emblem 282

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A renowned one for profound wisdom named Oh That Is Truly Beautiful asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty is there anywhere that the imaginings of Imagination aren't to be found; anywhere that noble ways of Imagination don't exist?"

"There's nowhere that the imaginings of Imagination aren't to be found; nowhere that the noble ways of Imagination don't exist.

And, I would like you especially to be with having this a hidden word of hidden words, that the imaginings of Imagination, and the noble ways of Imagination while spoken of as two are not two but one and the same."

"Thank you, Your Majesty."

### *Reflective silence.*

"Then, Your Majesty why; why do we need two to describe one and the same reality?"

"Speaking in terms of the noble ways is merely an every day night convenient way of moving towards giving explanations of the wondrous mystery that is the imaginings of Imagination."

"Oh, that's truly a beautiful answer, Your Majesty."

"Truly beautiful, bright clear one is your openness to the wondrous mystery that is the imaginings of Imagination."

*Reflective silence.*

“Your Majesty what may we say then are the noble ways of imaginings?”

“They may be said to be the edifying harmonies found within and of all imaginings.

And with living our lives in accordance with these harmonies are we being fully contented with ourselves, with the people around us,

with the Garden, and with the near, far, and  
beyond worlds of the worlds.  
We are serenely in harmony with Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 283

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said,  
“I’m beholding in a vision a most handsome man,  
and he’s sitting on a mossy mound of a bright  
summer like day.

On a tree branch next to him are some birds, and  
they are chatting to him in sweet melody, and he is  
in equal pleasantness of melody replying to them.  
Now approaching are some deer, and they are  
sitting themselves down by him.

And he is rubbing their heads, and speaking to  
them with his eyes, and they to him with theirs.  
He is one who has a great love and harmonious  
way with birds and deer.”

## Sublime Emblem 284

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named I Can Accept asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty can the wind see us?”

“There’s nothing that can’t see us.”

“How about the clouds, rain, and snow; the sun,  
moon, and the stars?”

“Yes, they can all see us.”

“I can accept, Your Majesty that these, namely  
anything that I myself can see can possibly also see

me.

However, anything I can't see such as the wind, I have the greatest difficulty accepting that it can also see me."

"Let your acceptance be the beginning of your imagining.

If you can imagine that you can see the wind, then you will have no

problem imagining that the wind can also you see.”

“Is the wind with seeing us now?”

“Yes, indeed.”

“What does the wind look like?”

“It doesn’t look like anything.

It’s just itself.

Believe to imagine, and imagining you will be; you will see its power revealed to you.

And, how do I know this to be true?

You see, I know it to be true with standing here in the presence of you, me, and the wind.”

## Sublime Emblem 285

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Appropriately Respond asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how should I appropriately respond to life?

Should I be with taking initiative, refrain from taking any initiative whatsoever or just remain standing in the middle with sometimes leaning towards taking the initiative, and sometimes again leaning towards refraining from taking the initiative?”

“The taking of any of these positions is always going to be the taking of an initiative.

And at the same time refraining from the taking any of these positions is always going to be a refraining.

Be with wings of flight, and fins of swim when it comes to the taking of initiatives or the refraining from the taking of initiatives.

And what is it to be with wings of flight, and fins of

swim?

It's to avoid holding on to the wind or sticking to the water.

Harmoniously respond to your situations and surroundings.

And in this way initiatives won't hold you or the refraining from the taking of initiatives won't stick to you."

## **Sublime Emblem 286**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Live In Harmony asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty how may I live in harmony with Imagination?"

"Let your senses be of the noble ways, and you'll be able to live in harmony with Imagination."

**Sublime Emblem 287**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Of an early eve in the desert, and an elderly woman named For In Like Kind, and she setting in a tent said Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty as I get older, I feel that my life is going by very quickly.

It may be compared to a camel passing there before the tent opening, for in like kind so short at times does it feel to me."

"The camel she knows that although she stands, walks or runs on four very small spaces of the desert, she is all the while contentedly aware that she is standing on the vast desert.

Be of the insightfulness, and wisdom of the camel. And be with knowing too that the desert here about us is but a beautiful soft mat; be it a cushion or carpet on the floor of the vast tent; the vast tent that is the sky, be it the heavens.

And let's see this night what ageless wonders will pass before its opening off there in the southeast."

## Sublime Emblem 288

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Why For Me asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty why can’t I experience a contentment of heart; why for me is contentment of heart so very elusive?”

“Live your life according to the noble ways, and each and every moment will be providing you with full contentment of heart.”



## Sublime Emblem 289

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Late of an afternoon, and Her Majesty (Sj) with waking from a nap, and with tears in her eyes, she said to a small group of people.

"In a dream, I saw myself like unto myself as I am now, though younger, yet, it was not me nor was it of this time.

It was coming up to eventide, and I was standing on the roof of a building.

And, my handmaids were bathing me.

I was happy with my thoughts of my beloved who I knew to be travelling somewhere far, but that he would be returning in a near future.

As I was thinking of his smiling face, and handsome body, I happened to catch out of my eye one like unto a king walking back and forth on the roof of his palace.

He would from time to time stop, and be with gazing over my way.

And I could feel in his gaze a lusting for me.

I asked my handmaids to quickly finish the bathing, and we went inside.

Now no sooner had we got down inside than we heard a loud knocking on the door.

And one of my servants with answering it found three soldiers standing there.

They rushed in passed him, and forcefully took me to the palace of the king of the roof.

And he did force me on to his bed.

And I did become conceived of his child.

Day-nightly I was in a veil of tears; how was I going

to tell my beloved that another had not alone invaded his sacred valley, but had also . . . and with such anxious thoughts did I awake with tears in my eyes, and a great heaviness in my heart.”

## Sublime Emblem 290

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Aren't To Be Found asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty does there exist a place on the land, in the sky or in the heavens where the imaginings of Imagination aren't to be found?"

"There's no place where they aren't to be found."

"If I may, Your Majesty can you be a bit more specific?"

"Yes, of course.

Yes, they're to be found in the darkness of the heavens, in the dimness and brightness of stars and galaxies, in stellar winds, in the blueness of the sky, in the solar winds, in the clouds, rain, and snow, in the hills, rocks, valleys, and in the desert; in the seas, rivers and streams, in the groves, in we humankind, in the camel, in the gazelle, in the birds, butterflies, and bees, in the snail, worms, and ants, and they are to be found in grains of sand, and in the tiniest of seeds and dust particles. In all these marvels are the imaginings of Imagination to be found.

And besides these, in the beyond of the visible stars, and galaxies, and in the beyond of the tiniest of observable seeds and dust particles are the imaginings of Imagination to be found.

And they are to be found also in endless abundance in the invisible.

All these things in and of themselves, including we are marvellous imaginings of Imagination.

So, that is why I say to you, that there is no place

where the imaginings of Imagination aren't to be found."

"Thank you, Your Majesty."

"Ah, you're most welcome."

## **Sublime Emblem 291**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named With Finding Acquire asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty where may I find knowledge of Imagination?  
And, with finding it, how may I then acquire it?”  
“Knowledge of Imagination is to be found within your heart.  
Be with imagining, and it will naturally reveal itself to you there within.”

## **Sublime Emblem 292**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“See to there how the ants are living their life in accordance with the noble ways of Imagination.  
And there too over see the wondrous honeybee.”

## **Sublime Emblem 293**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Experience In Kind asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty my eyes in light can see shadows, and my ears in sound hear echoes.  
But what words may I use to describe that which I experience in kind when I scent, savour, feel, and think?”  
“In like fashions as the eyes and ears your nose in fragrance scents dalliows; your tongue in flavour savours sulliyas; your skin in touch feels amphilioes, and your brain in thought thinks umirrios.”

## Sublime Emblem 294

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Greatest Blessing asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what is the greatest blessing in life?”

“The choice for you to day-nightly live your life in accordance with the noble ways.

This is the greatest blessing, and the second is the contentment of heart experienced with day-nightly making such a choice and living accordingly.”

## Sublime Emblem 295

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said, “I’m beholding in a vision a beautiful woman, and she’s with the loveliest of smiles attentively observing the flight patterns and activity of honeybees about and upon a beehive perched in a rock niche. From time to time some of the bees are alighting upon her fingertips, and inviting her to move her fingers in formations.

Oh, and now she’s fashioning between her fingers some kind of substance into a most exquisite piece of jewellery.”

## Sublime Emblem 296

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named How Should I Journey asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how should I journey my imaginings?”

“By night journey them in the company of the moon, planets, stars, and galaxies; by day in the company of the sun, clouds, mists, rain, and snow. Journey them in the company of the gently flowing sands of the desert, and of the shimmering flowing waters of the rivers, and streams; journey them in

each other's words, and in the laughter of your children, parents, and grandparents."

## **Sublime Emblem 297**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Is It At least Possible asked Her Majesty (Sj).



“Your Majesty given that for certain we will never know why Imagination imagined us, is it at least possible that we can know the purpose for our coming into existence?”

“It would appear to me to be to rejoice in the marvel of existence; to live in accordance with the noble ways of Imagination.

It is to be, and to tell of our own experiences of living in this blessed accordance; in this blessed personal relationship so that others with seeing our serenity, and with listening to our noble edifying words been spoken with such gratitude and joy will naturally also want to live their lives accordingly.”

## **Sublime Emblem 298**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Of a midmorning Her Majesty (Sj) was reclining in an oases; in a grove of date palms, and she had been taking a nap. With waking, she said to a small group of people,

“In my napping, I was with dreaming.

And in that dream, I knew myself to be a rare and beautiful bird contentedly gliding along in a full moonlit heavens of night.

And with the lowering of the moon, and the nearing of the dawn, I came to alight on the crest of a sand dune.

And in the twinkling of the fading stars, I found myself to be no longer the bird, but now knew myself to be a woman of an exceptional beauty; a virgin of not more than eighteen years of age.

As I was with standing there in the crisp air admiring the moon in the west, and the first

colourings of a new day arising in the east, I felt a gentle breeze come along, and it did bring a warmth between my legs, and up about my stomach and breasts.

And in that very moment, I knew myself to be with child, and that child to be a gift of the dawning new day.

And I went from that blessed place until I found myself in a small date palm oasis.

And in that remote place was a bubbling spring.

And I did delight to sip of its fragrant waters for I was with much thirst.

And I did eat of newly fallen dates as I was very hungry.

In a moment, the time came for me to give birth. I began crying out for the pains were coming closer and closer; each being more acute than the previous one.

It was in this blinding pain that I could make out some women hurriedly entering the oases, and they did with comforting fragrant words, and soft loving hands help me to become delivered of my baby; my healthy baby boy.

And immediately they did place him upon my bosom.

And I did feel a tremendous love from him for me as I did from me for him."

## **Sublime Emblem 299**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "When imaginings come to you, don't ignore them for they are the bringers of great blessings to you. And when they have fulfilled their stay, don't try to be holding on to them for others will already be in waiting to make their appearance."

## **Sublime Emblem 300**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A messenger named Am Sent from a kingdom far beyond the Queendom of Ebla, who for many a day having had sought Her Majesty (Sj) throughout the

Garden, she being on tour, did with finding put this question to her, saying,

“Your Majesty I have been sent by my king to seek your word on something that has been bothering him now for quite some time; bothering him so much that he can hardly fall asleep at night. And even if he happens to fall asleep he will not be able to sleep no more than for a few minutes which in turn is making him very irritable.

And he is but a young man, Your Majesty having not yet even reached his nineteenth year.

This year being his seventh year as king having succeed his late father when he was but a mere boy."

"And how came your youthful king to be with letting himself fall into such a dreadful situation?"

"A little over a year ago, Your Majesty he went on a visit to other lands where he found that the rulers there used subjugation to rule not alone their subjects, but everything in the natural world about them as well.

He wishes to know, Your Majesty how you rule, for it is said that you have no use for subjugation in any form or guise."

"How used he rule before he visited those other lands?"

"Although he would keep himself very much aloof from his subjects, perhaps out of a lack of confidence, and instead delegated the actual running of the kingdom to those who were recommended to him, he did not interfere in our lives nor would he give any troubles to the natural world about.

He was ruling well I suppose, yet having been here now in the Queendom of Ebla for these last few weeks, I would have to say in all truth that he was no stranger to using subtle forms of subjugation whenever it was suggested to him by his advisors. Yet compared to what he, and I witnessed in those other lands, his form of rule was quite benevolent, Your Majesty."

"Return to your youthful king with my fragrant blessing and a warm invitation for him to come and see how we live here in the Garden of Ebla.

Tell him what you've seen, and heard; tell him of

the harmony and the joy.”

“Thank you, Your Majesty.

I’m certain he will be greatly pleased to receive your fragrant blessing and accept your warm invitation.”

## **Sublime Emblem 301**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“When an imagining has appeared in your heart let  
not your senses be distracted by anything external  
in your surroundings.

Stay with the inner; stay with the imagining until it  
has fulfilled its purpose.

If you’re walking stay walking, sitting stay sitting,  
and riding on camel back stay riding.

Whatever you’re doing when the imagining appears  
stay with that action, for the imagining came to you  
within that action.

And it’s within that action that the imagining’s  
purpose will be fulfilled.”

## **Sublime Emblem 302**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said,  
“I’m beholding in a vision a handsome man  
entering a beautiful garden by way of a white  
ornate gate, and he’s being lead by a singular swan  
of a golden hue.

There is a beautiful woman basking in a radiant  
pond therein the garden.

And she’s inviting the man to come join her in the  
pond.

And with gracefully letting go of his garments he is  
entering the pond.

There’re white cranes resting in cherry blossom  
trees about the pond.

Oh, and now the vision is changing to a moonlit  
night, and the same couple are strolling along, arm  
in arm.

And with reaching a tranquil pine grove are  
gracefully letting go of their garments, and are  
reclining on oyster-coloured cushions in a beautiful  
pavilion.

Therein they're admiring the moon's reflection in a  
nearby river, in their cups of spring water, and in  
each other's smiling eyes.

That lovely pavilion is familiar to me from another  
vision."



## Sublime Emblem 303

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Transitory Permanent asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty is our existence transitory or is it permanent?”

“It’s neither.

It’s an imagining of Imagination.

It’s transitorily permanent, and permanently transitory.

And therein is to be found the marvel of our existence; the wonder of our relationship with Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 304

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,

“I greatly enjoy strolling, and reclining in the liberty of where I’m at; in the liberty of the noble ways of Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 305

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Worth The Effort asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty I’ve spent my life thinking, and have

done very little imagining.

I can remember almost everything I've ever thought, and everything I've ever imagined.

But now as you see, I'm already quite advanced in years, and I'm wondering if it is worth my while from now to be with moving my thinking on to imagining.

Would it be worth the effort, Your Majesty?"

"If you but move a single thought on to imagining then it's worth your while; worth your effort.

If from now on you move all your thinking to imagining it will

prove itself to be greatly worth your while.  
And not alone that, if you go back to your thoughts  
from your earliest recollection right up to this very  
day, and move them all forward to imagining you  
will have spent a lifetime that is truly worthwhile.”  
“Thank you, Your Majesty.  
Serenely thank you.”  
“You’re most welcome.”

## **Sublime Emblem 306**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“With the rising of the sun earlier, I was as if I  
were emerging from a dream.  
And in that dream I was not as you see me here  
and now, but as a young boy of no more than  
twelve years of age.  
I was sitting in this very large beautiful building  
which had wonderfully ornate pillars in it.  
And there were several elderly men sitting about,  
and I was in the midst of them.  
I was listening attentively to every word they spoke  
as well as from time to time asking of them  
questions, and even answering question they posed  
for me.  
I don’t know why, but everyone there was  
marvelling at my knowledge of the wisdom of past  
ages.”

## **Sublime Emblem 307**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Lettered asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty, I am I feel quite unlettered;  
knowing very little of what the learned know.  
I simply take the very best of care of my family  
with tending our sheep on the slopes.

How may I become lettered enough, Your Majesty to be able to recall and interpret the Great Book, for I've heard it contains wondrous wisdom and truthful guidance for our lives."

"You may be unlettered as of yet with respect to the writings and knowledge of the scholarly more learned, but you have unknown to yourself always been quite adept at reading and interpreting the Great Book.

Come eve you can read of the morrow's weather, and of the night's come dawn.

Throughout the day you well read all the little signs about you that act as guidelines for how you need to be that day; at night the myriad signs above and about you.

In truth, you are more lettered at reading and interpreting the Great Book than you realise.

Grow in your readings and trust in your interpretations, and if needs be seek out the good counsel of your wife, family, neighbours, and friends.

For they too in their own way are adept readers of the Great Book.

And seek out the wisdom, and knowledge of the scholarly more learned.

And may it be that they too seek out your wisdom, and knowledge, and that of your wife, family, neighbours, and friends.

Avoid any attempt to crystallise interpretations.

Interpretations are only meant for that day or that night albeit there may be a continuity of similarities in them over the days, and nights."

## Sublime Emblem 308

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Having Started asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty having started imagining, how then can I sustain it; keep it going?”

“Let not yourself be distracted by anything; only be with the imagining, and see where it takes you.

You may have your eyes directed towards the blue sky, your ears

towards the wind, your nose towards flowers, your tongue towards food, your skin towards the sunshine, and your brain towards an idea, but you're not letting the blue, the wind, the flowers, the food, the sunshine, and the idea distract you from what you're imagining at that very moment. Imagining is the easiest, and the simplest of things to do; yet, it's surprising how very few can do it successfully.

For imagining is something that has to be self-cultured, and anything that has to be self-culture poses a challenge.

When in your strolling an imagining comes to you continue on with the strolling, for it wants to be with you in the strolling.

The same is true, if you're reclining stay reclining; running stay running, eating stay eating, and bathing stay bathing.

Stay with whatever you're doing.

An imagining wants to be with you wherever you're dwelling in the given moment, and that's precisely where it needs to be revealing itself to you."

## Sublime Emblem 309

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "The Great Book; the Great ever-transforming itself Book as we see here in its magnificence about, below, and above us, and of which we are part is beyond our production.

And there is no one nor ever will there be anyone who will be able to produce it nor are they meant to.

For as soon as anyone would have achieved reproducing some tiny element of it, and to whatever level, the Great Book itself including that element would have already transformed further. The Great Book; the Great Imagining is not in any need of our assistance.

It's on-going transformation is of Imagination's imaginings alone.

We are but an imagining of the myriad imaginings of Imagination.

And it is in this knowledge that we find our greatest contentment, and joy."



## Sublime Emblem 310

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Deep in the Melody Mountains, a man named Great Abundance asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty are there any special places where imaginings are to be found in greater abundance than say in other places?

For instance, beehives of high quality honey are only to be found in hidden away, and in oft very difficult places to reach.

Are more of them to be found in the mountains, hills, caves, and valleys here than say in boating on the Ancient of Grace, sailing on the Ruby and Turquoise Seas or by reclining beside a gently glowing hearth in the Royal Palace at Ebla than by a crackling desert campfire in the Great Treasury?”



*Figure 70*

~ §~ Melody Mountains, Ancient of Grace River, Ruby Sea,  
Turquoise Sea, Royal Palace at Ebla ~§ ~

“Imaginings are not to be sought; should they be sought they won’t be found.

Imaginings come to us of their own accord; floated our way by Imagination for the enrichment of our hearts, the joy of our life, the well being of our families, communities, and the queendom.

And that well being even extends to those lands beyond her.

Wherever you happen to be when an imagining makes its appearance is the right and the best place for you to be.

What’s important is that always, and everywhere our senses are ready; our heart is ready to warmly welcome, courteously entertain, and with gratitude bid fare thee well to these our very special guests.”

## **Sublime Emblem 311**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “Never say anything unless it edifies; unless it contains or pertains to show a way to wisdom.”

## **Sublime Emblem 312**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Who Refer asked Her Majesty (Sj). “Your Majesty to who should we refer our disputes and affairs?”

“With an attentive ear and an observant eye refer them clearly to each other.”

“What about, Your Majesty if instead with an

attentive ear and an observant eye we were to refer them clearly to the ever-present, and ever-caring sky of day, and the heavens of night; refer them ever so clearly to Imagination?"

"With an attentive ear and an observant eye refer them clearly to each other, for our disputes and affairs are of each other's own making and doing."

## Sublime Emblem 313

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said,  
“I’m beholding in a vision a man who seems to be  
confined with many others within a stockade of  
some sort deep in a burning desert.

And those who are over them are harshly treating  
them.

And there is appearing one who is attired in  
threadbare garments, and he wearing sandals held  
together with merely bits and pieces of strings; a  
praiseworthy one who is bringing a handful of  
water to the man’s parching lips.

Fragrant and refreshing does that water taste.  
And they are with smiling at each other for they  
can appreciate each other’s familiarity with the  
suffering being caused by being in that terrible  
place, and even more so appreciate each other’s  
familiarity with their strength to survive and  
become free from it.”

## Sublime Emblem 314

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Of a midday in early spring, with our backs to a  
mountain whitely adorned with incalculable  
majestic cedars, and sitting on the furthest most  
eastern edge of a steep-sided east to west gorge at  
the bottom of which runs a meandering riverlet, a  
young woman named Do For My Life, and she

being a native of that beautiful place asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what do imaginings do for my life?”

“Imaginings exquisitely reveal to you that there is immensely more to the beauty that is life than to what merely meets your eyes, ears, nose, tongue, skin, and brain.

If you were only to spend your life thinking, feeling, savouring, scenting, listening, and looking without moving on to imagining, it would be comparable to day-nightly confining yourself to strolling

all the way up and down the gorge floor there, while all the while being with the full knowledge that you have a magnificent pair of wings on our back, that would enable you from time to time to fly up out of the valley according to your pleasure, and to soar high above it, and glide all the way down to the shores of the welcoming Jade.

Only you would know how high and how far you would be able to fly, soar, and glide with those wings.

Yet, I can assure you that the Honeycomb Galaxy would seem near to you, and reachable."

## **Sublime Emblem 315**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "Begin and end each day with gratitude of heart; begin and end each night with gratitude of heart."

A man: "Your Majesty to whom should we extend our day-nightly gratitude of heart?"

"To the companionship of all that was, all that is, and perpetually through the myriad transformations of all that will be."

"But why; why do we need to be extending gratitude of heart, Your Majesty to the companionship of all that was, is, and will be?"  
"Blessing is at the heart of the matter."

## **Sublime Emblem 316**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

With viewing a certain rock on the shore of  
Heartlight Lake.

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group, said,  
“Last night in a dream, I was not as you see me  
here now, for I was a man of some thirty years of  
age.

I was in a fragrant full moonlit garden confiding  
something very profound to a small familiar group  
of people, when with receiving a half-witted  
question from one of them, I became a little upset,  
and I



answered him with saying,



Figure 71  
~ §~ Heartlight Lake ~§ ~

‘Honestly, I thought you having been in my presence longer than most of the others here, that you would have been better able to understand what I was just talking about.

The way you use your mind at times may be compared to the thickness of the rock there.

I will call you ‘the Rock’ that is the one who is as stubborn, and as slow-witted as a rock.

At least, if I were to pile some of my ideas on top of that rock there it would be strong enough to support them.

But you; you can hardly support a single one of my ideas.

Leave from out of my presence for a time, and be with returning to your boat, nets, and pots.

And, if there within the daily doing of things you are with letting yourself to see the deeper meanings of my words spoken here to you this

night, then quickly come on back, and a great welcome I will have for you.’ Reluctantly he did leave from out of my presence for a duration.”

## Sublime Emblem 317

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named May I asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty you never seem to be disturbed or anxious about anything.

May I ask the reason?”

“Day-nightly to be with imagining is the way of my life, and this the way of my life is my joy.

The joy of my life is to be with imagining.”

## Sublime Emblem 318

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,

“Good words neither add nor take from the beauty of the sky or the heavens.

Yet, in some wondrously mysterious and charming way their beauty appears now to be; yes, feels now to be more enhanced, enriched, and personal compared to earlier.”

## Sublime Emblem 319

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A nuptial couple asked, Her Majesty (Sj), saying,

“Your Majesty when in foreplay with my musky beloved husband here, I liked on occasion to let my left hand be a massaging over his heart, and my

right to bring around to be with leisurely  
encouraging a sturdy tree into life.  
I used to be very happy with embracing my beloved  
so, and he happy with me to be so.  
However, now I need to know, was I doing  
something shameful by embracing him so?"

"And I, Your Majesty when in foreplay with my luscious beloved wife here, I liked on occasion to let my left wrist be a pillow for her head, and with my right hand to be with leisurely visiting her verdant hills, and fragrant valley.

I used to be very happy with embracing my beloved so, and she happy with me to be so.

However, now I too need to know, was I doing something shameful by embracing her so?"

"Beloved ones of each other, how came you both; how came you both by such senseless thoughts?"

The woman: "With travelling beyond the Garden, Your Majesty and when of a morn we with strolling together arm and arm in a marketplace, and with happy remembrances of the night, a group of ashes bedaubed oddly dressed people and even more so they oddly looking, suddenly came out of nowhere, and encircled my beloved and me.

And they in foulest breath were with hysterically yelling at us that the body is a shameful thing, and as such needs to be chastised, and no pleasure whatsoever to be given to it.

Having returned home to the Garden their terrible words kept coming back to us.

And, now for the past few months we've been unable to be intimate with each other.

So unhappy; so very very unhappy now are we, Your Majesty."

The man: "Dankness weighs heavy on us, Your Majesty."

"In whom do you place your trust; in your Queen or not in your Queen?

Bring back to yourselves your wholesome trust in me, as the wholesome trust that is in me is of the goodness of Imagination."

The woman: "Oh, Your Majesty!"

The man: "Oh, joy!

With hearing your words the dankness has  
completely been removed from us!"

"Then, dear beloveds, go ye upon yere way without  
delay to enjoy ever so fully the beauty of each  
other's company in play; the beauty of each other's  
wholesome and fragrant bodies."

The man: "By your grace do we take our joyful  
leave, Your Majesty

and with happiness surely will we be.”

The woman: “Your Majesty most grateful to thee are we.”

“Day-nightly be vigilant, dear lovelies, and keep safe your wholesome trust in me, as I day-nightly do safely keep my wholesome trust in Imagination.”

## **Sublime Emblem 320**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “Imagination is impersonally personal, and personally impersonal.”

## **Sublime Emblem 321**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Or Are There asked Her Majesty (Sj). “Your Majesty are all imaginings good or are there some which aren’t good?”

“Imagination is goodness, and all the imaginings of Imagination are good.”

“Your Majesty but, then what of unwholesome thoughts?”

“Unwholesome thoughts can appear when thinking is confined to merely thinking, and when it hasn’t been cultured to move to be with imagining.

To be with imagining is to be wholesome. Culture yourself to be with imagining, and goodness is always yours.”

## Sublime Emblem 322

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Fly-play your senses as swallows in the high blue sky, as clouds



therein on high, as the blue sky fly-play your senses.

Fly-play your senses as the moon in the high dark heavens, as the stars therein on high, as the high dark heavens fly-play your senses."

## **Sublime Emblem 323**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

I heard Her Majesty (Sj) say with she gazing into the blue sky of day,

"Imagination, here I am; Your imaginings be manifest in me for all to see, that they may come to know, and appreciate the wonder, goodness, and beauty of Your noble ways; the marvel of Your Great Book."

## **Sublime Emblem 324**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Keeping Sentient asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty how can I always and everywhere be with keeping myself Imagination sentient?"

"When you look, look with imagining eyes; listen, listen with imagining ears, scent, scent with imagining nose, savour, savour with imagining tongue, feel, feel with imagining skin, and think, think with imagining brain.

In this way, you can always and everywhere be with keeping yourself Imagination sentient.

And being Imagination sentient you're

harmoniously at one with Imagination; at one with yourself, the heavens, the sky, the land, and the waters, and harmoniously at one are you with your family, neighbours, the village, the town, and the city, and with the peoples and places beyond the Garden of Ebla.

Distinguished and admirable are those who in the privacy of their homes, the activity of the marketplace, the work and rest of the fields, the sailing on the waters, and the roaming in the desert are always and everywhere culturing themselves to be Imagination

sentient.

And, whosoever is with finding themselves in the company of such a person; such a family, a community, a people is truly blessed, for likewise they will become distinguished and admirable under their influences."

## Sublime Emblem 325

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named With Certainty asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty speak to us of the Great Book."

"With pleasure, and joy.

The Great Book is always original, fresh, fragrant, and abounding in wisdom, and guidance for all.

From the ant, the honeybee, and the gazelle to the humankind; to the grasses, trees, hills and valleys, rolling deserts, birds of the air, clouds of the aloft, and to the sun, moon, stars, and galaxies of the heavens is it a transparent guidance.

The Great Book is of itself, and for, and unto itself a guidance sublime.

Marvellous truly is the Great Book of Imaginings. And itself being the greatest imagining of all imaginings.

A marvel unto all ages, and unto all places.

There was no greater book, is no greater nor ever will there be a greater book than the Great Book of Imaginings whose author is Imagination."

"And, Your Majesty if I may, how do you know this with such certainty to be so?"

"By my heart do I know it well to be so; by Imagination do I know it to be so, and so it is so."

## Sublime Emblem 326

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Ability To Be asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty where do we get our ability to be with imagining from?

Is it from ourselves, others or from somewhere else?”

“Our ability to be with imagining comes from ourselves; it comes from our surroundings, our family, neighbours, the community, and even from beyond the Garden.

But ultimately, our ability to be with imagining comes to us from Imagination.

When we’re with imagining we are in harmony with ourselves, our surroundings, our family, our neighbours, the community, and the greater world. And above all, are we in harmony with the noble ways of Imagination.

When we’re with imagining we are coming to appreciate the ever changing, and the ever beneficent imaginings of Imagination.

To be with imagining is to be awed by the marvels of Imagination.

Be what you are, and what you are is a magnanimous imagining of Imagination.”

And with hearing these beautiful words, all of us did find ourselves to be with tears of joy flowing.

A regular feature of the way for all those with listening hearts, was the joyful tearing at hearing certain, and such in kind words spoken by Her Majesty (Sj).

## **Sublime Emblem 327**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With talking to a small group of people, and a man named How Is It That asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how is that the Great Book is always so fresh; its guidance precisely applicable, and abundantly sufficient unto the given moment?”

“With full fruitfulness and joyfulness of heart would I have you to know that the Great Book; the inviolable Great Book of Imaginings is a marvel nonpareil.

Its existence, and freshness is the preserve of Imagination.

It is the sole repository of the imaginings of Imagination, and its sole custodian is Imagination. And we being imagining imaginings contained within its fragrant leaves are both repositories and custodians of our own imaginings. Yet we be not by our own imaginings alone, but by every imagining being imagined by Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 328

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said, “Thinking that remains merely at the level of thinking cannot be compared to thinking that moves to imagining.

Thinking that stays thinking is still and only thinking.

And that which confines itself to still and only thinking never experiences the joy, wonder, and serenity of thinking that has been moved on to imagining.”

## Sublime Emblem 329

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said, “I’m beholding in a vision a most charming man who is sitting by a softly glowing sweet scented hearth.

Upon a windowsill rests a gently glowing candle while there’s another one over on a table.

I know this man for I’ve beheld him afore in

another vision.

Contentedly snoozing by his feet is a dog, and a cat.

And happily storytelling away is this man to a sojourner who is listening very attentively to him on the opposite side of the hearth.”

## **Sublime Emblem 330**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*



***Narrated:***

A man named What Language asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty in what language is the Great Book written in?”

“There’s no language in which it isn’t written in. It’s written in the language of the butterflies, the bees; the mists, fountains, and streams; the camel, donkey, sheep, and goats; the birds of the air, the fishes of the waters; the olives of the slopes, the oaks of the valleys, the palms of the oases, and the cedars of the snowy mantels, and besides all of these and more is it written in the language of women, men, children, babies, and infants of the womb.”

**Sublime Emblem 331**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “There’s no place where you can’t be with imagining.”

**Sublime Emblem 332**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Like Memory asked Her Majesty (Sj). “Your Majesty I would like to try and commit to memory the entire Great Book. How should I go about it?” “This idea of yours has no meaning. Look about you, and be with seeing that the Great

Book is constantly being rewritten as we speak.  
Ever fresh, and ever applicable is the text of the  
Great Book.

It's in no need whatsoever of or does it lend itself  
to being memorised for no sooner than you  
memorize a single phrase, than that very phrase  
itself has already undergone a transformation.

A meaningful idea rather would be, to memorise  
stories of guidance received from consulting the  
Great Book.

Memorise their context and setting, and retell them  
with the

greatest of care and joy to all who have listening ears and welcoming hearts for such edifying stories.”

### **Sublime Emblem 333**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “There is nothing more powerful than imagining. Thinking even with having reached the extremities of its efforts still sees itself as only a pebble on the shore.

Imagining, however, knows itself at the very least to be itself the shore.

And this awareness has it reached without hardly making any effort; almost effortlessly has it reached such an awareness.”

### **Sublime Emblem 334**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “The Guidance of the Great Book is for the given moment, and for that given moment in relation to infinity.”

### **Sublime Emblem 335**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Besides Is There asked Her

Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what is space and time?”

“See there to the two birds in flight having a great time playing about each other.”

“Then what is the air; the sky there in which they play?”

“It’s the something that is there.”

“Then, Your Majesty besides space and time is there something?”

“Yes, besides space and time there is space-time, and besides the

something, there is something, and beyond that something there are without ever reaching an end to them myriads and myriads of other somethings.”

## Sublime Emblem 336

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Of a truly poetic morning, Her Majesty (Sj) with reclining in a date palm grove, and with speaking to a small group of people happened to notice a white female camel gracefully and leisurely passing on by in the near distance.

And at the charming sight, she, said,

“I remember of a certain cloudy morning when we being with camped in the bed of the beautiful verdure valley of Lightrock Among Seven Hills, that I related to my faithful scribe here having just seen in a vision; a vision of a future time.

I had seen a man native to that time coming down out of the clouds, and he was riding on a white she camel, and carrying something on his back.

Yes, he had a large pearl adorned scroll strapped to his back.

And with the camel, and her happy guest alighting on one of the seven hills, a great host of people had gathered about below for they had been keenly observing their descent for quite some time.

And while the vast majority of the crowd seemed to be delighted to see the man, and to see that he had this special scroll with him; almost as if he had been gone out of their presence for a season to get the scroll, and they had been anxiously awaiting his return with it.

At the same time, there was a small group in the

periphery of crowd who seemed to be shouting for him to ride away from them back into the sky, and to take with him the pearl adorned scroll.”

An elderly keeper of camels named Humble Care, asked,

“Your Majesty what about the humble camel, didn’t anybody take care of her after such a long journey? What must she have made of it all?”



Figure 72

~ §~ Lightrock Among Seven Hills ~§ ~

21° 25' 21.148" N 39° 49' 34.234" E

Altitude: 299 meters

“She probably looked upon it as being all in a day’s journeying, be it across the golden desert of the below, or of the azure desert of the above.”

A designer of fine scrolls named, Found In The Dawn, asked,

“What did you think the scroll contained, Your Majesty?”

“I had the sense that it was the final; the definitive summation of a belief system that had begun centuries earlier.”

“And what of its bearer?”

“That he also like the scroll was the last; the final messenger in a huge line of messengers stretching all the way back to the first messenger of that belief system.

In other words, the scroll contained the final summation; the definitive summation, elevation,

and elaboration of all the truths contained in the numerous other scrolls found in that belief system. And the happy bearer of the scroll the system's final messenger and interpreter of the contents of the scroll."

A man named What Of, asked,



“Your Majesty what of those in the crowd that seemingly wanted the bearer to take the scroll back into the sky?”

“Perhaps, they were those who didn’t want the final chapter on that belief system to have been written; perhaps, they wanted the status quo to continue, namely of having many more books, and many more messengers appear.

Or who knows, they may be faithful to some previous scroll within the belief system, and consider it alone to be the final summation of all its truths.”

“And, Your Majesty what of the majority?”

“Perhaps, they were those who greatly welcomed the end of that belief system; a belief system that they could now see in its definitive entirety.

Perhaps, they could see in this final summation a clear guide for them how to even more succinctly and as such more correctly follow the beliefs of the system or in it a clear sign for them to move on with great gratitude for the many blessings it had bestowed upon them, and their ancestors; to move on from such a belief system to another and even profounder way of looking at life.

Who knows knows.”

A woman named Reflectively Reading, said,

“Who knows, Your Majesty; Your Majesty who knows, but some day they may with reflectively reading your wondrous words revert to following the noble ways of Imagination?”

“My words surely be vessels of my own making, and arranging, but verily their sacred content and journey direction is of the secrecy of Imagination. The noble ways of Imagination lend not themselves to belief systems, however great in depth, and extent in time they may deem themselves to be.

All belief systems are established on bedrocks of doubt.

And what is doubt, but thirst caused by a deliberate denial of reflection.

With even a lip sip of reflection the noble ways of Imagination become vividly and delightfully apparent to us.

And what are the noble ways of Imagination save exquisite morality in the given.

For there is no imagining of Imagination that doesn't show us by example how to live an exquisite moral life.

With reflection on the noble ways we can immediately know that they deny us nothing, rather they provide us with the highest dignity; dignity not alone for ourselves, but for each and every living thing from the tiniest to the greatest. And I would have you know, that the mountains, valleys, streams, rains, snows, clouds, and wind; the sun, moon, stars, and galaxies all live."

A little child named Why Is, asked,

"Your Majesty why is the beautiful verdure valley where you had the vision called the Lightrock Among Seven Hills?"

"Oh, lovely it is because there in the bed of the fragrant valley which is surrounded by seven hills covered with many different fruit trees is a wondrous mystery from among the wondrous imaginings of Imagination.

There in the heart of the valley is a gift from the starry heavens which with the coming of each eve suffuses a beautiful soft saffron coloured light all about which lasts throughout the night till the coming of the dawn.

And in the bright sunlight of day it constantly shimmers away till the coming of eve.

At night its light is a warmth to the valley floor, and its dancing shimmerings a coolant to it by day."

"I can see it, Your Majesty."

"Yes, and I too, lovely."

## **Sublime Emblem 337**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Will There Ever Be asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty will there ever be a time when there’s no sky of day or no heavens of night; no you, no me or no we?”

“With the setting of the sun, and soon thereafter we see the end of the sky of day; with soon there before we see the appearance of the heavens of night, and with rolling and the coming of the dawn we

see the end of the heavens of night, and soon thereupon we see the appearance of the sky of a new day.

Every seeming ending is finding itself in a beginning, and every seeming beginning will be letting itself become in an ending.”

## **Sublime Emblem 338**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Moments of Doubt asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Sometimes, Your Majesty I am, and for some unknown reason prone to doubt the profound faith and tremendous love that Imagination has placed in my heart.

How can I deal with such moments of doubt?”

“With reflective senses; with reflective eyes observe the sky of day, the heavens of night, and all that’s in between. And, this do with all of your senses.

When reflection is omitted doubt appears.

And where there’s doubt nothing for the good ever works out; serenity of heart has no place to be.”

## **Sublime Emblem 339**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Where Can I Find asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty does the desert contain a secret door?

And how about the sky of day there, and the  
heavens of night?

Do the mountains and valleys contain such doors?

And how about over there the way the waters of  
the Heartlight Lake?"

"There is nothing, including ourselves that doesn't  
contain a secret door."

"To where do they lead, Your Majesty?"

"Enter one and you will be with knowing."

"Will it be possible for me to return through it back  
to here and now?"

“From once with finding yourself there within,  
enter one and you will be knowing.”



*Figure 73*  
~ §~ Heartlight Lake ~§ ~

“Where can I find, say the secret door of the  
desert?  
Where should I look for it, Your Majesty?”  
“The desert will show you the way, and the how to  
find it.”

## **Sublime Emblem 340**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said,  
“I’m beholding in a vision two beautiful women  
who appear to be floating on something like unto  
streaming clouds within a blue sky o’er some sunlit  
green fields.

They are happily waving down to some people on  
the ground who are happily waving in turn back up  
to them.

On the ground is a man; yes, I know that man.  
He's the storyteller of the hearth.



And his two lovely children are standing next to him, one on either side, and together they are waving, and blowing kisses up to the cloud floating women.

Running about them with great delight is a dog, and a cat.

And I know these two beautiful women from somewhere.

Yes; yes, I've beheld them afore in a vision.

And I know one of them to be the beloved of the man on the ground; the beloved mother of the two beautiful children standing next to their daddy.

And the other woman I know to be a queen; a most congenial and lovable person."

## **Sublime Emblem 341**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Is Life In Some Way asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty is our life in some way predetermined?"

"Yes, in the sense that all imaginings are in some way predetermined; in the sense that a day followed by a night and by a day is predetermined. It's predetermined in similitude to the way the sun travels across the sky or the stars of the heavens appear above the horizon at certain times.

Predetermined is but another way of saying that we, and all imaginings have beginnings and endings in beginnings and endings; endings and beginnings in endings and beginnings."

## Sublime Emblem 342

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“There’s no sun in the sky of day save this one, and  
the moon its nearest reflector in the heavens of  
night.”

## Sublime Emblem 343

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Perceive Essence asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty is it possible to perceive the essence of Imagination without our senses?”

“Yes, it is when we move them from merely seeing, listening, scenting, savouring, and thinking to being with imagining.

Imagining is the essence of Imagination.

When we are with imagining we are with experiencing the essence of Imagination.

However, always keep before you that when we come to speaking about Imagination we cannot, and should not speak of Imagination as having senses or even a heart in the way that we would speak of ourselves as having a heart and senses. The only thing we can say with confidence about Imagination is that Imagination imagines, and that we are an imagining among the myriad imaginings of Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 344

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Everything Is Different asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty why is that everything is different from everything else?”

“Without everything being different from

everything else they wouldn't be able to recognise each other.

The same holds true for all of us here in Ebla, and beyond.

We are different that we may recognise each other, and in recognising each other to grow in each other's appreciation and admiration."

## Sublime Emblem 345

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “If you want to see how Imagination imagines just look about and you will see; look at and within yourself and you will see, and come to know and appreciate you will the marvels of Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 346

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Why Doesn't Ever asked Her Majesty (Sj).



*Figure 74*  
~ §~ Jade Sea ~§ ~

“Your Majesty why doesn’t the Jade ever turn the rivers and streams back; ever deny them entry?”  
“It’s her nature to allow then to come to her; to be at one with her.

And it's her nature to allow mists to ascend from her into the sky.

It's the nature of the sky to allow the mists to become one with her.

And it's the nature of the clouds of the sky, and of the heavens to allow drops of rain, sleet, and snowflakes to descend from them on to the land, the rivers, lakes, and streams.

And it's the nature of these to allow the rain, sleet, and snow to be at one with them.

And the rivers, and streams onward be with flowing into the welcoming sea."

## Sublime Emblem 347

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named What If I Don't Feel The Need asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty what if I don't feel the need to move my senses from merely seeing, listening, scenting, savouring, feeling, and thinking to imagining, can I still lead a happy, and wholesome life?"

"Yes, this is the fundamental state, one of fundamental happiness, and fundamental wholesomeness.

It's in similitude of the first rays of the rising sun, but it's not the sun risen, and as such neither is it the sun in its wondrous journeying in the high blue sky, and its spectacular setting beyond the horizon. Why settle for so little when so much is freely been given to us?

There is, if I can say the happiness, and the wholesomeness of the first rays of sunlight, but it cannot be compared to the happiness of the

wondrous journeying.

Be with wondrous journeyings, and experience a happiness, and a wholesomeness that is without comparison; without equal.”

## **Sublime Emblem 348**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

In the company of three people, and while leisurely strolling along



on camelback, one from among them asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how certain are you that everything that is; say it be was, is, and will be is of the imaginings of who you have been frequently referring to as Imagination?”

“As certain of this am I as the sun is there in the bright blue sky.

And as certain of this am I as that upon these camels here we’re riding high.

I am as certain of this as they that the golden desert here, near, and faraway is wondrously spread out beneath their feet, and that they beneath we most certainly be, journeying away quite contentedly.”

## Sublime Emblem 349

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named In Particular asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty what incapacitates the senses the most; in particular what incapacitates the sense of thought the most?”

“It’s own self.

The sense of thought in particular incapacitates itself more than all the other senses put together. And I’m not confining this word to refer merely to the other five senses but to the myriad senses that make us who we are.

The sense of thought not alone attempts to incapacitate itself from moving on to imagining, but for some inexplicable reason it also tries to incapacitate the other senses from moving on to imagining.

In similitude, it at times behaves like a dog who though already has had enough to eat won't even let the ants of the sand or the birds of the air partake of the remaining food."

## **Sublime Emblem 350**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

With strolling along, Her Majesty (Sj) to me said,  
"I'm beholding in a vision a great library like none  
in magnificence that I've ever seen before save for  
the Great Library in the Royal

Palace at Ebla.

And now I'm standing before what is appearing to be a rich velvety sapphire doorway in one part of the library.

It's opening, and I'm descending into a room quite unlike the one above.

The floor is a wispy clouded sky blue, and it doesn't feel as if I'm walking on it; more like hovering.

Everywhere neatly standing in shimmering shelves are what appear to be tablets on which are sublimely inscribed beautiful characters.

Oh, and now I'm finding myself standing before a large compartment containing numerous tablets.

Above the entrance, and written in two languages, one of which is Eblalese are these words:

"The Sacred Narratives of Her Majesty Queen Ebla Praiseworthy of the Queendom of Ebla."

## Sublime Emblem 351

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Comprehend Through asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty is it possible to comprehend Imagination through speaking; through language?"

"Were we to talk all day, and throughout the night; where we to talk for months of days and nights or even for years of days and nights we would not be able to comprehend Imagination nor are we meant to through language.

Speaking is merely a delegate for the senses; a delegate for the heart.

And I would have you know that coughs, sighs, groans, giggles, and laughter are also languages

been spoken.”

“Your Majesty what then of our clay tablets; our written texts?”

“Written texts have the same function as spoken language in that they speak, be it write for the senses; for the heart.

And I would have you appreciate that the ‘empty’ space about and between the visible text is itself also a language; a language that takes its expression from where it appears between and about characters; between and about letters, words, sentences, and

paragraphs.

Look to the sky of blue when a wind is floating clouds along.

With one viewing we see only the clouds against the blue background, but then, if we look again we could equally see the blue against the white background as blue clouds or all kinds of interesting shapes.

Written texts can also be read in a like manner.

So too when listening to words been spoken.

The silent language been spoken tends to be always more in plentiful supply than that which is being immediately heard.

And it should not be understood to mean that it is unspoken language.

It's a language rather that doesn't require sound to express itself."

## **Sublime Emblem 352**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, "Speaking good about someone; about anyone is truly one of the most beautiful things in life.

Always, and everywhere be with honouring the honour of yourself; honouring the honour of each other."

## **Sublime Emblem 353**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Kind Be asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how kind should we be to the birds of the air, the fishes of the waters, and the animals of the groves, and the desert?”

“With gratitude feed your families first and foremost.

Yet, I would have you to be conscious of the rights of the birds of the air, the fishes of the waters, and the animals of the groves, and the desert to live out their own lives.

Only take what is enough for your needs; never exceed.

I once heard tell of a very humble village in which one morning,

and quite out of the blue a sizable shoal of freshwater fish came flying through the air as if they were birds, and all came to fall on the ground in the center of the village.

Now the people of the village young and old all feeling most sorry for the fish went and quickly gathered them up, and ran with them to the nearby riverlet that the fish may have life in continuity. And, although the humble community was in want they felt the happiness of the fish to be of a greater importance.

A time will come; yes, a time will come in the far future when the birds of the air, the fishes of the waters, and the animals of the groves, and the desert will not to be anxious anymore for their safety before our humankind."

## **Sublime Emblem 354**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Light Of Truth asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty what are the lights of truth?"

"Our imaginings are the lights of truth, for when we are with imagining we are in the warm light of Imagination.

Imagination is the Truth."

## **Sublime Emblem 355**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

In the beautiful wide verdure valley of Bountiful

Springs And Fragrances, Her Majesty (Sj) was reclining by a warm, fragrant, crackling wooden fire before some tents of a beautiful starry moonless night.

And the number of people reclining there about the fire with her was no more than seventy-two.

And having been gazing in silence into the heavens for quite some time, Her Majesty (Sj), said,

“I remember while we were camped of a starlit night over south the way by the serene Ruby seashore at the delightful fishing village of



Will Be of Great Significance.

Yes, of a starlit night, and very much like this one; of a black velvety jewelled adorned heavens of a moonless night, of having had a vision of some unusual star be it galaxy activity.

I had been gazing into the heavens of the night when I beheld a number of galaxies leave their regular locations and come together to form a particular shape.



Figure 75

~ §~ Bountiful Springs And Fragrances ~§ ~

24° 28' 3.637" N 39° 36' 39.773" E

Altitude: 606 meters

~ §~ Lightrock Among Seven Hills ~§ ~

In moments, they had formed an image of the below in the above, in that a galaxy bejewelled outline image of the Garden of Ebla was now clearly visible therein to my eyes.

I could trace about, and beginning with and

following along from the Golden down into the Jade, the Marshlands, the Ruby, the Turquoise, the Sapphire, and on up the Ancient of Grace, and the Rhapsody back to the Golden.

And, as I was gazing upon this wonder of the below in the marvel of the above, there did appear standing in this heavenly image, in the area of the Great Treasury, an extraordinary beautiful woman. She was fully attired in golden raiment with having the lower folding of her long dress exquisitely embroidered with some kind of writing.



Figure 76

~ §~ Golden Sea, Jade Sea, Marshlands, Ruby Sea, Turquoise Sea,  
Sapphire Sea, Ancient of Grace River, Rhapsody River ~§ ~

And although I knew not what language it was  
written in, I knew it to mean,  
'I am a source of great serenity.'

And I knew her by her nobleness to be a queen; to  
be a queen of the Land of Ebla.  
And while she was with gently smiling upon me she  
was becoming slightly anxious, for now I could see  
her to be heavy with child; her time for delivery  
being immanent.  
And in a moment, the whole starry background  
changed to now show her being in a bedroom; a  
palace bedroom of softly glowing fragrant oil  
lamps.  
The time for her delivery was nearing.  
And, then I found myself to be in that lovely cosy  
bedroom along with another woman.  
I recognised her for I had seen her afore in another  
vision.  
In that vision it was she who had been giving birth;  
giving birth in the shade of a date palm.  
And now the time was well nigh for Her Majesty to  
deliver her baby.  
The other woman and I assisted her with the birth.  
And she with surprising ease gave birth to a very  
healthy baby girl.  
And with her birth the entire room became filled  
with a most wondrous fragrance; a fragrance  
sweeter than any hither known to me.  
And with safely uncording we did immediately  
place the baby upon her mother's welcoming  
bosom.  
Mother and child were of the one beauty,  
nobleness, and pleasantness.  
As we four women were enjoying the sublimity of  
the moment, there came a gentle tapping to the  
bedroom door.  
And the new mother being quite familiar with the  
style of tapping, she did joyfully call for the one to  
enter.

And thereupon, there did enter the room a man of extraordinary handsomeness, serenity, nobleness, and pleasantness.

And we did know him to be the happy father of the newborn baby.

And with reclining in next to his wife and daughter we could clearly see that the three of them were of one and the same harmony in serenity, love, nobleness, and beauty.

And with the wondrous scene we found our eyes to be brimming over with tears of gratitude and happiness.

And there, therein their harmony; there therein  
their serenity did the mother name the baby girl,  
'Blessed' and 'Fragrance'.

She named her Blessed Fragrance to which the  
very contented father did smile his approval.

And with the noble father having left the room, we  
did make all things comfortable for the mother and  
her baby so that they might have a good sleep, and  
a great rest.

And as the mother was with falling asleep, she was  
softly smiling up to the picturesque ceiling as if she  
was with seeing someone there; someone very  
familiar.

And we both; the other woman and I did clearly  
hear from her smiling lips these words.

'By Your Grace it has well been accomplished; the  
royal lineage healthily lives.'

And we departed from that lovely room to let them  
contentedly sleep away in the cosiness of the softly  
glowing fragrant lamps."

## Sublime Emblem 356

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Greatly enjoying sailing in summer rain, in a  
saffron coloured barge, on the Turquoise Sea off  
the coast of a lush boswellian forest.

And a young man named Besides And For The Most  
Part commented to Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty I think to be spending my life being  
with imagining as you have suggested would be an  
absolute waste of my time.

It would be quite useless.

And besides, and for the most part your words

seem to be, and respectfully, how shall I say, way, way too aloof, and far, far removed from my reality.”

“By any standard the Turquoise Sea is big; stretching itself on and on beyond the horizon there.

Wouldn’t you agree?”

“Yes; yes, I suppose it is, Your Majesty.

Yes, I would have to agree.”



“But all we are using of it this morning is enough to keep our beautiful barge here afloat.

Look how very small the amount of water needed, that is, in comparison to what we see here about and beyond there.

Now, if for some unknown reason the whole sea there about were to suddenly disappear, leaving us with only this barge space of water beneath us, what conclusion would we have to draw?



*Figure 77*

~ §~ Turquoise Sea off the coast of a lush boswellian forest ~§ ~

We would have to say, wouldn't we that what we once thought to have been of no use to us is now in fact not alone useful for us, it's essential for our progress?

Approach imagining in the same way, and you will very quickly come to realize, and appreciate its usefulness; its paramount importance, and awesome power.”

And the young man being quite taken aback

remained silent for the rest of the morning without uttering another a word.

And when he did eventually speak he was beside himself with happiness; dancing along the deck in the cool refreshing rain with Her Majesty (Sj).

## Sublime Emblem 357

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named When Should I asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty when should I make reference to the Great Book?”

“Enjoy reciting from the Great Book wherever and whenever there’s something of guidance that needs to be said.

And, let the words of your heart recite, for it’s only with the heart that we can know and interpret the language of this sublime text.”

## Sublime Emblem 358

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “I’m in the world as a butterfly of ten thousand ages old.

I flutter about happily at will, and alight here and there upon the welcoming flower, and stone.

I know and love my world to be of fragrances abounding, and as such from it am I ever careful not to roam.”

## Sublime Emblem 359

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A young man named Always Only Thinking Of  
Myself asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty might it be a rewarding thing for me  
to take my own life?”

“Listen; listen very very carefully.

Your life is yours to live, but not yours to take.

Listen; listen very very carefully.

Your life is a precious imagining of Imagination.

And as Imagination is goodness we are meant to  
live a life of goodness.

Listen; listen very very carefully.  
Do no harm; do no harm to yourself, to anyone else  
or to the carpeting land, and the rolling waters,  
and to all that live therein and upon.  
Let doing no harm to the hearts of those who care  
about you, and love you be your way of life; doing  
good your joy of life.  
And I will give you a new name for this new way of  
life.  
Yes, from this moment forth you will be called, I  
Am A Goodness."  
And with tears welling up in his eyes, the young  
man, said,  
"Thank you; thank you Your Majesty.  
With joyfulness of heart will I from this very  
moment on fully live my precious and blessed life  
according to this my new name; a fine wholesome  
name, and a name which will well become me."  
"So it is already; therefore be with becoming it."  
Her Majesty (Sj) would on occasion throughout the  
tour bestow new names on those whom she felt  
would wholesomely benefit from them.

## Sublime Emblem 360

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Mighty Achievement asked Her  
Majesty (Sj).  
"Your Majesty proudly do I proclaim wherever I go  
that the more and the more I think, the more and  
the more am I loosing myself.  
And isn't this a mighty achievement, Your  
Majesty?"  
"With day-nightly following thinking are you

loosing more and more of yourself.  
However, if you were to be with day-nightly  
following imagining you would be with maintaining  
and evolving yourself.  
The latter for me is by far the mightier  
achievement as we are not meant to be loosing  
ourselves.  
Who we are today, and who we are culturing  
ourselves to be for the morrow, greatly depends  
upon we not loosing ourselves, rather is it  
dependent upon maintaining what we have already  
cultured ourselves to be, and are evolving to see.”

## Sublime Emblem 361

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Primary Relationship asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty I know that our primary relationship is with Imagination, but what about our human relationships?

Where do they begin?”

“Our human relationships begin with relating to ourselves.

Our relationship with ourselves is the prerequisite for how nobly we can relate to our family, our village or our caravan; how we relate to all whom we happen to meet both in the near and far.

But above all for how we relate to the stranger.”

## Sublime Emblem 362

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Best May I asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how best may I use my thinking?”

“Thinking can be a means of introducing imagining, but once imagining has been entered into, the introduction needs now to be carefully stored away, and forgotten about.

It’s only for the benefit of researchers that they may come to learn from whence sprung such and such a stream or river of imagining.

There is nothing further to be gained by you yourself revisiting the introduction.

It has already served you well by providing you with an introduction to your imaginings, which they in turn delight in evolving more and more imaginings for themselves.”

## **Sublime Emblem 363**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Sitting on the Jade seashore, and with watching the sun immerse



itself in the welcoming waters, Her Majesty (Sj) said to all those sitting there about,  
 “I’m remembering of a certain late afternoon while sojourning in Will Be of Great Significance that with watching the sun set into the coral rich Ruby that I had a vision of a man emerging out of the setting sun, and walking towards me on the rippling golden pathway.



Figure 78

~ §~ Ruby Sea ~§ ~  
 ~ §~ Will Be Of Great Significance ~§ ~  
 21° 29' 31.160" N 39° 11' 25.015" E  
 Altitude: 14 meters  
 ~ §~ Lightrrock Among Seven Hills ~§ ~

As he was walking towards me on the rippling golden pathway he had his arms outstretched on either side, and upon the palm of each hand had come to alight a brightly shining star from out of the twilighting heavens.  
 And with the sun having immersed into the

welcoming waters he had already reached the shore.

He who was about my own age stood there smiling at me with his

fragrant shoulder length wavy hair being fanned by a gentle breeze.

And when I had asked him why two stars were there upon his palms, he replied in a lovely mellifluous voice that they represented two wondrous halves of a book.

The first half would contain stories of wisdom, beauty, and love from a faraway isle of the wild majestic North Atealtic Ocean, and that the second half would contain interpretations of my own thoughts spoken on a wide variety of wondrous issues.

And that each half of the book would be as complementary as the two wings of a butterfly; one being as harmoniously important as the other and to the other, and as profound and as beautiful in style of expression as one to the other.

And upon that gracious shore, I knew him to be a sublime visitor from ages and ages yet to come."

## Sublime Emblem 364

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Bring About asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
"Your Majesty what is ignorance?"

"It's a total reliance on the senses as the source of knowledge without having moved them on to imagining.

In other words, it's when the senses are kept at their basic level, and never moving them on to be with imagining.

And ignorance is not alone limited to an individual it can also be the way of a family, a village, a caravan or an entire queendom or kingdom.

In its extreme case it could be the way of all peoples."

"Your Majesty were there ever periods of ignorance in the past?"

"Not alone were there periods of ignorance in the past, but there will also be periods of ignorance in the future."

"Of the six senses, Your Majesty which one is most likely to bring about ignorance; bring about a period of ignorance?"

"The brain; the sense of thought.

For some reason, be it self a word of thought, the sense of thought has always had renegade tendencies.

It revels in binding itself; keeping itself at the basic state in that it resists being moved on to the higher state, namely that of imagining.

Not alone does it revel in binding itself but also in binding the other five senses to their basic states. It tries to prevent them from moving on to be with imagining.

Its ultimate aim is to place a permanent seal on the heart.

Such self-binding; the binding of the other senses, and the sealing up of the heart can take many years or even a few generations to accomplish. Yet, however profound thinking on its own can become, it's incomparable to the profundities that can be reached when thinking moves on to imagining."

## **Sublime Emblem 365**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Do I Need To asked Her Majesty (Sj). "Your Majesty do I need to think in order to be with imagining?"

"Imagining is first and foremost of the heart; its chief characteristic being spontaneity.

It doesn't rely on or is it dependent upon the senses in order for it to be with imagining.

However, more often than not it avails of the generosity of the senses.

Thinking, feeling, savouring, scenting, listening, and seeing can all be a means of introducing imagining."

## Sublime Emblem 366

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Is Or asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty is thinking contradictory to  
imagining or imagining contradictory to thinking?”  
“Neither.”

“Then, is thinking greater than imagining or  
imagining greater than thinking?”

“See that pretty little purple flower by the base of  
the rock there.

Well take that to be thinking, and beautiful snowy-  
mantled Mount Dignified over the way there to be  
imagining.

Well such in similitude is a difference in greatness  
between thinking and imagining.”

## **Sublime Emblem 367**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Differ From asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how do you differ from the rest of  
us; differ from everyone else?”

“Everyone differs from everyone else; every person  
is unique in their wisdom, beauty, and efforts.

Perhaps more than some, I greatly delight in  
culturing myself to be with imagining; to be always  
and everywhere imagining is my preferred way of  
life.

To be living our life as fully as possible in  
accordance with the noble ways of Imagination is  
what harmoniously makes us one with everyone  
and everything; with the ants of the grasses, the  
fishes of the waters, the bees and the butterflies of  
the flowers, the sheep of the slopes, the camels of  
the oases, the birds of the air; the sky, sun, moon,  
planets, stars, galaxies, and the heavens.”

## Sublime Emblem 368

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“In the midst of everything I am; in the midst of my family, and the peoples of the Queendom of Ebla.  
In the desert, mountains, and valleys I am.  
By and on the rivers and streams; by the shore and on the rolling waves I am.



In the wherever I be I am.  
In the given seasons of a new day or a new night I  
am; in the given seasons of months, and years. I am  
to be I am.”

## **Sublime Emblem 369**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“Like a shepherdess strolling in the hill country;  
the snows meting on the Abundant Mountains  
come the spring, and the ever gentle shifting of the  
mighty sand dunes do we journey throughout the  
blessed Garden of Ebla with contentment and  
delightfulness of heart.”

## **Sublime Emblem 370**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“By the fragrant desert campfire ‘neath the starry  
heavens of night do I travel my gaze from the stars  
below to the stars above and back again.  
And with doing so, do I greatly enjoy telling stories  
of days and nights of old; telling stories of nights  
and days of the morrow in the freshness and  
ambience of the given moment.”

## **Sublime Emblem 371**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Manage To Live asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty how do you manage to live your life so carefreely; seemingly without a care in the world?”

“Living life according to the noble ways of Imagination abundantly provides me with the greatest freedom of all, namely the freedom to

freely fully care for myself, my family, and the peoples of the Queendom of Ebla; to freely fully care for the desert, mountains, hills, valleys, rivers, and the shoring sea; the birds, sheep, goats, camels, and all within my day-nightly experiences. The freedom to care is the way of the land, the waters, the sky, and the heavens. And we are of the land, waters, sky, and heavens in having freedom to freely care. Without the freedom to fully care who are we; what are we? Living and caring are synonymous."

## Sublime Emblem 372

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Among asked Her Majesty (Sj). "Your Majesty what is the greatest of tragedies among people?"

"The greatest of tragedies are three in number. The first, in having lived their entire life without ever once having moved their thinking on to be with imagining; moved their seeing, listening, scenting, savouring, and feeling on to be with imagining.

The second, is in having clearly heard this good word today, yet come the morrow to have left it completely flown away as if it had never been in their hearing.

And the third, is in the meantime not having shared this good word with those who would not alone have gladly accepted it, but would have actively made it part of their day-nightly experiences."

## Sublime Emblem 373

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Desire To Lead A Life asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty whenever I attempt to move my thinking on to be with imagining my thinking always wins out.

The result being, that I can never make more than very brief excursions into imagining.

How can I overcome this, for I do so very much desire to lead a life of imagining.”

“Make your own life important.

It’s your duty to give to your own life the greatest of importance.

Be with culturing yourself in the noble ways of Imagination.

Culture yourself to culture yourself in the noble ways, and not alone will you move from making excursions into imagining, but you will come to live and prosper therein.

And by prosperity is meant a greater profusion of skies, heavens, deserts, mountains, hills, valleys, seas, rivers, streams, lakes, forests, groves, fields, and many besides of imaginings for you to travel to, in, and on.

And by life is meant caring for others; caring for the land, the waters, and the dwelling places of everyone and everything there upon and within.

When you dwell in imagining your role in life is clearly that of caring and sharing.

And it is from there within alone that you can come to more fully appreciate this to be so true; this to be so very true.”

## **Sublime Emblem 374**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Based Solely Upon asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty is it possible for me to live a long, happy, satisfied life based solely on my thinking; dependent solely upon my thinking as the source of that long life, happiness, and satisfaction?”

If the answer is yes, then why need I to consider an alternative such as basing it solely on being with my imagining?"

"Confining yourself to your thinking is already itself the alternative.

If your thinking is telling you that you can have a long, happy, satisfied life based solely on your thinking, then it would be like saying that that high gliding eagle there would be happy and satisfied with her lot, only if she were to let herself be leashed for the rest of her life to that sprawling gnarled shrub there in the valley below.

Stay and be with the natural; be with imagining,  
and you will be with reaching the endless waters of  
Imagination.

And what you once thought here to be long life,  
happiness, and satisfaction will you come then to  
appreciate it to have been nothing more than tent  
tassels; nothing more than pretty tent tassels being  
tossed hither and thither by the wind while all the  
while being tightly knotted to a pole.”

## Sublime Emblem 375

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Why Don't We asked Her Majesty  
(Sj).

“Your Majesty no doubt as you are already well  
aware, in all directions beyond the Garden there  
are kingdoms and even queendoms where dwell  
peoples who have what they call religions.

And I have myself seen them with my own eyes  
worship all sorts of things from rivers, to trees, to  
animals, to different parts of the human anatomy,  
to rocks, to mountains, to the sun, moon, planets  
and the stars.

And even their very own rulers as if they were what  
they call gods.

And they delight in constructing buildings, and in  
carving images in all sorts of shapes, forms and  
sizes in the likeness of their gods.

Your Majesty why don't we the peoples of the  
Garden have such practices and the like?

Why have we no gods; not even a single god above  
all gods?”

“Simply, we have no need for them; no need for

such a one.

And as such no need do we have for such practices. Religion and the creation of a god or gods, and the practice of worshipping them is a side effect of thinking.

It's like having left the entrance to the tent there wide open during that mighty sandstorm we had just there a few days ago."

"Your Majesty then if someone in these lands were to ask me who Imagination is, how should I answer them?"

"Answer them by saying that through thinking alone they will never come to know.

Should, however, they move their thinking on to be with imagining



then in no time will they be coming to know who, and what Imagination is.  
Yes, and in full confidence of heart tell them it is by the authority of Imagination that I Queen Ebla Praiseworthy of the Queendom of Ebla has requested you to speak so this word unto them.”  
“By your authority, Your Majesty; by the authority of Imagination will I be able to give a clear answer unto them.  
With full confidence of heart will I be able to speak profoundly unto them.”  
“Those who among them, who will be with listening to you with listening ears, will most assuredly be on their way to coming to know who, and what Imagination is.”

## **Sublime Emblem 376**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

At seeing the Ebla Above Constellation appear in the southeast from behind some white clouds of a softly moonlit pre-dawning heavens, Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people, said,  
“Ah, that’s love and beauty Imagination style for us; for all those who would feel in their heart the need to intentionally rise early to be able to observe, and reflect on such profundities of wisdom.  
How truly great indeed are the marvels of Imagination; abundant blessings unto us all by night and by day.”

## Sublime Emblem 377

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Last And First asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty is this sun the last sun, and the moon the last moon or are there more to come, and were there others like unto them before?  
Is this the first earth or are there other earths to come, and were there others like it before?  
And if I may, Your Majesty are we and our ancestors extending way



*Figure 79*  
~ §~ Ebla Above Constellation ~§ ~

back, and our descendants extending way forward the last ones or are there more to come, and were there others like us before?"

"When it comes to speaking of the imaginings of Imagination there are no firsts and no lasts. What is most characteristic, and most exquisite about the imaginings of Imagination is their brevity.

The sun, moon, earth, and we are all marvellous imaginings of Imagination, and it is in the simultaneous brevity of our existence that we are given to dwelling in harmony; given to dwelling in each other's benevolent company for the duration.

And with passing out of this duration they and we  
are all transformed by Imagination, and brought  
into a new and different

duration; endlessly brought into new and different imaginings of various durations.

There was no time when we didn't exist, and there will be no time when we won't exist.

Simply by the very fact that we exist here today proves this to have been the case, and will be the case.

Our contentment with ourselves, and all things about us, including the earth here beneath us, the sun there above us, and with the moon though not yet come into view, depends entirely upon us accepting this wonderment of Imagination, and living fully in accordance with it.

There is no greater joy to be had than knowing that although of brevity found we are of eternity sound."



*Figure 80*

~ §~ Abundant Mountains, Isle of Lily ~§ ~

**Sublime Emblem 378**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Of an early eve sitting on the southern most promontory of the Abundant Mountains, having the Isle of Lily in silhouette over the ways, and enjoying eating delicious pomegranates.

And a bright young studier of families named Ancestral Place; a happy tracer of their lineages and history asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty where is your ancestral place; the ancestral place of your Royal House?"

"See there in yon southeastern heavens rising the Ebla Above Constellation.

Well that like my homeland here is also the heavenly image of my ancestral place; the ancestral place of my House.

In the wild North Atealtic Ocean there is a beautiful isle that is also thus so shaped.

And this beautiful isle is my ancestral place.

The Royal Archives in the Great Library in the Royal Palace at Ebla record how my ancient ancestors, though few in number did migrate southwards in boats to northern Holmoakia, and from there they journeyed overland to the port of Enamoured Beauty from where in seven boats they sailed eastwards across the Jade.

It's recorded that they made only three stops along the way, and that was in Honey Bay of the Isle of Blossoms, Agreeoumeli Bay of the Isle of Hills, and Turtleopi Bay of the Isle of Lily.

And with the blessings of the waters, the winds, and the sky; with the coastline of the Isle of Lily pointing them the way they reached the Mellifluous River Estuary.

From there they set off on foot with keeping the river to their south and then to their west until they found themselves departing from its banks and

journeying eastwards to the area where nowadays is located the beautiful city of Ebla.

And it was there that they did happily settle.”

“Your Majesty why did your ancestors leave the beautiful isle in the first place?”

“A beautiful lady appeared to them in a vision, and told them to set out for a place that she would make known to them in a dream.”

“Who was the beautiful lady, Your Majesty?”

“According to the records, she was called Lady Ave Éire.



And it's no coincidence that the name 'Ebla' and the name 'Éire' both mean 'serene' or 'serenity'- serene as in the beauty of limestone, and serene as in the beauty of grass, thus giving us the delightful poetic motto of my House, namely 'The butterfly wings of Lady Ave Serene we be'. "Your Majesty thus by ancestry, and descent you have been given to dwelling in places of serenity.



Figure 81

~ §~ Ebla Above Constellation rising in the southeastern heavens ~§  
~

Truly far reaching and wondrous are the imagining ways of Imagination.”

“Yes; truly great and marvellous indeed are the imagining ways of

Imagination.”

*Reflective silence.*



*Figure 82*

~ §~ The migration from the Isle of Éire via Holmoakia, Enamoured Beauty,  
Isle of Blossoms, Isle of Hills, and the Isle of Lily ~§ ~

“The records also make special mention that when my ancestors were travelling overland from northern Holmoakia to the port of Enamoured Beauty, one from among their young women fell in love on the banks of the River Lilytura with a youthful village poet; a poet of a village having the word moon in its name.

And with the blessings of her own people, and the people of the village, the beloved pair were married, and that she had happily stayed behind in that village.

For some reason our ancient scribes made mention

of this particular marriage, and the place in which it had taken place.”

“Your Majesty do the records name your first ancestors?”

“Yes, the records which date back over three thousand years to the time of the arrival of that small group in the beloved place that we

now call the Royal City of Ebla, clearly tell that our first mother ancestor was called Heavens of Night, and our first father ancestor Sky of Day.



Figure 83

~ §~ Isle of Blossoms, Isle of Hills, Isle of Lily ~§ ~

And it mentions that they were both native to the isle, having been born there and raised there, and with each having lineages on the isle dating back for hundreds of years.

And, my House in eloquent continuity, as did our first ancestors, do look at all things in the very same noble way; knowing ourselves to be a people of the Great Book, and everything thereof eternally including we to be of the marvellous imaginings of Imagination.”

*Reflective silence.*

“Have you ever visited your beautiful ancestral isle, Your Majesty?”

“Throughout my life, I seemed to have visited it on

a number of occasions, but this only in my dreams.  
And oft in my waking hours too, I do believe I am  
with seeing in visions peoples of the isle.”  
And Her Majesty (Sj) did invite the bright young  
studier of families;

the happy tracer of their lineages and history to come apprentice in the Great Library at Ebla. And with exceeding gratitude, honour, and joy he accepted the invitation.



*Figure 84*  
~ §~ Honey Bay of the Isle of Blossoms ~§ ~





*Figure 85*  
 ~ §~ Agreeoumeli Bay of the Isle of Hills ~§ ~



*Figure 86*  
 ~ §~ Turtleopi Bay of the Isle of Lily ~§ ~





Figure 87

~ §~ Isle of Lily pointing the way to the Mellifluous River Estuary ~§

~

36° 2' 44.063" N 35° 57' 54.353" E

Altitude: 2 meters



*Figure 88*

~ §~ Jade Sea, Mellifluous River, Ebla, Ancient of Grace River ~§ ~



Figure 89

~ §~ River Lilytura ~§ ~

39° 36' 22.723" N 0° 51' 35.532" W

Altitude: 220 meters

~ §~ Port of Enamoured Beauty of Holmoakia ~§ ~

## Sublime Emblem 379

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

An elderly woman named Keenly Attentively, and speaking from her heart, said to Her Majesty (Sj).  
 “Your Majesty all day I’ve been keenly observing you, and attentively listening to your words.  
 What I like about you is your ever-present contentment of heart, your beauty in countenance and in body, your profound wisdom, joyfulness, and eloquence in word, and your ability to be wondrously informed and conversant in human nature, and human relationships.  
 But what I like about you most of all, Your Majesty is how within the given moment you so admirably

manage to be according to the noble ways of  
Imagination.”

“With serenity and gratitude of heart do I your  
compliments

humbly, and graciously receive.”

## Sublime Emblem 380

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Of a glorious morning in Traditional Sensitivity, where we with sitting on a fragrant olive white flowered hillside, were gazing westwards across the streamed valley at the almond shaped isle of Mount Moakriah, on which were pitched our tents. Lovely they were to watch as they flapped away there in a gentle breeze beneath the canopy of a grove of sun beamed graceful ancient oaks.



Figure 90

~ §~ Traditional Sensitivity ~§ ~  
31° 46' 4.768" N 35° 13' 15.668" E  
Altitude: 766 meters

~ \$~ Salt Basin ~\$ ~  
~ \$~ Heartlight Lake ~\$ ~

On the opposite side of the isle mount: on the western side is a valley in similitude to the valley there below us, and it too was with a dancing stream.

And on its western bank and reaching all the way to the surrounding hills is a wondrous profusion of trees of many kinds.

We had already been sojourning in Traditional Sensitivity with a little over a fortnight; that being one of the many beautiful reclusive places visited along the way throughout our touring.

It is a welcoming place whose only inhabitants are the flora, fauna, waters, and the blessings from the sky, and the heavens.

However, on the third night, and we being camped on the mount, Her Majesty had an awful dream; a most terrifying nightmare.

She woke up screaming; a screaming that must surely have reached all the way west down to the Jade shore.

It was a chilling screaming, the likes of which I had never before or since heard from Her Majesty (Sj) or for that matter from anybody.

She wasn't in the better of it for a few days; keeping very much to herself, and not making any reference whatsoever to it.

I never saw Her Majesty (Sj) look so sad; a sadness that brought tears to my eyes every time I would look to her countenance; a countenance that was always so very serene.

And as we were gazing across at the tents among the oaks, Her Majesty (Sj, said,

"Trustworthy, I can now talk about that nightmare that I had.

The sun was setting, and as I was watching the changing colours of the clouds, I suddenly beheld

therein what appeared to be ships or carriages of some sort, and they were filled with what appeared to be men who were dressed in all kinds of strange shinny attire.

And the carriages were rushing headlong down from out of the clouds towards this whole area.

Then in a split moment, I found myself to be as a great bird gliding above the Garden of Ebla.

Contentedly gliding along northwards I was from having been over the Great Treasury.





Figure 91  
 ~ §~ Great Treasury Desert ~§ ~

And all the fragrant way to the Abundant Mountains did I contentedly glide.



Figure 92  
 ~ §~ Abundant Mountains, Meeting of the Waters Strait ~§ ~

I could feel the lovely warmth of the sun on my wings.

The feeling was one of complete delight with moving between these beauties; the beauty of the above and the beauty of the below.

With gliding on westwards and beyond the Garden; westwards on to northwestwards over the Meeting of the Waters Strait, I found myself to be over different lands.

And with looking down, I began to notice springs; some nine to twelve springs that seemingly had suddenly and spontaneously together appeared in different lands.

However, these weren't springs of water, but springs of blood.

At first they trickled on to the surrounding land, but very quickly became streams, streams to riverlets, and riverlets to rivers.



*Figure 93*

~ §~ Some nine to twelve springs . . . together appeared . . . in  
different lands ~§ ~

They hastily flowed along through many green  
fields and lush valleys until they all flowed into one  
to form a massive river which with flowing  
eastwards got broader and more intense in colour.  
It became a vast river of curling, churning, fast  
currenting scarlet.  
And the awful stench of that river was reaching up  
to my nostrils; a

stench like nothing I've ever smelt.  
It violently flowed on over the Meeting of the Waters Strait, and on eastwards across the Abundant Mountains before taking a sharp sweeping turn southwards, and thunderously flowing all the way down, and with curling itself about and dividing up into three did it begin to ragingly pour in over the hills there to the north, there to the west, and there to the south.  
And about the isle mount it started to swell and swell into a huge lake which was rising and rising until it was almost within reach of covering the entire mount.  
And the next moment, I found myself to be no longer the bird on high, but to be me lying in my tent there on the mount.  
And with feeling that the crimson lake was going to cover not alone my tent and the other tents there but also the oaks too, I tried desperately to move; I tried to get up and out but I couldn't move.  
I tried to scream but no sounds were coming from my mouth.  
I was screaming and screaming soundless screams, and it was in such a state that I found myself to be with awaking and screaming out of it.  
Trustworthy, I am certain that at a time or even times way in the future something staggeringly dreadful is going to happen in this beautiful reclusive place at least once, and most likely twice.  
Yes, by that nightmare, by that dream have I been given to know that something abominable is two fold going to climax here in Traditional Sensitivity.  
It will be on such a scale and of such a ferocity that it will mortify, pierce, scar, benumb, hamper, and impede peoples near and far for generations and generations."

*Long reflective silence.*

“Your Majesty when will the time; when will the new day be reached that will see the lifting of that weight from hearts?”

And Her Majesty (Sj) in her familiar serene countenance did say,

“When suddenly there will appear from out of the Great Treasury a balm unto the ages; a balm unto the ages who will declare unto Traditional Sensitivity, be it then almost unrecognisable from what we are seeing here this morning, and who will with standing on this



very spot confidently declare, saying,  
'You here remnant rock fragments beneath my  
feet; oh, you much beloved hillside of my ancient  
ones be like unto the pristine fragrant olive hillside  
you had been in their day!

You barren and cluttered hills there about; oh, you  
much beloved hills of my ancient ones be like unto  
the pristine ever fresh welcoming woods you had  
been in their day!

You lonely mount there covered under  
entanglements of abandoned constructions; oh, you  
much beloved mount of my ancient ones arise now  
to be the almond shaped pristine isle mount of  
majestic oaks you had been in their day!

For the generations and generations you  
vulnerable three of this beauteous reclusive place  
be in well keeping each other in the very best of  
company!



*Figure 94*

~ §~ Mount Moakriah ~§ ~  
31° 46' 39.428" N 35° 14' 7.360" E

Altitude: 720 meters  
~ §~ Salt Basin ~§ ~

Be you Traditional Sensitivity as you were of a  
glorious morn when my ancient mother, Her  
Majesty Queen Ebla Praiseworthy

(Serenity, and Joy is upon her) did gaze most lovingly upon you, and did declare for you blessings in abundance for the ages henceforth!’ And, my beloved balm unto the ages, will be well pleased with seeing it come into be immediately.” Sitting in silence on the fragrant hillside we did remain for quite some time, and were with reflectively gazing over at the sun drenched surrounding hills, and at our lovely tents gently flapping away there beneath the graceful oaks on Mount Moakriah.

## Sublime Emblem 381

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group, said, “Everything that was, is, and will be; everything including ourselves is of the imaginings of Imagination.

We are not meant to know why Imagination imagines all these things including ourselves nor are we meant to know how Imagination imagines. Merely, we are meant to accept this to be so, and it is in the complete acceptance of this do we find our joy.

With finding our joy are we given to living with confidence, and with confidence do we find the truth.

The truth being, that we are not imagined in the image and likeness of Imagination, but rather in the image and likeness of Imagination’s imaginings.

It’s the prerogative of Imagination to keep hidden, not alone from us, but from everything imagined



the whys and the hows of Imagination.  
Yet, at different times and in various places human  
arrogance would want to usurp this prerogative.  
And what is human arrogance?  
It's a side effect of thinking that brings with it a  
secret agenda, namely a desire to subjugate  
everything unto itself, even Imagination."

## Sublime Emblem 382

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Being Art asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty is being with imagining an art?”

“Yes, it is, and it’s also a focus of study.

Everyone has the ability, if found to be in goodness of health, to be able to move their thinking, feeling, savouring, scenting, listening, and seeing on to imagining, and thereby contentedly and joyfully living their life in accordance with the noble ways of Imagination.

Yet, there is also the choice for them to culture their art of imagining to ever greater heights, depths, and widths which in turn will lead them to having profounder experiences of the noble ways. And I am one who all her life has delighted in culturing her ability to imagine to greater heights, depths, and widths.

Imaginings are also a focus of study.

In the Royal Palace back in Ebla there is a library which is called the Great Library, and which was decreed and built by one of my ancestors.

Now in this mighty library there are many very bright lights both female and male who have dedicated their lives to the study of a sampling of imaginings from throughout the Garden of Ebla, and from faraway places beyond.

Among them there are those who study a sampling of the imaginings of our humankind, and those who study a sample of the imaginings of Imagination.

And the findings of these two groups are harmonised by a third group, and are put away for

safekeeping for posterity.

For the knowledge of each age is sufficient unto itself, and therefore it is of the utmost importance that each preceding age leave the conclusions of their knowledge as well as how they reached those conclusions for the next age; leave the conclusions for the generations following in order for them to be able to bring to them a deeper level of comprehension, and in turn put into safekeeping their own depths of knowledge for the following age to

explore and build upon.

The history of imaginings is a fascinating field of study.

And I am one who all her life has delighted in frequently being in the learned company of these lights of the Great Library.”

## Sublime Emblem 383

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Concerning Governance asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty from whom do you take your lead in matters concerning the governance of the queendom?”

“From my heart, my learned scholars, you the peoples of the Queendom of Ebla.

And then having listening carefully to all do I seek the wisdom of my confidants.

From the desert and her oases do I also take my lead; from the mountains, hills, and valleys, the springs, streams, rives and the seas, the grasses, flowers, shrubs and trees, the insects on foot and of flight, the animals of the dry places, the fishes of the waters, the birds of the air, the dew, frost, snow, rain, mist, and clouds, the sky of day with its sun, and the heavens of night with its moon, planets, stars, and galaxies.

All these day-nightly do I take as my lead, and with these as one do I take my lead from Imagination.

Being fully informed, and instructed in wisdom; with taking plenty of time to reflect, I then confidently make my decisions.

With Imagination as our lead, invariably in all things do we admirably succeed.”

## **Sublime Emblem 384**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “In the security and comfort of Imagination am I secure and comfortable; not needing and wanting anything besides.”

## Sublime Emblem 385

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A woman named Provisions Integrity asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty who provisions you with your integrity, serenity, and joy?

I’ve heard tell that it’s Imagination.

But I need; I have a need to hear it from you directly as I doubt the possibility of such being the case.”

“In a similitude to the way wind floats wispy white clouds in a high blue sky does Imagination gently move the heart to be with imagining.

To be with imagining provisions an acquaintance knowledge of Imagination; an acquaintance knowledge, a steadfast trust.

And it’s the steadfast trust that provisions the integrity, serenity, and joy.”

“Your Majesty but, but, but how; how, how, how can merely an acquaintance knowledge of Imagination provision a steadfast trust?”

“Ah, a conclusion of thinking this be.

Elevate your thinking to be with imagining, and you will clearly see what I’ve said to be, to be.

Becoming thoroughly acquainted with Imagination has no meaning, however an acquaintance knowledge abounds in meaning as it’s a necessity and a precondition for having a steadfast trust in Imagination.

And, I would have you to know that the depth, breadth, and height of your acquaintance knowledge of Imagination will entirely depend

upon how well you culture yourself to be with  
letting Imagination move your heart to be with  
imagining.”

“Now, that I’ve heard it, Your Majesty with my own  
ears from your lips, seen it in your eyes with my  
own eyes, and thought it through in my own mind, I  
know that what you have spoken to be a truth.”

“You know now from my words, and my eyes, but a  
time will come in the near time when you will come  
to know even more fully with

letting your heart be moved by Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 386

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Is To Be Or Is It That asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty is to be with imagining a turning away from thinking or is it that thinking is a turning away from being with imagining?”

“To be with imagining is not a turning away from thinking, rather it’s that thinking is a turning away from imagining.

Revert from thinking without end to be with imagining without end, and by doing so you will be knowing the truth, and living it accordingly.”

“And, Your Majesty what is the truth?”

“Imagination imagines everything, and we are of this everything; we are an imagining of Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 387

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named In Any And All Seasons asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty why do I find it easier in any and all seasons to climb into the heights of the Abundant Mountains, descend into its deep valleys and caverns or to raft on the rapids of the Rhapsody than for me to culture my mind; to culture my senses to be with imagining?”



“Thinking alone gives rise to such an illusion, and making it appear to be very difficult when in fact it’s really very easy.

Be with imagining, and you’ll see this to be; you will come to see that it’s easier by far for you to culture your mind; to culture your senses to be with imagining than it is in any and all seasons to climb into the heights of the Abundant Mountains, descend into its deep valleys and caverns or to raft on the rapids of the Rhapsody.”



Figure 95

~ §~ Abundant Mountains, Rhapsody River, Ancient of Grace River  
~§~

## Sublime Emblem 388

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Information Come From asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty where does information come from?”

“From every form; from every metaform.

There’s no form that doesn’t contain information.

And we also are a form; an information metaform.”

## Sublime Emblem 389

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

A man named Transform Self asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty is it possible for one of those fish there in the stream with rising to the surface to transform itself into a bird, and to fly away off over there into the grove?

And having enjoyed being a bird, something that it would like to transform into again from time to time, with alighting upon the surface of the waters to transform itself back into the fish that it had previously been?"

"Thinking would say, absolutely not on both accounts.

However, imagining would say, of course it's possible.

When we apply imagining to anything everything is possible.

What thinking deprives imagining provides, and much much more besides."

## **Sublime Emblem 390**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Which Is It Better To Say asked Her Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty which is better to say, practice makes perfect or practice makes progress?"

"What is that which you call perfect?"

"It's when nothing more needs to be added."

"Today was added on to last night, and tonight will have been added on to today.

Such practice makes such progress, and such progress makes practice as such."

## **Sublime Emblem 391**

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Life Seems To Be asked Her

Majesty (Sj).

"Your Majesty life seems to be made up of nothing but distractions.

How should I deal with them?"

"To thinking everything is a distraction, but to imagining everything is an attraction; an attraction to the beauty that is life, the wonder that is everything.

Be with imagining, and come to know the wonder and the beauty of distractions."

## Sublime Emblem 392

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Appropriate To Refer asked Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty would it be appropriate for me to refer to Imagination as ‘the Almighty’ rather than ‘Imagination’?”

“Yes, it would be appropriate, but only if you understand and appreciate the action; the marvellous imagining of Imagination.

Almighty is the imagining of Imagination.

That word in itself; a word composed of six words making a seventh:

‘Almighty is the imagining of Imagination.’ is the most desirable way for referring to the action; to the imagining of Imagination.

The name ‘Imagination’ is the word upon our lips, and in our writings, but in our heart we know Imagination without any such word; any such name.

Our heart, if I can say in this way, has no need whatsoever for a name for Imagination, for our heart unlike our myriad senses knows no boundaries between itself and Imagination.

And I would have you to know that every night this precious word:

‘Almighty is the imagining of Imagination.’

is in the contented closing of my eyelids and in my dreamy way, that with reaching the dawning of the new day in their joyful opening is it seen to be, and with moving appreciatively with the sun of sky

along is it in my heart in unison serenely gliding  
and singing song.”

## Sublime Emblem 393

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A woman named Tree Seeds asked Her Majesty  
(Sj).

“Your Majesty from where does the tree seeds  
come from?

Why is there desert there over the ways, and a lush  
green forest here all about?

Why doesn't the sun ever rise in the north, and set  
in the south?

So many whys, thus leaving me with no serenity of mind; no serenity of senses.”

“There are tree seeds, and there are trees; the desert there over the ways, and a lush green forest here all about.

The sun rises in the east, and sets in the west. Imagination imagines all these things to be, and so as they are, they be.”

“Your Majesty but, why does Imagination imagine them to be as they are?”

“Why is not something that applies to Imagination. Be with finding the greatest of serenity through bringing your senses into harmony with the marvel of marvels, namely that Imagination imagines everything to be, and so be it is.

And I would also have you known that goodness is at the very heart of each and every imagining imagined by Imagination.

In this goodness you can confidently place all your trust; it will never ever let you down; will never ever in any age be taken from you by anyone or anything.”

## Sublime Emblem 394

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said, “Be free imaginers; not letting your senses be circumscriptive, for the noble ways of Imagination are for free imaginers.”



## Sublime Emblem 395

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) to a small group of people said,  
“To be with imagining is to be in harmony with  
Imagination; in harmony with yourself, with your  
family, the community about you, and with the Isle  
of Ebla, and with all the isles beyond her reaching  
to points of round about again way to the south, the  
west, the north, and the east, and to the myriad  
worlds above about and

beyond her.”

## Sublime Emblem 396

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

A man named Live Fully asked Her Majesty (Sj).  
“Your Majesty how should I be; how should I live my life fully?”

“Inwardly, and outwardly harmonise with Imagination, and with joyfulness of heart, and willingness of the senses live according to the noble ways of Imagination.

Do this and you will neither want nor need for anything ever in your life; blessings in abundance you will never be without.”

## Sublime Emblem 397

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Of a dusk in mid spring, camped on a pleasant plateau northwest of the majestic city of Jasminamascus.

And I did ask Her Majesty (Sj), saying,

“Your Majesty I know that this question will cause discomfort to rise in your heart, but I’ve been having in my dreams of late some troublesome premonitions.

Your Majesty the Queendom of Ebla, the Garden of Ebla, the Isle of Ebla, be it the Land of Ebla will it always be?”

And with tears welling in her eyes, Her Majesty (Sj), said,

“Trustworthy, it hurts; it hurts for me to tell, dear faithful confidant that the Queendom of Ebla ends in seven reigns hence; in the reign of Queen Ebla Innocent.

Nothing at all above ground shall remain to show that we’ve ever been save in our writings; none of our beautiful buildings, gardens, and exquisite artworks.

All will have been levelled and destroyed.

Wisdom Lake of the Great Treasury, and the many rivers and lakes found throughout the Garden, save all but a few, will at such a sight have retreated with fright to the safety of their fountainheads and

caverns.



Figure 96

~ §~ City of Jasminamascus ~§ ~  
33° 30' 40.237" N 36° 18' 24.934" E  
Altitude: 694 meters  
~ §~ Heartlight Lake ~§ ~

With their retreating will the wind shepherd the clouds to the shelter of the Abundant and Melody mountaintops.

And this levelling, and destruction will not have been due to the earth moving and the mountains outpouring, to the sands tumbling in and covering all under or to boulders from beyond the clouds hailing down upon it, no, but to the hand of peoples from without the queendom; peoples from the north, peoples from the west, peoples from the south, and peoples from the east."

"Oh, Your Majesty how can this terror; this terrible happening come to be, for the Queendom of Ebla has been, is now, and always will be surely a place of serenity?"

“Yes, until Her Majesty Queen Ebla Innocent’s very last breath will it be assuredly a place of wondrous serenity.

But alas, and in those day that will be becoming, discontentments of thinking such as envy, ignorance, arrogance, and greed will without

the queendom have been left to go beyond a point of no return."

*Reflective silence.*

"Your Majesty what of the Ancient of Grace will it too like so many of the other rivers at the sight of such levelling and destruction retreat into the depths to its fountainhead?"

"The Ancient of Grace will not dry up; will not retreat but rather length of days and long life will be added to it.

It shall be the wealth, the health, and the strength of the land."

"Such words, Your Majesty are as honey to my heart, for at beautiful Mhureyrah Mound as you know is to be found my native place on the western bank of the Ancient of Grace."

"Beautiful Mhureyrah Mound will be; yes, will be yet as if it is not, save to those who are with length of memories and listening ears, and who in late of eves are with finding themselves sitting not alone on the western bank there along but also on the eastern.

To these will the delightful melodic voices and happy songs of beautiful Mhureyrah Mound be forever clearly visible and audibly found."

"Two great rives will flow from the Garden of Ebla into the future.

One will have a single flowing, while the other in similitude to so many roots will have many.

Of the latter, many of its flowings however in time will cease to be while the remainder like the former will go all the way to the sea.

The great river of a single flowing will be our writings, while the other of many flowings will be the generations of our descendants who will have continued marrying into the peoples of the Isle of

Ebla.

All will be as if we had never been save in metaforms; in metaforms hidden quite plainly in the obvious, yet, being visible only to those whose eyes are ready to receive such marvels from the days of yore.

All will be as if we had never been save in the stories being told by our descendants, and in the written word.

Our writings in particular will be given to remaining; will be given to remaining in their original purity as you're writing them here this very night, and I confirming what you've written to be correct and right.



*Figure 97*

~ §~ Mhureyrah Mound village on the western bank of the Ancient  
of Grace ~§ ~  
35° 53' 12.098" N 38° 20' 37.950" E  
Altitude: 302 meters

They, and the entire writings of the Great Library,  
and all those that will be written up to and  
including the days of Queen Ebla Innocent will of a  
twilight be taken up in a single basket into the  
welcoming sky, and given to be deposited and  
hidden away on my beautiful ancestral isle of the  
northern waves, where they will safely remain long  
hidden until a day of great need way in the future,  
when they will again be given to be revealed that  
they may be reflected upon by the peoples of that  
day, and they and they be given life anew.  
Gratefully in our fragrant writings, Trustworthy,  
will we, and the Land of Ebla forever be; forever in  
our writings joyfully will we be living for the



generations and generations to see, and to come to know just how truly a wonder of Imagination we were given for ourselves and them to be.

And, although not as we see her here this lovely spring night, majestic Jasminamascus there will in metaform survive all the levelling and the destruction of the ages, so that she on that day of great need way in the future, and with our writings having been given wings anew may serve as one of the welcoming home doorways for this the shared literary heritage of the isles; the Isle of Ebla and Isle of Éire."

*Reflective silence.*

"Your Majesty in that day way in the future what signs will there be for the peoples that something extraordinary is taking place right before their very eyes?"

"There will suddenly appear unto them from the desert a descendant of our royal lineage who with great serenity, confidence, and joyfulness of heart, and eloquence in word will be with revealing to them that which they had long forgotten due to their interlaying of distractions, and accumulation of unresponsiveness, namely, that Imagination is their sole originator, sole sustainer, and sole comforter and joy.

With warmly accepting and welcoming this revelation into their hearts will they begin to notice the lake caverns; in particular those of Wisdom Lake, and the river fountainheads, with finding their waters no longer to be with fright, are generously reopening their portals, and the wind with seeing throughout the land the rivers meandering contentedly, and the lakes shimmering serenely is seen to be with a great delight shepherding the clouds from out of their shelters of the Abundant and the Melody mountaintops, and they in turn are to be seen as in the wide open spaces of these our own day to be quite

contentedly grazing away.

When these and many other signs besides begin to reveal themselves the peoples will know; yes, with gratitude and joyfulness of heart will the peoples of listening ears and attentive eyes be with knowing that something very special is now happening in their midst, and that it is happening in direct correspondence to the depth of their acceptance and welcoming of the revelation into their hearts. And, the peoples of other lands near and far, with hearing and

seeing that the lake caverns and the river fountainheads all are steadily brimming away in the region that was once known as the Land of Ebla, they too will be with knowing and experiencing a hitherto abandoned joyfulness to be again dawning upon them.

And they will be greatly pleased.”

Come the new day we descended from the pleasant plateau into fragrant Jasminamascus below.

And with sojourning for some days we did greatly enjoy the warm hospitality and prodigious storytelling of the denizens of Jasminamascus.

Their wonderful hospitality, and storytelling breadth and quality was wholly representative of that which we have been experiencing everywhere throughout the queendom.

And perhaps this is one of the reasons too why from beyond its waters the queendom has been given the beautiful appellation, the Isle of Charm and Eloquence.

## Sublime Emblem 398

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Of a morn in a garden in the beautiful city of Palmbiamor.

And a poetess named Marvel requested of Her Majesty (Sj).

“Your Majesty tell us more marvels of the south; marvels of the Great Treasury.”

“In the heart of the Great Treasury is Wisdom Lake whose shimmering cool waters have I oft sipped; have I oft of a dawn sipped with contentment and delight like a gazelle out of the night.

Its clear freshwaters fall not from the sky or the heavens as rain, but rather rise from gracious caverns in its depths.

And if we were to compare the size of that lake it would be thrice that of the Isle of Lily.

The fishes, and clams therein its waters, and the trees, flora, and fauna about its gently lapping shore are not found any place else throughout the Garden.

And the various peoples that dwell in each other's happy company there about the lake are of a simplicity, joy, wisdom, and an

accommodation of imagining that is exceedingly admirable.



*Figure 98*

~ §~ Cities of Jasminamascus ~§ ~  
~ §~ Palmbiamor ~§ ~  
34° 33' 1.991" N 38° 16' 7.414" E  
Altitude: 409 meters

And, I with great gratitude of heart would have you know that it was of a fragrant dawn like no other, and I being fully attired in a sleepy contentment; adorned in a dreamy delight, and whilst sipping from its refreshing waters, that my beloved to be he did first let his lovely eyes fall all lovingly upon me.

For you see, my beloved he be a native of the ever welcoming shores of Wisdom Lake; a native of the ever charming sand dunes of the Great Treasury my beloved he be."

*Reflective silence.*

“And this too would I have you know, that in the distant way distant future, and of a morning very much like this one, there will suddenly appear from out of the Great Treasury a descendant; a descendant of our royal lineage from the shores of Wisdom Lake who will speak unto the worlds of that day: unto worlds of

impending moral disarray.”



Figure 99

~ §~ Great Treasury, Wisdom Lake ~§ ~

“Oh, but, Your Majesty how come it to be in the distant, way distant future that worlds will be with finding themselves to be of an impending moral disarray?”

“It will come to be that the sense of thought will have been attempting to usurp and conquest the royal sovereignty of the heart; the royal sovereignty of Imagination.

But all its attempts will be brought to nothing, for our faithful descendant will be a restorer of full royal sovereignty to the heart; of full royal sovereignty to Imagination.”

*Reflective silence.*

And, Her Majesty (Sj) with great delight, said, “Oh, I’m beholding in a vision a most beautiful queen strolling over there by the sparkling



fountain, and in happy conversation she is with a very wise and graceful looking confidant.”

## Sublime Emblem 399

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the Goodness.*

***Narrated:***

With the Royal City of Ebla coming into view.  
And Her Majesty (Sj), said,



*Figure 100*

~ §~ Royal City of Ebla ~§ ~

“Day-nightly do I harmoniously stroll, and  
contentedly rest in Imagination; confidently placing  
myself beyond the confinements of merely seeing,

listening, scenting, savouring, feeling, and thinking.

My beginning is no beginning save in Imagination;  
my dwelling no dwelling save in Imagination, and  
my ending is no ending save in Imagination.  
A wondrous imagining of Imagination am I, and in  
my imagining imaginings am I always and  
everywhere at one with Imagination.”

## Sublime Emblem 400

*In the Guidance of Imagination the Truth, the  
Goodness.*

### ***Narrated:***

Her Majesty (Sj) completed her tour of the  
queendom in the year 2095 in the thirty-seventh  
year of her reign when she was fifty-nine. Save  
thrice taking a month or two break back here in the  
Royal Palace at Ebla we were always on the move  
here and there throughout the queendom. And in  
the evening of the same day that she returned to  
the Palace she summoned me to the Great Library  
where she did say,

“Trustworthy, all has been well accomplished with  
joyfulness of heart.

My deep gratitude for your skill; for your blessed  
attention to detail and accuracy.

The whole queendom thanks you as I do.”

“Your Majesty you’re most welcome.

To faithfully record for posterity your precious  
words is my greatest privilege; is my honourable  
and dutiful way of life.”

“Thank you, my dear faithful confidant; my dear  
faithful scribe.”

This completes Aoife’s astounding work, and in she  
and Rísteárd’s cosy bedroom she is now placing the  
folder in the cherry inlaid rosewood arca. And by  
the coming of the new day, she will be bringing

forth the precious folder from the arca for Rísteárd to enjoy reading it. They will no doubt be chatting happily on its content and themes for many a day and night. And with such thoughts she is finding herself waking from out of her sleep. She is turning and gently waking Rísteárd.

**Aoife:**

"I've been in my dream time, my Love to the Sublime Library in

Castle Sanctuary to compose from a Sublime Emblem.

It's in the cherry inlaid rosewood arca over by the window.

With the welcoming of the new day we can begin to enjoy chatting on its content and themes."

**Rísteárd:**

"Blessed be, my Love Aoife, and greatly pleased must Her Majesty be with your beautiful work."

**Aoife:**

"Blessed be, my Love Rísteárd, and greatly pleased must everyone be who is privileged to hear his words by hearth; along by meandering rivers and streams, and shimmering lake waters."

They joyfully went up by the mountains and down by the valleys on their lagoonish way to the dawning of the day.

## Richard of Éire

Brief biographical note of a 21st century-based creative custodian; a happy practitioner of the ancient art of Self-originating Artistry

Gaeilge name: Risteárd Mac Suibhne (Uí Éire)

English name: Richard Mc Sweeney (of Éire)

Date of birth: 17th July 1955

Place of birth: Fermoy, County Cork, Isle of Éire

Richard Mc Sweeney: a nuptial hermit, and father of two dwells on an extraordinary beautiful green desert isle in the North Atlantic Ocean, namely the lovely isle of Éire (Ireland); an isle of the isles.

Richard lived in the Far East for some thirteen years before moving to the Middle East where he spent three years in Jeddah, and a further three in Sharjah. While concurrently working as a fulltime lecturer in the Department of English Language & Literature in the University of Seoul, South Korea he gained a BA in Korean Language & Literature from Kyunggi University, and a MA in Classical Chinese Philosophy from Seoul National University, both of which he accomplished through the mediums of Korean and Classical Chinese. To date he has published twelve books:

Note that his 2014 *Visitant Eve* (hardback) has as its inspiration and orientation a prevision found in  
{ *Bridging Al-Serenities* }:

Sublime Emblems 397 and 398:

“...there will suddenly appear unto them from the  
desert  
a descendant of our royal lineage...”

